Liberty

MARCH 3, 1945 10c

Book: DAMNED TO GLORY
By Col. Robert L. Scott, Jr.
Author of God Is My Co-Pilot

CAN WE AVOID ANOTHER DEPRESSION?



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BE RIGHT—
DRINK LIGHT

·1945·
Diamond Anniversary...
One Family—One Tradition
for 75 Years

Rowell Brown



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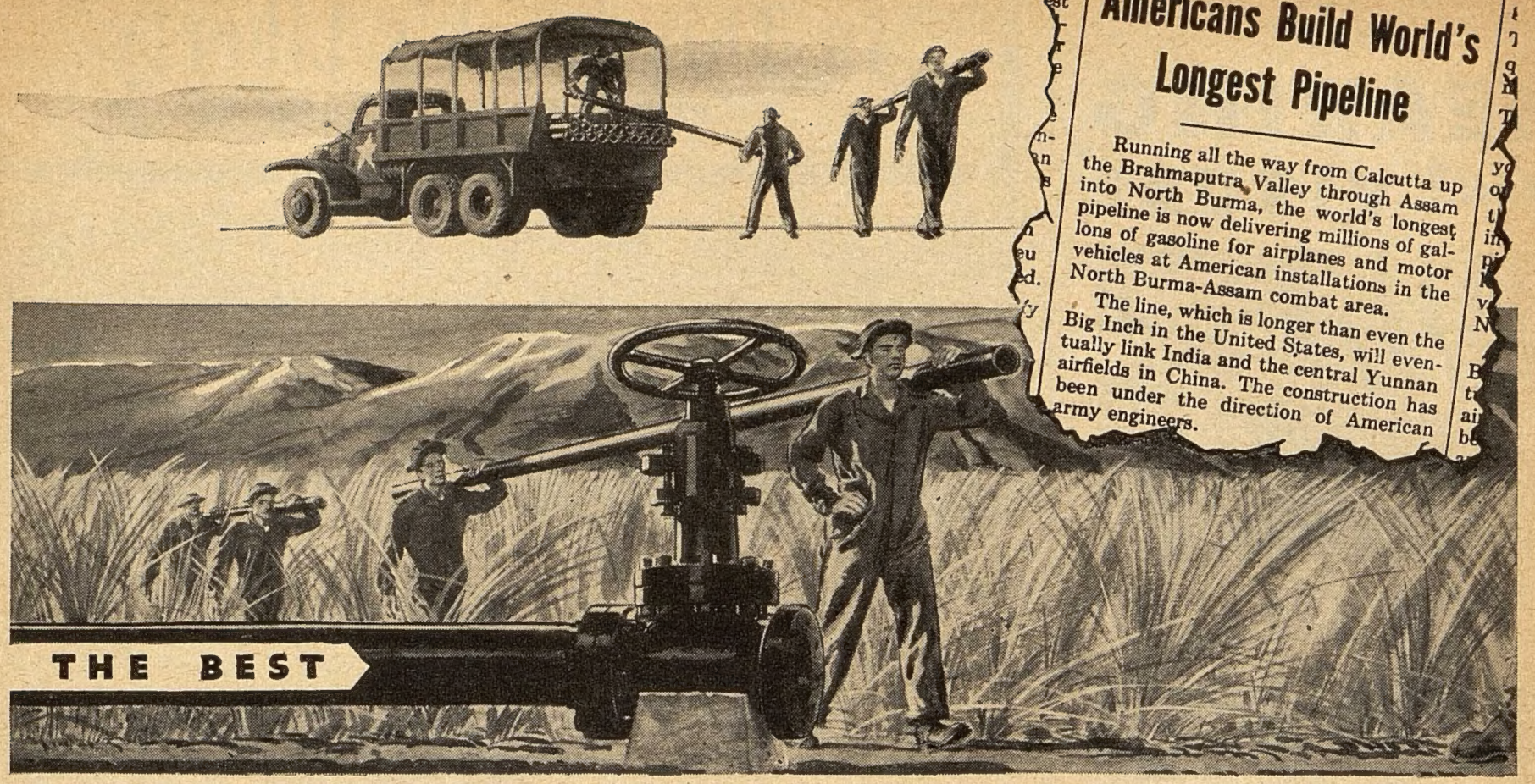
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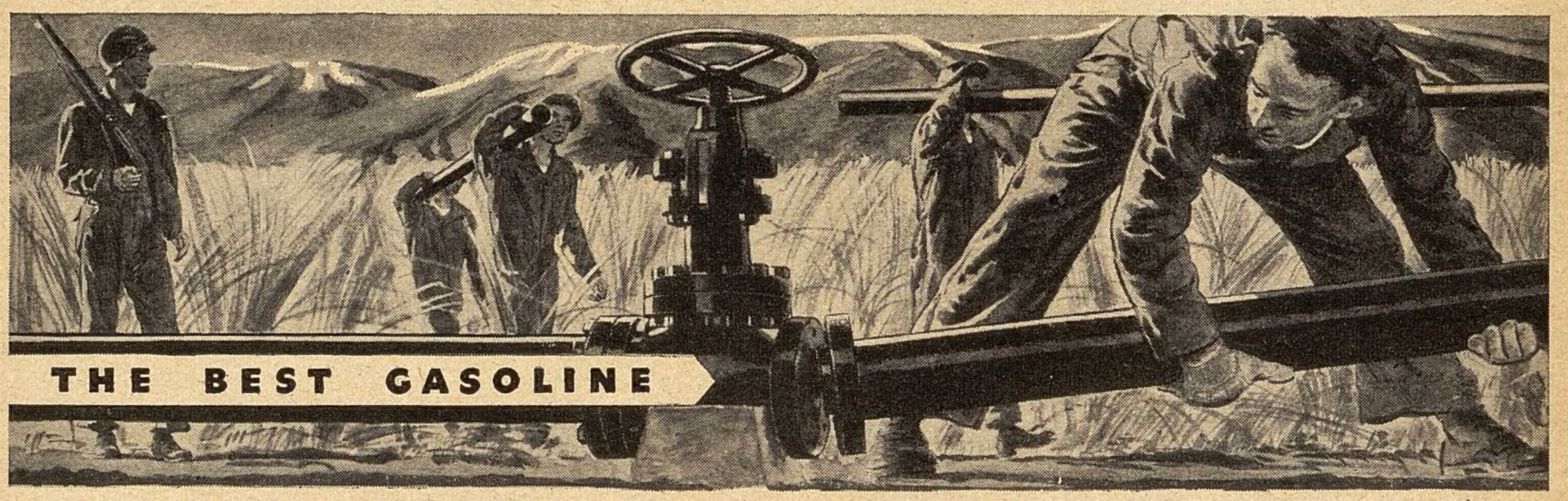
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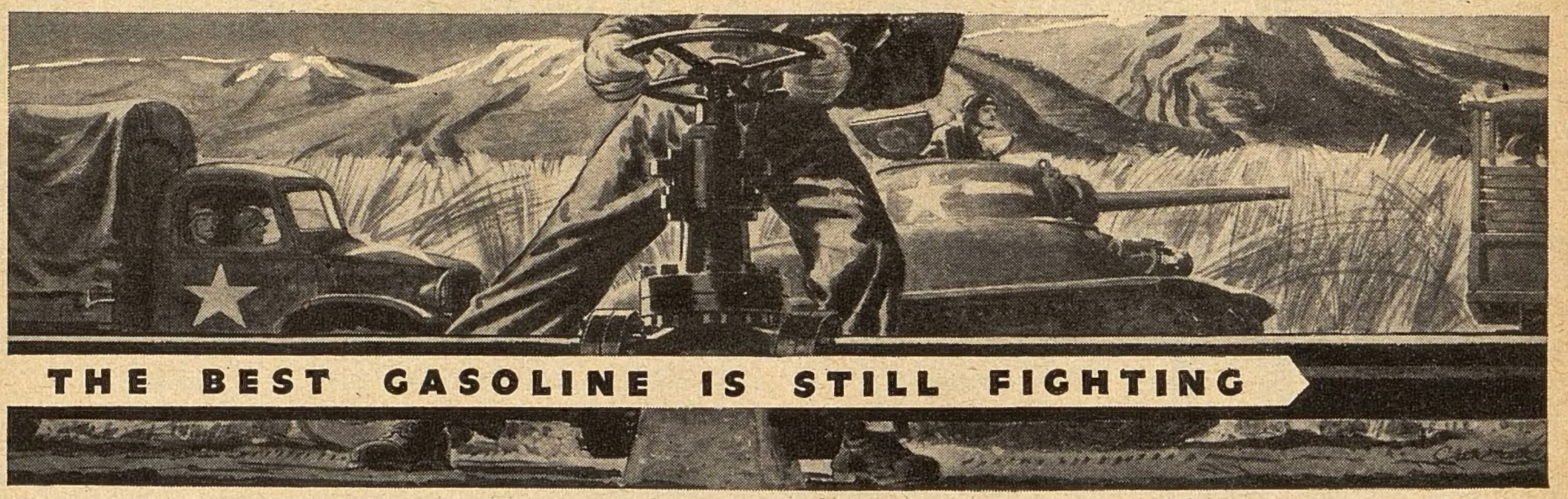


Americans Build World's Longest Pipeline

Running all the way from Calcutta up the Brahmaputra Valley through Assam into North Burma, the world's longest pipeline is now delivering millions of gallons of gasoline for airplanes and motor vehicles at American installations in the North Burma-Assam combat area.

The line, which is longer than even the Big Inch in the United States, will eventually link India and the central Yunnan airfields in China. The construction has been under the direction of American army engineers.





By ship, by train, by truck and by pipeline millions of gallons of America's finest gasoline are going to our fighting men.

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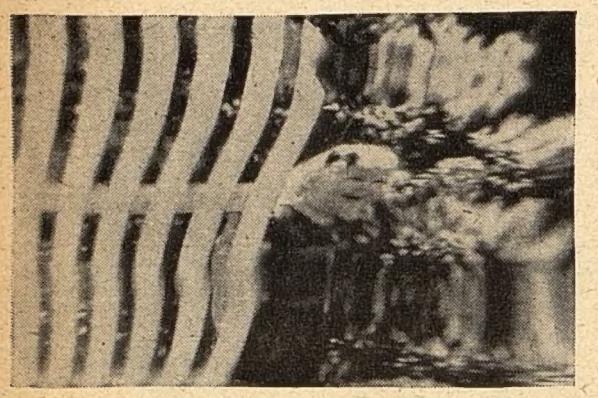
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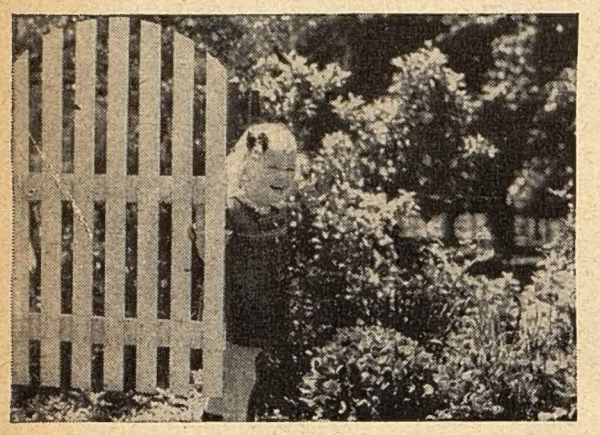
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Ernie Pyle is now in the Pacific, a new theater of war for him. Just after the fall of Paris he came home to his little white cottage near Albuquerque to catch his breath after two years with his beloved GIs in Europe. His new book has been described as "first-hand reporting which will never be equalled by the stories told afterward." It is more; this is what your own boy would tell, what all the boys would tell, of what they have seen and endured, if they only could write as Ernie does.



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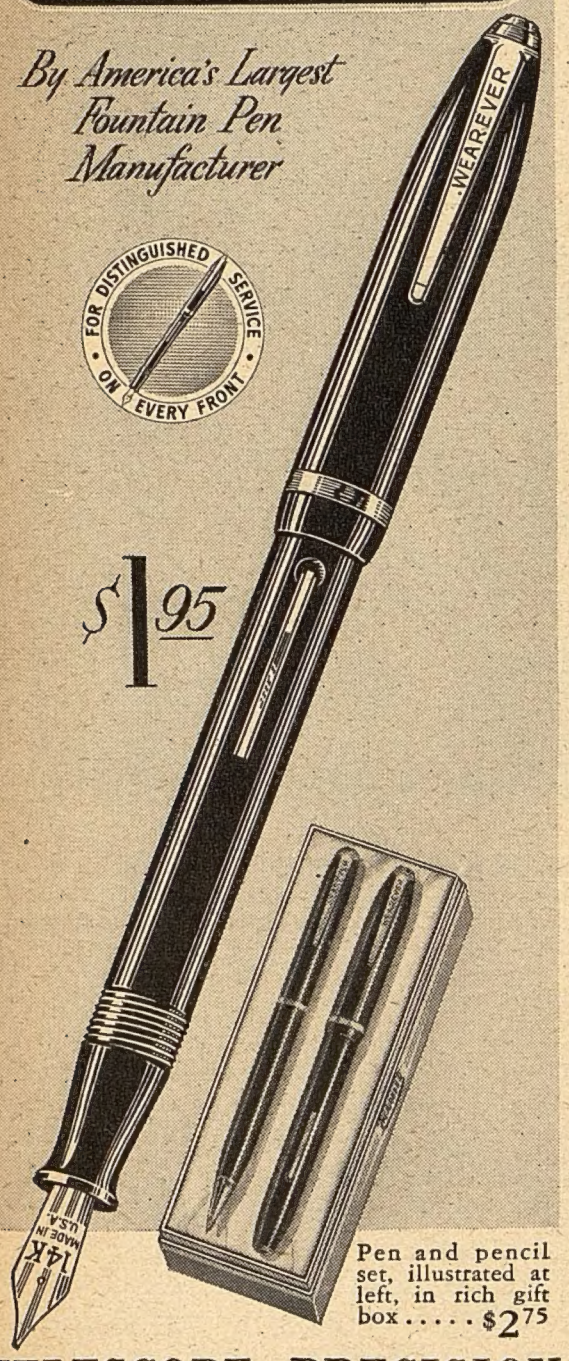
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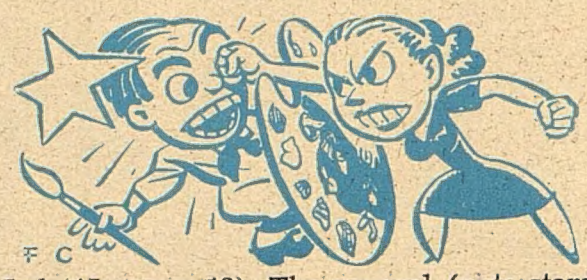
"JOHNSON-SOCKS" FAN

DALLAS, TEXAS—How about printing a *big* picture of Van Johnson [sigh!] and a *super* story?—*Gloria Browne.*

NORMA TAKES US DOWN A PEG

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Every time I see a picture of a man in the service with his insignia all balled up, I blow a fuse.

Take, for example, Lawrence Butcher's illustration for The Insignificant Wong



Loh (January 13). The general (note stars on his shoulders) is wearing wings on his lapels. It just happens that general officers wear only the U. S. on their lapels.—*Norma T. Spector.*

According to the official Air Force Journal, generals do not usually wear branch insignia on their lapels. However, this is not a cut-and-dried ruling.—VOX POP EDITOR.

HERO WITHOUT A WEAPON

OMAHA, NEBR.—I was glad to see the article Warriors Without Weapons, by Larry Barretto (December 23). At last those brave boys have gotten some well-deserved recognition for their wonderful work in the American Field Service.

My son was killed while serving with them last October in India, near the place where Neil Gilliam carried out his grand performance. I remember people said my son was crazy for volunteering for that service—very little pay, no compensation for injury or death—when he could have been making big money at home. To me, he is as much a hero as any boy in the armed forces, if not more so.—*Mrs. L. H.*

GAS—NOT GUFF

SEATTLE, WASH.—Here's an answer to D. C. H. (Vox Pop, January 13), who wanted to know why merchant seamen don't get gas allowances when they are home on "leave."

I suppose that D. C. H.'s "leave" is over now, but I have some good news for other members of the merchant marine on "leave." I quote from the Seattle Star, January 8, 1945:

"Members of the U. S. merchant marine engaged in active offshore duty will be eligible for gasoline while on furlough under an order announced today by A. J. Krauss, OPA District Director.

"Heretofore, members of the merchant marine have not been eligible for furlough gasoline, but an amendment to the mileage ration order now establishes graduated amounts for officers and men of the service while ashore in this country, based on their offshore duty in either coastal, intercoastal, or foreign movements.

"To qualify for furlough gas, merchant marine personnel must apply to local OPA boards, accompanying the application with certificate of discharge or records of entry in the members' continuous discharge book."—*Margarete Angeles.*

LOST OR STRAYED

BRONX, N. Y.—I never knew there was such an organization as the World Bureau of Missing Persons (January 20). Ruth Moore's article was most informative. The Bureau is indeed a blessing for all those poor souls. It is heartening to read such things and realize that there are people in this war-torn world who care for humanity.

I would like you to know that I enjoy most of your articles. They are not the kind usually found in magazines.—*Morris Kossoff.*

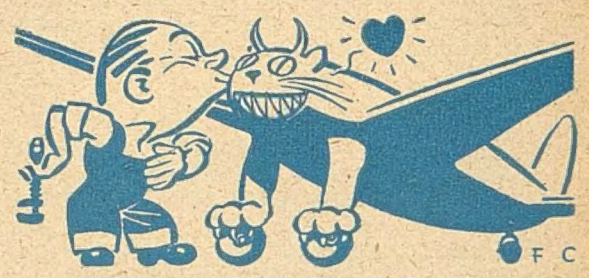
RETURN OF THE VETERAN

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—While reading your January 20 issue, I came across the article The Veteran Comes Back, by Willard Waller.

Rehabilitation of our returning servicemen is badly needed so that our American Way of Living may go on, and so that future generations may lead the normal happy life that was ours before that morning of December 7, 1941.—*T/Sgt. S. J.*

MARKEY AND THE HELLCAT

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I have just finished reading the article Our Navy's Flying Weapons, by Morris Markey. (January 6).



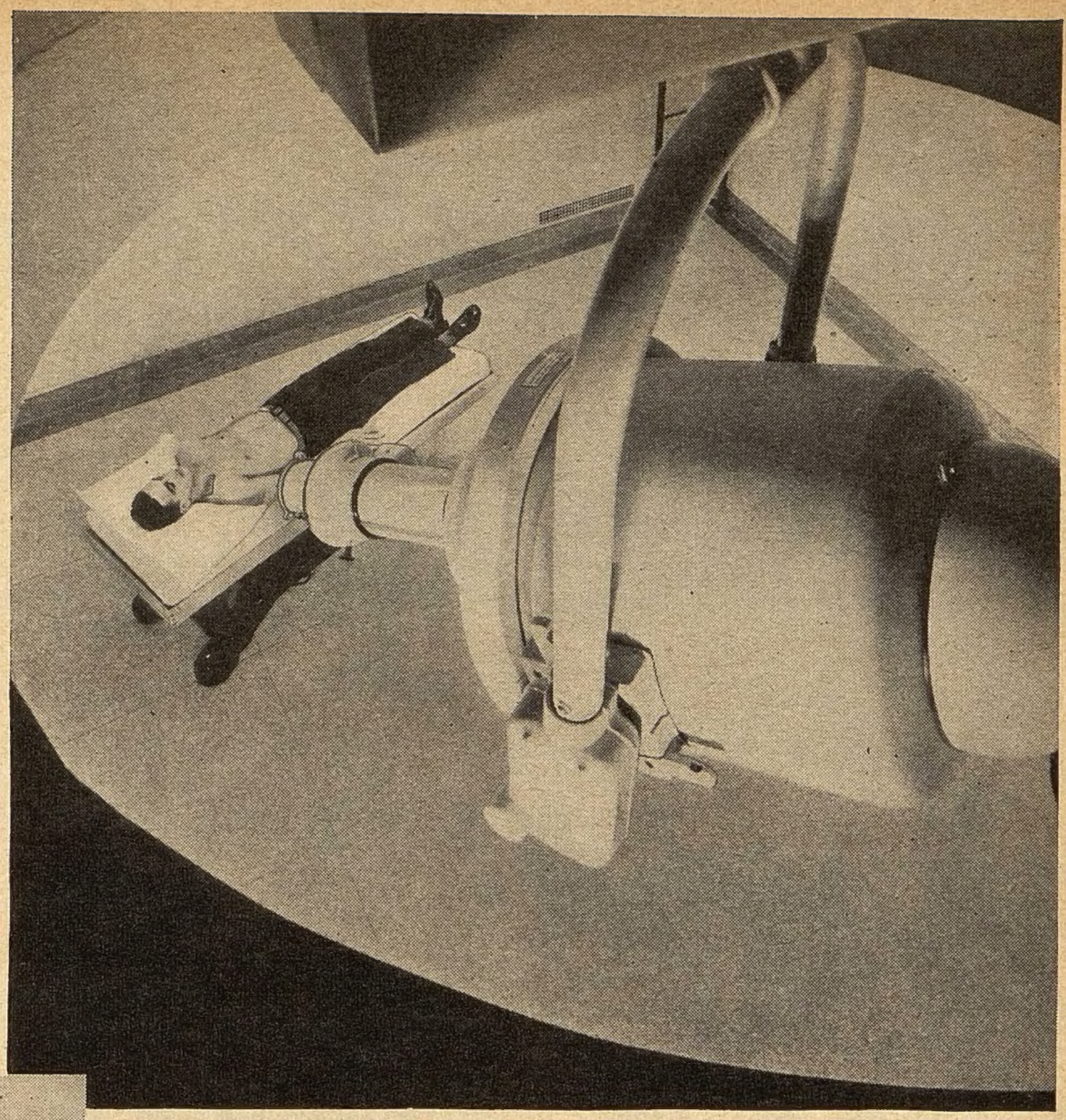
I wish to congratulate Mr. Markey on his splendid article and especially on his facts about the Grumman Hellcat. I am a worker on the Hellcat and I know what a wonderful plane it is.—*Charles H. Lathe.*

THE HARD WAY

PASADENA, CALIF.—Congratulations on the article Race Hate—The Enemy Bullets Can't Stop, by Frank Murphy (January 6).

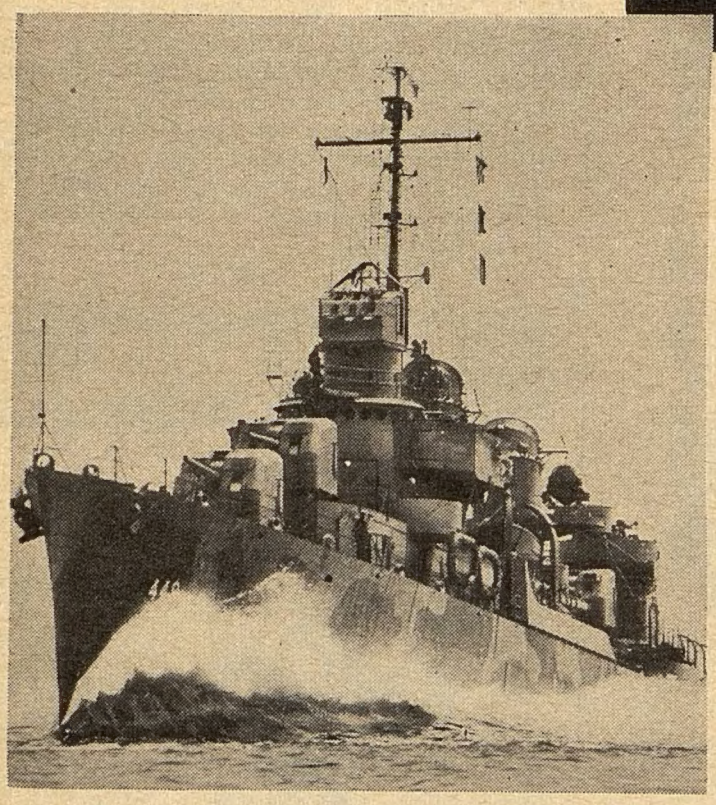
It is mighty hard for folks to change their way of thinking and doing things because most of us are creatures of habit. We should remember that "It is easier to fight for one's principles than to live up to them." But America has never asked for the easier job. Liberty is doing effective work on the home front of bigotry.—*Wm. C. Carr.*

You wanted weapons fast



When war broke out, you wanted weapons fast. Lots of them.

General Electric went to work fast. All industry did. And the pictures on this page point to a few ways in which U. S. war production has been speeded by G. E.'s research scientists and engineers —men who for years have been constantly working out new and better products and processes. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



Can you name this machine? By hurrying up war work it saves millions of hours. It's a million-volt X-ray machine originally developed by General Electric for hospital use. Scientists knew that this machine could also "see through" steel. So, since Pearl Harbor, G. E. has built 47 more of them to seek out possible flaws in castings for battleships, big guns, *before* thousands of hours of labor are spent machining them. G. E. has since produced a *two*-million-volt unit which cuts the X-raying of 8-inch steel from 4½ hours to 3½ minutes.

Nearly 40 years of horsepower in 3 years. To speed our ships, in the last 3 years, G. E. has built *for marine purposes alone* turbines equivalent in horsepower to three-quarters of *all* G-E turbines built for *all* purposes during the preceding 40 years! Every 8 hours in 1944, a new G-E ship propulsion turbine went to sea.

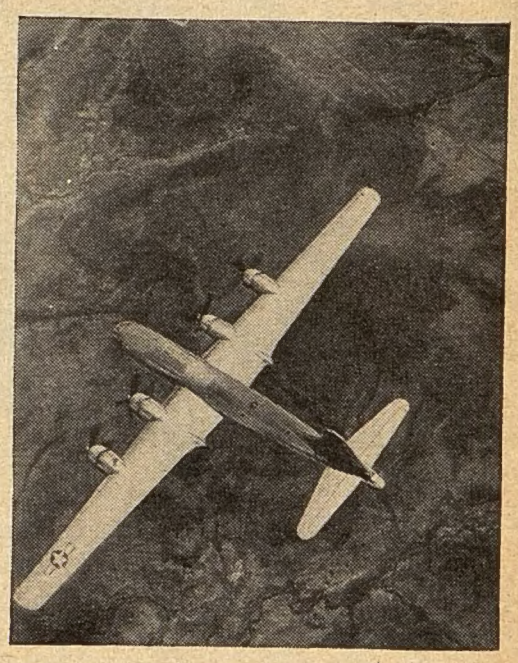
★

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today* news, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p.m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS



She can work faster, easier—and with less fatigue because she can *see* what she is doing. A corps of G-E lighting experts has been working with war plants to eliminate glare, bad seeing. For when the job is easier to see, work is safer, goes faster.



13½-hour job cut to 5 minutes. A Cleveland aircraft plant used to take 13½ hours machining delicate curves in plane wing beams. Now it takes only 5 minutes. An ingenious electronic equipment—G-E Thy-mo-trol—helped in saving this time.

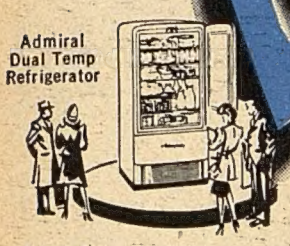
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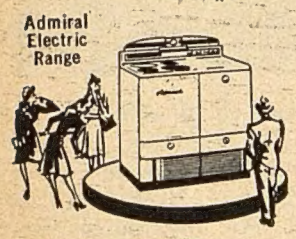
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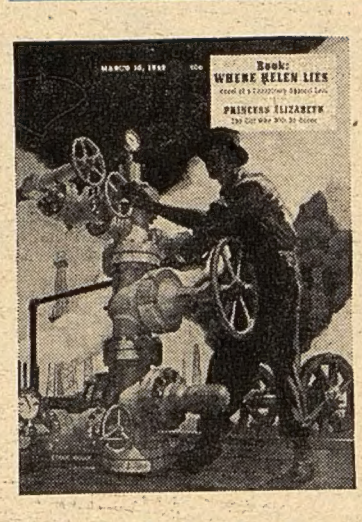

Sylvia F. Porter

THE author of Can We Avoid Another Depression?—Sylvia F. Porter—is pretty, vivacious, and brilliant. Miss Porter wrote her first book when she was six, continued her career by graduating magna cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa from Hunter College, and today is financial editor and columnist for the New York Post. Author of two books on brain-twisting financial problems, she received the National Headliner's Award for the "best financial and business reporting of 1943." Even doughty Mr. Morgenthau recognizes her as a national authority on government finance.

LINGUIST LEVIN AND THE LOVABLE MARINE

Student, teacher, journalist, linguist, and now Marine combat correspondent—that's a lot of living to cram into thirty-one years. But Sergeant Dan Levin, who wrote The Gentle Marine, has been all those things and more. Levin was born in Russia but was educated at Western Reserve University and the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism. Since then he's taught English, been chief of the OWI's domestic radio monitoring, and editor of Russian and Far Eastern reports for the BEW. He speaks seven languages, among them Chinese, Russian, and modern Greek, and we think it's a pretty sure bet that he is boning up on Japanese right now!

NEXT WEEK



FEW Americans have met Princess Elizabeth of England, but in THE GIRL WHO WILL BE QUEEN, Hettie Grimstead and Molly Castle give a truly intimate glimpse of her. Is she stuffy? What sort of clothes does she like? What people have influenced her? Does she jitterbug? You'll get all the answers . . .

In EUROPE EXPECTS TO DO IT ALONE, by Carey Longmire, we learn what the little man in Europe's streets thinks about our postwar co-operation. Does he believe that we'll welch on our peace promises, or that we'll drive home our pledges of honor? . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, WHERE HELEN LIES, by Margaret Lane, tells the tense story of a woman who opens some old love letters addressed to her husband and finds she's really started something.

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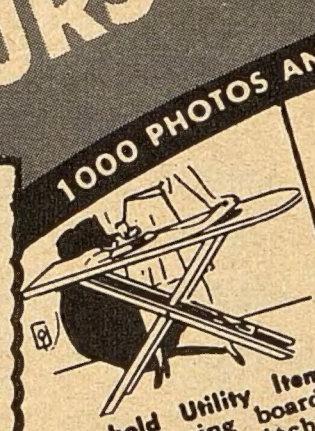
Look at this Partial List of Things You Can Make and Do!

MAKING
- —Nest of Tables
- —Medicine Cabinet
- —Combined Cabinet and Bookshelves
- —Fire Screen
- —Double Stepladder
- —Deck Chair
- —Table Lamp
- —China Cabinet
- —Modern Sideboard
- —a Burglar-proof Hinge
- —a Shelf Bracket
- —Objects of Metal
- —Rustic Garden Bench
- —Rose Pergola
- —Greenhouse

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Lifting Flooring
Draught Prevention
Picture Framing
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Fitting & Replacing Window Panes
Fitting Hinges
Fitting Shelves
Converting Spare Room into Workshop
Using Garage as Workshop
Choice and Care of Tools
Wax Polishing, Fuming, etc.
Choice of a Lathe
Sheet-Tin Work
Bent Wire Work
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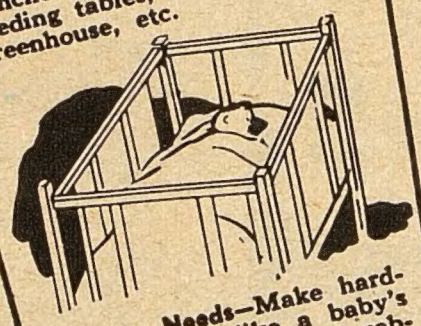
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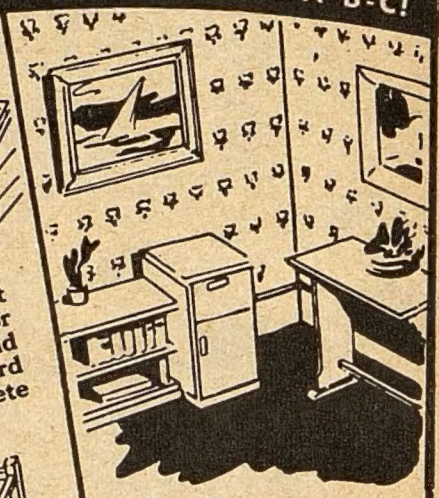
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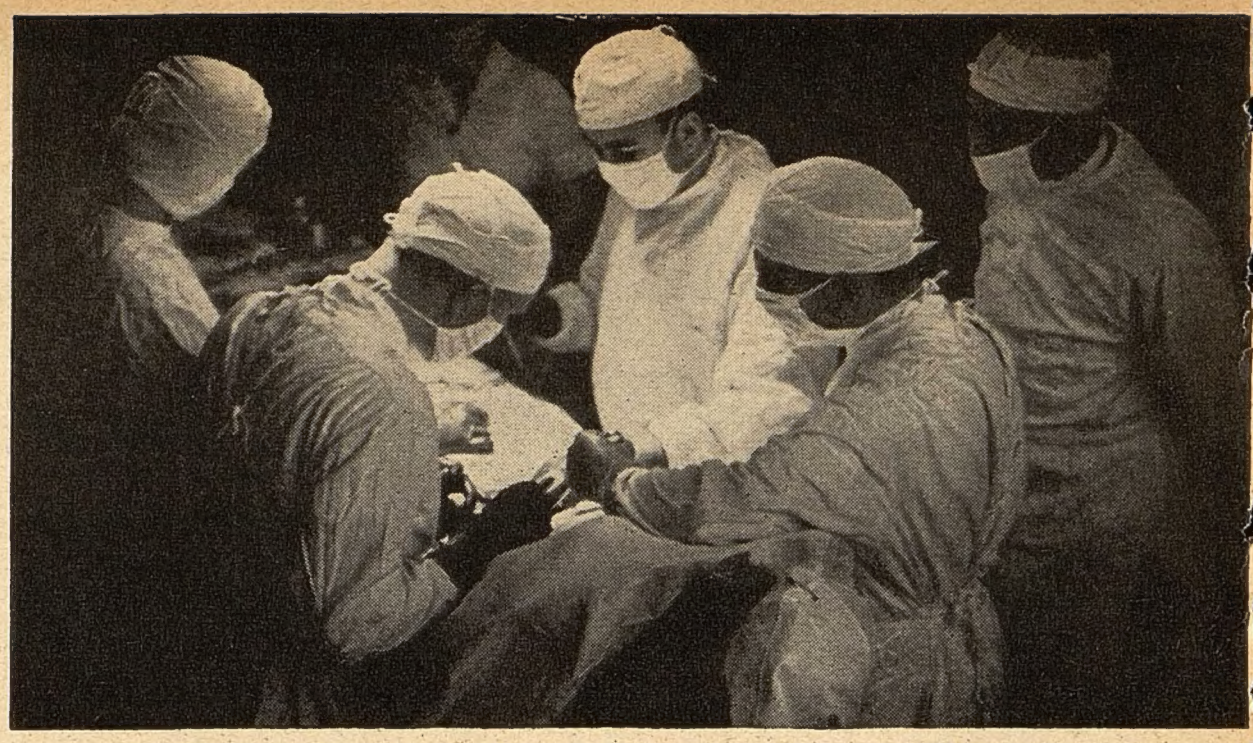
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The heart is no longer beyond the province of surgery. Heart surgeons have shown great courage, skill, and ingenuity in operating.

Heart Surgery: Now It Can Be Done

BY PHILIP HARKINS

Another no man's land of medicine is successfully invaded by surgeons. In skilled hands your heart is tougher than you think

IN recent months several remarkable operations on the heart have been performed by surgeons in New York City's great hospitals. In one case a surgeon sewed up the heart of a man who had been stabbed; in another a surgeon removed a two-and-a-half-inch needle from the heart of a woman who had tried to commit suicide.

These operations were hailed as marvels of surgery. They are. But to a small, though growing, group of surgeons the field of heart surgery is entirely apart from these "headline emergencies." These top-notch men have daringly and successfully pioneered in a field that has caused surgeons difficulties for centuries. To them, an operation on the heart, one of the most important and complex of the body's organs, is no riskier than many another major operation.

Your heart is surrounded by a sac called the pericardium which contains a small amount of fluid to facilitate the movements of the heart in beating. Sometimes this sac becomes calcified, as the result of infection, and chokes healthy heartbeats. In one case, the calcified pericardium had so choked the heart that on examining a female patient with a fluoroscope, a young doctor could detect no heartbeats at all, and rushed to the patient's side, believing her to be dead. The heart, barely able to beat, was later freed by skilled surgery.

At a recent meeting of the New York State Medical Society, Dr. George J. Heuer, surgeon in chief, and Dr. Harold J. Stewart, chief of the Cardiac Division of the Department of Medicine, New York Hospital, Cornell University Medical College, reported on eighteen cases of "stone heart." Their youngest patient was only seven years old; their oldest, fifty-nine. In these operations Dr. Heuer's scalpel was working in a surgical zone which, not many years ago, only a few surgeons thought it prudent to enter, yet not one fatality resulted. Nine of the patients were cured, five were able to resume normal lives, and one young man, apparently doomed by a calcified heart, was healthy enough after the operation to join the merchant marine.

One of Dr. Heuer's patients was a fifteen-year-old girl. Her heart was so cramped by a thickened pericardium that it could not pump enough blood with sufficient force to maintain proper circulation. Flowing sluggishly, the fluid part of the blood leaked through the tissues. As a result of this strange seepage, the girl's stomach was swollen tremendously, her legs were enormous, the veins in her neck bulged. Her body, hindered in its development by this ugly swelling, was that of a girl aged nine or ten.

For seven years this girl had suffered physical discomfort and mental torture as the membrane around her heart became thicker and harder. As the years went by, her case would have followed the path of other victims of "stone heart"—discomfort, lethargy, confinement, death. Now she and her family were faced by something they had thought impossible, an operation on the heart, something which the layman approaches with awe and which surgeons themselves, until recent times, rarely attempted. But after seven years of suffering, the girl and her family welcomed heart surgery, and preparations were made for this extraordinary operation.

Heart operations are not "rushed," with

(*Continued on page 54*)

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Thanks to its "butterfly" tail, this simplified AT-10 Beechcraft plywood trainer can fly with neither horizontal nor vertical tail surfaces.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

A Trainer for Any Man's A. A. F.

If you've been near many airfields in the United States within the past few years, the chances are ten to one that you've laid eyes on the AT-6 Texan advanced Army trainer built by North American Aviation, Inc. This reliable training plane is used by twenty-eight different nations, and is built in Canada under license by Noorduyn Aircraft and built also in Australia. Recently it was announced that license to manufacture the AT-6 Texan had been granted the Brazilian government. The AT-6 has been used by the Brazilian Air Force for several years. This is one airplane that won't be made obsolete by the developments of the war.

Old Stuff—But Fighting On!

Many combat airplanes known to newspaper readers at the time war broke out in Europe in 1939 have been forgotten as newer and faster and more powerful combat types have gone into service on world-wide fronts. But here is the story of an old-timer that has been more criticized than praised, but is still a reliable stand-by, and had to be called upon with great urgency recently for more front-line action in one of the two hottest aerial combat theaters in the world.

The Curtiss P-40 Warhawk has been hard at work in the Philippines in a type of warfare that isn't always anticipated by the High Command.

The famous P-40 line of Kittyhawks, Tomahawks, and Warhawks, is as well known a line of fighter planes as any in the world. Probably no other airplanes have had to do so many types of fighting in so many types of climate. The P-40 was not the lightest, not the most powerful, not the most maneuverable, and not the most powerfully armed. Yet it had to pit its strength and the skill of its pilots against the best the enemy had to offer. The P-40 is a medium-altitude, all-round fighter. In North Africa it fought the high-altitude and powerfully-armed and speedy Nazi fighters; in the Pacific it was up against the very light and maneuverable Jap Zero.

For high-altitude work, the Zero could outmaneuver the P-40. But on Leyte the P-40 has come back into the fore in a big way because the Japs were using their Zeros to attack American positions under cloud ceilings of about 3,000 feet. The only American fighter that could outdo the Japs at this altitude was the old faithful P-40. In the weather conditions, the fast and maneuverable P-38s and other top U. S. fighters had to bide their time. Only the P-40 could do the job.

All of which proves that no one airplane can do everything. One day a high-altitude fighter is needed; the next day another type is the answer. One day the chief factor is speed; another day perhaps it is fire power. So the P-40 has always been one of the most useful airplanes the Army has ever had at its command.

But, as you undoubtedly know by this time, the P-40 line is now stopped. The 15,000th plane of this long series came off the assembly lines at the Curtiss airplane plant at Buffalo on November 22. Grandson of the Curtiss P-36 of the late '30s, the Warhawk will not have its numbers increased from now on. Yet there are enough of the P-40 line around the world to carry on the tradition for a long time. Far from being obsolete, the P-40 is doing a type of combat work in various parts of the world that no other airplane can do. On Leyte it has been proving that obsolescence in aircraft is a relative thing. It isn't out of action yet by a long shot.

His Fingertips Can See

Blindness has not prevented Leo Hobelman of Denver from doing his part to win the war. With sure, sensitive fingers he is working ten hours a day sorting parts used at the Continental modification center in readying Superfortresses for combat.

To his table are sent all of the stray screws, eyelets, bolts, nuts, washers, lugs, and other small but highly important parts collected in the hangars and in the planes. He takes the miscellaneous collection and sorts out the parts so they can be boxed and sent back to the hangars, where they go into planes being modified. He is even able to sort small bolts which are identical in size and differ only slightly in thread.

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Gun crew officers, in helmets and flash gear, keep careful watch following an attack on their carrier. Action took place in the Southwest Pacific. Officer at right is relaying observations by telephone.

There's still a tough war to win

—and the armed forces need vast amounts of telephone and electronic equipment.

THE telephone and radio on ships and planes have made a vast change in naval warfare.

Our Navy has more of these things than any other navy in the world. The battleship Wisconsin alone has enough telephones to serve a city of 10,000.

A great part of this naval equipment comes from the Western Electric Company, manufacturing branch of the Bell System.

That helps to explain why we here at home are short of telephones and switchboards.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

CAN WE AVOID ANOTHER DEPRESSION?

Leaders both in government and business are not going to take another depression lying down. The war has taught us much about our productive capacity and we intend putting that knowledge to full use

BY SYLVIA F. PORTER

CARTOON BY WILLIAM O'BRIAN

SWEEPING over America today is a single great question: Will we have jobs after this war? And sweeping back with equal force is a deeply significant answer: Yes, we will, if business and government *plan* together and work together to achieve that goal.

That answer represents a shining new, almost revolutionary, philosophy in the United States. Until now, you and I have resigned ourselves to the idea of periodic slumps offsetting periodic booms because we've always been in peaks and panics since our nation was born. But today, even while everything is rosy, we're arguing with intense seriousness about ways to prevent "another 1932." In millions of homes, people are asking themselves why our prosperity must end just because the war ends, and are finding no satisfactory explanation. From coast to coast, business spokesmen, labor leaders, and public officials are rushing forward with suggestions to avert a postwar collapse.

And out of all the talk have come five key ideas for attaining permanent peacetime stability:

1. The vast public-works programs of our federal, state, and local governments can be so timed that they'll provide the most jobs when the need is greatest.

2. Our tax laws can be so molded that they'll act as an incentive to business to expand and start new ventures and thus supply jobs.

3. Our trade policies can be so worked out that they'll build new foreign markets for us and thereby lift the whole world to a higher standard of living.

4. Our controls on private business can be so modified that industry will have full confidence in our future as a democratic nation and will risk its savings to strike out in new fields.

5. Our social-security system can be so expanded that it will take in virtually all Americans and give every one of us a backlog to tide us over hard times, protect us in our old age.

Simple and general as these five points may seem at a quick glance, they are forming a brilliant, vital story of deepest meaning to you and me. Whether we realize it or not, we are accepting the theory of *planning for prosperity.*

And we've never done that before.

I have just returned from a trip through the East and the Middle West, during which I spoke to hundreds of workers and bosses. It was a heart-tugging experience, for wherever I went I heard one word—jobs. In Chicago, for instance, I watched servicemen home on furlough using their precious free hours to crowd the employment offices and ask about their postwar prospects. One marine who had been in the South Pacific almost two years told me, "I'm supposed to tell the boys out there what I find out." In Detroit, I sat through a whole evening listening to a group of factory workers discuss how many jobs could be created by a big jump in our foreign trade. The knowledge and intensity of those men and women would have astonished a college professor.

The American people have by no means forgotten the desperation of 1932. The predominant feeling among industrialists and labor leaders, Washington officials and Wall Street bankers is:

Let business have the freedom to do the best it can in producing for peace as it has for war, in providing jobs for all who can and wish to work. But let the government step in immediately, if and when necessary, to fill whatever gaps are left on the employment lists.

This is not our official American policy on employment; for, so far, we haven't any official policy. In fact, we're the only major nation in the world that hasn't a definite program for preventing a postwar depression.

In contrast, consider the announcement by the British government that it "accepts as one of its primary aims and responsibilities the maintenance of a high and stable level of employment after the war"—a statement that has no precedent in the whole history of the British Empire. And England has definite plans to back it up.

France has gone even further down the planned economy road. In one of his first speeches after the liberation, General Charles de Gaulle disclosed his government's scheme for dividing France into three segments, one to be owned by the

(*Continued on page 48*)



BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Freddy Sandford, home from the wars, finds a sinister influence in his love life. But—as usual—it succumbs to the wiles of Al, the sage of the soda fountain

IT is when I am bopping the Boche in Sunny Italy that I get this letter from my girl, Connie Parker. Contents of same disturb Frederick Sandford (your correspondent).

For the record, both Connie and I hail from Shadow Orchard, New York. And in that community the prophets have it that, some bright June afternoon, Connie Parker, wearing tulle and orange blossoms, will be in this corner. In that corner—Freddy Sandford. And at Here Comes the Bride, Parker and Sandford will come out fighting.

Because, ever since we attended a coed kindergarten, I am fundamentally number-one guy in Connie's life. But every once in so often Constance appears to forget that we have a firm date in June, 19—?

So when I get this letter I do not have to read between the lines. There is scarcely a line that does not allude, sickeningly, to a certain Herbert Van Stroock-Cartwright, who I remember unfavorably as Shadow Orchard's candidate for All-American drip.

A word about H. V. S.-Cartwright! He is an underslung party, with slicked-down yellow hair and a chin that walked off the lot around September, 1925. But he redeems this unpromising geography by being as rich as Creases. Beyond that, his maternal mother (a Van Stroock) pipes the tune to which the elite of Shadow Orchard dances—or else. Many times and oft, as I am about to poke the nose of Herbert, I desist. In Shadow Orchard one does not hang things willy-nilly on a Van Stroock-Cartwright nose and retain one's social status.

And now, from Connie's letter, it seems that Herbert has become an N-sign in the Navy, patrolling the deck of a desk in Washington. But I gather that he is often on leave and, apparently, he is being just "too too utterly divine" to my girl. In fact, the damsel writes in ink that sort of glows. There is also a P.S. It says, and I quote, "Whatever may happen, Freddy, I will always remember how never-failingly sweet you have been to me."

I RECEIVE this, mark you, as I am preserving the world for democracy in Italy, Europe, far north of the Infernal City. Do you wonder that Frantic is the word for Frederick?

Well, I am digesting this disquieting communique when we get orders to attack a German strong point. Before we go Captain Blaine—my captain—lines us up.

"Men . . ." begins Captain Blaine, and stops. But presently he resumes in this

"Well," she says. "Just suppose you listen, Mist-er Sandford! If I'm throwing myself at him, I—I'm at least getting caught."

O Captain! My Captain!

wise, *"I am talking to you too, Private Sanford!"*

Naturally, he knows my name. Captain Blaine and I have many a conference while together we solidify General Eisenhower's position for him.

Once, indeed, the captain says to me, "Sandford, but for you we would have been in Berlin by midsummer when, I understand, the heat is most oppressive. As it is, we shall doubtless reach that objective in some more salubrious season."

High tribute, that, from one's rankling officer.

"Ah," says the captain this day, as I come snappily to attention. "Private Sandford has at last decided to co-operate. We may proceed with the war. Ahem! Men, this position is of prime strategic importance . . ."

Well, the attack goes forward and the Heinies seek to impede it with a barrage. Presently, too, they seem to pick specifically upon Frederick Sandford. A shell bursts that close I get a hair singe for free. I roll behind a rock, perturbed at having my train of thought interrupted.

There I speculate on the perfidy of womankind and/or the Navy. Things are at a pretty pass when a man cannot go forth to joust with Death without having some swivel-chair sailor steal his girl.

Occupied with these grim reflections I do not notice the passage of time. But finally it comes to me that, for a guy who spearheads an attack, I have a vast amount of peace and quiet. And suddenly I tumble.

The barrage is over. The next thing to a graveyard silence now broods over the locale. I emerge from the rock, with haste.

And there is Sandford, wandering lonely like a cloud, up a hill. I see no soldiers, no military maneuvers, no— The awful truth hits me.

My outfit, not having home-front problems on its mind, has obviously gone on to take the objective.

YOU see my position?

I must now straggle sheepishly up to my company. And what excuse have I for not being in the vanguard and planting Old Glory on the heights?

So who will believe that I just enjoy a mental lapse? I see the fingers of my mates, pointed in scorn.

I pause. Surely, I think, the gods gang up on me this morning. Thousands of miles that way I am losing my girl to a chinless man. Thousands of miles this way I become the goon of the Army of Italy. Henceforward I will doubtless be shunned by all. And when, eventually, I go home in disgrace, what awaits me? Merely the trident laughter of a perfidious woman.

"Sandford," I says to myself bitterly, "in your shoes, even a Jap has the decency to commit Harry Carey."

I cannot explain just what comes over me then. Because on the heels of that thought comes another.

It is known that he who would discard his earthly woes can do so by pulling the pin of a hand grenade and subsequently clasping the grenade to his bosom as, mayhap, Cleopatra clasps the rasp. This is a scientific fact.

One after the other these thoughts pound in upon my tortured brain. And I guess I go momentarily nuts. For the next thing I know, I take out a grenade. And, like a guy in a dream, I pull the pin.

An eyewink later I come to. Filled suddenly with self-disgust for having come so close to letting down the United Nations I heave that pineapple away. In so doing I am afraid I eschew the long easy wind-up with which I terrorize the opposition while third-string pitcher for Shadow Orchard High. I just chuck the grenade over the side of the hill. It explodes somewhere, leaving Frederick unscathed but perspiring freely.

The next instant, however, you could stretch me on the canvas with a penwiper.

Up over the side of the hill, hands in air, come eight guys. Even in my daze I see they are Hitler's boys.

"Do not no more shoot, *bitte,*" says the leader. "*Mit* pleasure ve vill surrender."

Well, floored is the scion of the Sandfords. It is clear that our attack by-passes these pretzel benders somehow. It is also clear that I now have an out, fallen like Manny from heaven.

"So you speak English, toots?" I says. "O. K. Start those lugs of yours traveling north. And keep your hands up."

The kraut gets his pals into formation. And I run that column of squads up the hill. On the way I meet with a slight accident. A stray bullet comes out of nowhere and wings my left shoulder. But such is my preoccupation that I give it merely a passing thought. I do not stop until I march the Wehrmacht over the hill to where Captain Blaine and my company dig into the sometime German positions.

"Captain," I says, saluting snappy, "what would be your orders respecting these supermen I find sulking back of our lines?"

The captain's jaw drops a foot. He goggles like a gaffed fish. My buddies crowd around, likewise gaffed.

"Sandford," breathes the captain. "Private Sandford! Is it possible that I see the day when . . ." He passes a hand over his eyes. "Ah, no, no! This is just a beautiful dream."

"Not to contradict, captain," I says, "but Fritz and Joachim and whatnot here, from Potsdam and points around, is no dream."

"To think," the captain's tone is hushed, "that singlehanded, Private Sandford out of all the army should bring me not one, but eight, German prisoners. Sit down and rest, Mister Sandford! Somebody pour champagne for Mister Sandford; I can't get over it." He blinks, shaking his head.

Well, it does not seem feasible to explain that this is just a gratuitous circumstance occurring while I lollygag amid the daisies, comfortably committing suicide. So I salute again. My job done, I will now make a dignified exit. But just then the bullet in my shoulder, which in the excitement I ignore, stays ignored no longer. A black wave engulfs me and I fall flat on my face.

SOME weeks later I slip into Shadow Orchard. What happens is, my wound gets really bad and it takes the steely Sandford constitution some time to triumph. When it does, I am invalided home.

While hospitalized in Italy I get two letters from Connie. In these there is never a word about H. Van Stroock-Cartwright. But many and oft is the word about Frederick; and his wound; and the terrible shock Connie has when she hears about it. Fine cheerful letters from a girl who wears her heart on the left side and not in her sleeves.

So I arrive home with hopes that the Van Stroock-Cartwright business is all in my eye and Mary Martin's. And, the first morning, I call Connie. Herself answers the phone.

"HIYA, sister," I says, using the casual diction of the army.

"F-Freddy!" squeals Connie, and such is the thrill in her tone that I reproach myself for the base thoughts I once entertain. "But why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"Didn't know myself," I says. "For some time I am horse de combat and not the master of my own destinies. They remove me from the arena at a moment's notice. But when can I see you? This morning I have time . . ."

She interrupts, too quick. "Oh, Freddy, I simply can't. I—darling, I'm completely booked up. Until tomorrow night."

My face hits our telephone table. "Tomorrow night?"

"Honey," says Connie, "do try and understand? I know you're just home. But you came unexpectedly and I have so many —er—commitments. You see, Freddy, we are having a big bond rally a week from tonight and Mrs. Van Stroock-Cartwright has asked me to assist."

"Ha!" I says, and suspicion swarms back over me. "And where is Junior Van Stroock-Cartwright in all this?"

The wires lie doormat a moment. Then, very innocently: "You mean Herbert?"

"That's right," I says. "The office admiral who may one day go down with his desk in the Battle of the Potomac Basin."

"Now, Freddy," Connie says, "that isn't very kind."

"Maybe not," I admits, "but it is consistent with my policy. In days of yore I never made it a practice to be kind to Herbert."

"Freddy," says Connie, and there is distance in her voice, "I do hope you haven't come home on purpose to be difficult. And you may as well make up your mind to like Herbert temporarily at least. Or else we will have a very sticky evening tomorrow."

"And what," I demands, with some coolth of my own, "would Herbert have to do with that?"

"Just," says Connie, "that he is on leave and we are working together on the rally and there is so little time. And we are going to do some—er—planning tomorrow night. Therefore, Herbert will be here too, and I would thank you to be polite to him." Having laid that one on the button, she rings off.

Well, I ask you! Is not that something nice for the Sergeant York of World War the Second to come home to? This, I see with clarity, is a matter for Al.

Now Al, sometimes referred to as the "Sage of Shadow Orchard," is proprietor of the most elite soda bar in that thriving metropolis. Al is also my confidanty, adviser, and friend of long standing.

(*Continued on page 69*)

The Man in Your Pocket

BY GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW
and
HELEN WEIGEL BROWN

You're in the money if you've got this man's autograph. Meet the biggest banker in the world—William Alexander Julian, Treasurer of the United States, who handles more money every day than you'll ever see

IF you're lucky, you start each day with his neat autograph in your pocket. If you're in the lettuce for real, you have a number of his signatures cached away in your wallet. He's William Alexander Julian, Treasurer of the United States, whose name appears on every piece of U. S. paper money. And he is probably less known to the public than any other high official in Washington. Who's Who gives him barely eight lines of sketchy biography.

Even the best brains on big quiz programs have brightly answered, "Henry Morgenthau," when asked "Who is Treasurer of the United States?"

Mr. Morgenthau's job, as Secretary of the Treasury, is a policy-making one; Mr. Julian's, as Treasurer, is to keep everything well oiled in our money department, which is the biggest department of its kind in the world today.

Being that important, you'd naturally expect to find Mr. Julian riding to and from work in one of those black government limousines which abound on the capital's streets. But Mr. Julian prefers streetcars. Each weekday, on the seven thirty-two run of the Cabin John Line, this white-haired gentleman of seventy-odd boards the trolley at a country-road stop in near-by Maryland, come snow, rain, or high water. Over a pair of old-fashioned half-specs he beams a good morning to his fellow commuters, most of whom have no idea who he is, and then falls into brisk conversation with the person he happens to sit next to. Any man under seventy he calls "boy." Any woman under eighty he calls "young lady."

The conversation will be mostly about farming, business opportunities for young people, or business in general. It's never about money, in spite of the fact that he literally handles billions of dollars and is a millionaire in his own right.

CORN, wheat, soybeans, and shoe manufacturing being his specialties, you'd wonder why he wants to be hanging around the Treasury, unless you figure maybe he likes the feel of running his hands through so much dough. When he took the appointment at Roosevelt's earnest request back in 1933, one of his Republican friends voiced astonishment: "In the name of heaven, what do you want with the job at *your* age? You're rich enough already!"

Julian closed one eye and replied, "Well, if this damned administration is going to break me like you fellows say it is, then, by gosh, I want to be down there in Washington to see how it's done!"

He's been there ever since. Turns up at his office at the same hour, eight thirty, when he expects the 4,000 people under him to turn up. Doesn't miss a single day or hour, except for short leaves when he flies to Cincinnati to see Mrs. Julian, or goes out to the airport to meet her when she comes to see him in Washington. Mrs. Julian prefers living quietly most of the time at home in Ohio, where there's not so much political oompus-boompus going on.

As a matter of fact, Julian prefers living quietly too, as quietly as a government official can live. This is because he's a farmer at heart, having been raised on a farm in the bluegrass region of Kentucky. On his Maryland farm, complete with ten field hands and a rambling Elizabethan house, he does little entertaining, and what there is of it is informal. The rest of his free time he checks on the crops, reads voraciously, plays a little poker with the neighbors, and shoots a neat game of golf (in the upper seventies) at the Burning Tree Club. He likes to tell about the time Steve Early made a hole in one when the ball struck the late Senator Pat Harrison on the chest and bounced off into the cup.

At work as the biggest banker in the world, Julian matches wits with the world's ablest financiers. He does a stint of paying out over a million checks to corporations, bureaus, and individuals whom Congress has authorized to draw on the U. S. Treasury. He sees that the Federal Reserve branches and other government depositories have a steady supply of cash. He makes payments on the public debt. Each day he turns over about five million dollars in brand-new currency to replace worn-out bills. (He says a one-dollar bill lasts only about six months, a five-dollar bill about two years, a ten-dollar bill five years, and a twenty-dollar one a bit over ten years.)

He signs every piece of government paper—down in the lower left-hand corner. He doesn't have to have a battery of fountain pens for this—only had to write his autograph once, when he first came in as Treasurer. A copper die was made from that autograph, and as one die begins to wear down, another is made from it. The only signing Julian does by hand is on an occasional document.

When he isn't busy doing all these things about money, he likes to stroll around through the vaults in back of the maze of forbidding-looking bars and cages. Here, among other documents, are the handsomely-engraved promissory notes for payments due us on World War I debts. "If they were mine," says Julian, "I'd sell the whole passel of 'em for a couple hundred dollars."

He also likes to take time out regularly to talk with his clerks, secretaries, and bureau heads. It's said that he knows most of his employees personally, takes a warm interest in their individual welfare. They say he's a swell boss.

Being a swell boss is only a part, though, of his interest in humanity in general. He's strongly social-minded and has done a lot of good for a lot of people in his own quiet way. He has no children of his own, but right now he's putting five boys through Berea College; three through Richmond University, two through Antioch, and three Negro girls through Prentiss College in Mississippi. These students are benefiting by the permanent scholarships he has given the schools for promising boys and girls who need help.

For twenty-five years he was head of the United Charities in Cincinnati, and he was head of the American Red Cross in the last war. He's deeply interested in legislation to help the worker. As a matter of fact, he's the father of our present Old Age Pension plan. Long ago he started a retirement plan for the people in his own shoe factory in Cincinnati. Says he got the idea when he was just a young fellow living across the street from the poor farm near Frankfort, Kentucky:

"I watched that poor farm take a beating every time political fortunes shifted in the county. When one bunch of officeholders got the power, they'd move their families and friends onto the farm. When another group got in, they'd do the same thing. And it sure didn't help the old men and women who were living there on charity."

HE decided then that there was nothing more cruel than institutionalizing old people. "They don't want to be put away somewhere. They want something to do, people of their own around them. It occurred to me it would be much better to give them enough each week to live on, and let them stay with relatives or friends or wherever they wanted."

His basic idea of pensions for the old was presented to Ohio by an Old Age Pension Commission in 1913. It was never adopted, for the people decided it would bring too many old people in from neighboring states. Then World War I came along, and it was forgotten. But President Roosevelt didn't forget, and neither did Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins. When Julian came to Washington, the President called him in and had him assemble the needed data for setting up the present Old Age Pension plan.

Julian liked that, because he likes, more than anything, taking something that looks dead or dying and reviving it. In his lifetime he has taken over many a business that was tottering on its last legs and brought it back to life. People said the farm land he bought when he came to Washington was dead; hadn't it been washing into the Potomac for more than four hundred years? So he took it over, and today it's producing tons of corn and wheat. The dirt on another farm he bought in Ohio a few years back was "plumb worked out," ac-



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Everybody has his I. O. U. and he always pays up—William Alexander Julian, United States Treasurer.

cording to neighboring farmers. It's producing soybeans now by the carloads. The little shoe business he started before the turn of the century is one of the biggest in the country today.

But in all of his business ventures he has always kept a finger in banking. His first job as a "banker" paid five dollars a week. It was with the Farmers Bank of Frankfort, Kentucky, and he was twenty years old. His particular responsibility was to add up long columns of figures the hard way, with a well-chewed pencil. That is why he's so mightily impressed, he says, with "these newfangled business machines."

"Danged if I know how the country would get along without them," he says. "Why, those machines do nearly all our thinking for us!"

Banking in a big way and signing money weren't new to Julian when he came to Washington. During his career as farmer and manufacturer, he served on many a bank trustees' board; for years he was president of the Queen City Trust Company of Cincinnati and of the First National Bank of near-by Bethel. He rolls off high-sounding terms such as "currency stabilization," "fluctuation," "first and refunding mortgage bonds," "the gold content of the dollar," as though they were just old everyday stuff that everybody knew all about. He personally knows money from every angle. But he claims he doesn't know a thing about it.

"Shucks, who *does* know anything about money?" he asks.

Recently, on a tour through the Deep South, he ran clean out of cash. A hotel clerk refused to honor his check. Didn't know the signature, the clerk said.

THE END

MATCH TRICK

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

There's a saying in Hollywood that actors' agents have dollar signs for hearts. Maybe so—but sometimes you hear a story that proves otherwise

BY FRANK KILROE

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

MIKE is dead now, of course, and laid away. He would have liked the funeral. The count at the services was over 3,000, and foremost on the mourners' benches were old B. J. and the other nabobs in whose sides he had been an ever-willing thorn. They must have been there to make sure the lid was screwed on tight, he'd been so much trouble to them, but none of the others there showed any of the sorrow that goes with a proper burial.

That was the way Mike had played it. Without sentiment and with plenty of malice for all. In all the world, I could think of only one person who might have wept for him, and she was the width of the continent away.

He'd been stuck between trains in Kansas City the first time he saw Olivia. The Shamrock Bar and Grill was a bar like any other, with a few locals peering sidewise at him over their beers and, in the dim-lit back corner of the room, a beat-up individual hammering out a random treatment of The Last Time I Saw Paris—that was the year for it—while a dark-haired girl, thin to the point of looking underfed, sang the words.

She sang them uncertainly, not too well. But she had that troubled quality in her eyes and voice that no amount of coaching could give.

When she'd finished, Mike brought a round of drinks over to the piano. The girl shook her head.

"I don't use it," she said.

"The more for me," Mike told her. He stared at her there for a moment in the bad light. He had a way of looking at women as a marketman might appraise a slab of crated fish, but it seemed not to bother Olivia.

"Listen," he said. "I don't know you and you don't know me. This is strictly business with me. I think you could be made to do for pictures. I could be wrong, but I'm willing to spend my money to see if I'm right. If I'm not, you'll have wasted a year, maybe." He looked around the room. "You'd be taking that much chance. But this isn't exactly the Starlight Roof you're playing here."

She laughed and the trouble left her eyes. "We don't get that fast line here often," she told him. "It makes nice listening. What's the catch? What would I have to do?"

"Work," Mike said. "That's all. Work."

SHE had it all to learn, but no bad habits to forget. From the beginning Mike gave her more of his time than he did his solid-gold clients. The two were seen together in the spots around town, and long before her first small part with Davis, people knew who she was. There was the usual gossip, but it must always have been, as Mike had specified at the start, strictly business between them. Mike's taste in women ran more to the bird-of-prey type, with talons. Olivia was an experiment in creation.

That was why, when the first stories came back from Las Vegas about her, he refused to get excited. The Las Vegas trip had been his own idea. Olivia had just finished two pictures with scarcely a month off in between for good behavior, and now, when the studio was clamoring for her, seemed a good time to play hard to get.

"Listen," he told her. "Too much is enough. Get away from this rat race for a while. When you come back, I'll have the Berlin lead sewed up for you. With Grant. A good guy like him deserves a break."

It cost me a hundred the day he talked old B. J. Holzman into giving her the part. With all the box-office names who were in for it, I couldn't see even Mike having a chance.

"Now that you've got the part," I told him, after he'd done it and I'd coughed up, "you'd better go see if you've still got an actress. The last I heard, she was getting ready to join the Air Corps."

"You mean that aviator up at Las Vegas?" He shook his head. "You don't have to worry about Olivia. She's not like these other tomatoes. She's got a head to go with the rest of it."

He flew up to Las Vegas to give her the news. She had the lieutenant with her in the old bar at the Last Frontier when Mike found them.

"I was going to call you," she told him. "And then I was going to wire you. And then I didn't know what to do. I don't think I'm coming back, Mike."

"And miss a chance like this?"

The girl nodded. There were times, she said, when six months, or even three, could be all of your life that mattered. If she could be with Sam that long, she'd have to take a chance on the rest.

Mike took another look at the lieutenant. Serious, just short of solemn, with only a few ribbons on his blouse; and, for a grown man, so much in love he should have been ashamed of himself. Mike knew then what his play was.

"Maybe she knows what she's doing," he told the lieutenant, "and maybe she doesn't. But it looks to me like you'd have to do the thinking for both of you. This deal she's turning down is the biggest chance a girl could get in pictures. It looks to me like later on would be soon enough to be getting married. Think it over."

He let it go at that, and two days later Olivia was standing in the doorway of his office.

"You needn't think it was your doing," she told him. "Because it wasn't. Sam got his orders the next day. He's gone. Back overseas."

She never mentioned it again. The papers carried the casualty lists regularly from the raids over Europe, but, watching her on the set, no one would have known there was a war in the same world. Each day the rushes were better than the day before. By the time the cutters took over, old B. J. was in a state.

"Six times I was going to call the deal off," he told Mike. "Twelve kinds of a skunk I called you for talking me into it. A man as old as me should maybe retire when his mind begins to go."

"Could be," Mike agreed. "But you're not so far gone you don't know you're going to have to tear up the kid's contract and write a new one." He always liked to make the big boys suffer. The sudden sickliness when they realized they were hooked—the pleading as a friend—the gathering rage. He'd been run off the best lots in town at one time or another, but there was always the final remission. "We're not working for peanuts now," he told B. J. "After this the price goes up."

IT should have been just a matter, then, of waiting out the suspension. When B. J. sent word to him to come and talk things over, it was the end of a familiar maneuver. He called Olivia to gloat a bit. The maid answered the phone.

Olivia had gone East, she told him. Gone that morning. Something about a telegram.

I went down to the station to see him off on the Chief.

"Why don't you let the girl be?" I asked him. "You've proved your point. Can't you bear the thought of people being happy in their own peculiar way without you getting your ten per cent of it?"

I might as well have been talking to the trainman at the gate.

"If you'd like to get that hundred back," Mike told me, "you can bet I come back without her."

A month later, it may have been—time is a hard thing to keep track of in this town—I was having a beer and a sandwich in the back room at the Derby when he walked in.

I looked at the hundred-dollar bill he'd laid on the table, and back at him. "You found her?"

He nodded. His second week in New York, he told me. They were sitting at a wall table in La Rue when he came in. The lieutenant wore captain's bars now, and the ribbons to go with them, but he still acted as if there were no one but Olivia in the crowded room. He couldn't seem to place Mike at first.

It was at Las Vegas, Mike reminded him. They'd met at Las Vegas. In the bar at the hotel. He watched the captain fumbling a cigarette out of his case and reached for a match, but Olivia's quick hand checked him.

"Sam likes to light his own," she said.

Mike let the match drop back in the box. It was queer, he went on, how a few months could change things. Back in Las Vegas it had looked like Olivia couldn't



"Maybe she knows what she's doing," he told the lieutenant. "But it looks to me like you'd have to do the thinking for both of you."

miss. Now, only six months later, she was as good as washed up. Just another pretty girl. It was a tough game to guess.

"I don't get it," I told Mike. "You've left out your reasons for it—I don't see what you were driving at. And anybody who reads the papers would know the studio is dying for her."

"It was this way," Mike said. He fished the last ice cube out of his highball to bring it down to body temperature. "I knew she wasn't coming back. Not this time. No matter what I tried. I know how many kinds of a heel people think I am—maybe you agree with them—maybe they're right. But I couldn't leave him thinking she'd thrown her life away for him."

"But the papers," I objected. "He's bound to read about her somewhere."

Mike shook his head. "Sometime," he told me, "try getting a light with your eyes shut. With practice you can light your own. But if somebody else has the match you're a thousand to one. It's the same way when you're blind."

THE END

Queen City of the Arctic

War put Murmansk into the headlines, but the treasures that lie hidden beneath the arctic snow, and the men who dream of building empires will keep her there

BY WILLIAM van NARVIG



On the outskirts of Murmansk, fastest-growing city in the Arctic, Russian men and guns stand guard over the Soviets' northern riches.

THE Polar Arrow Express, after a thirty-hour run from Leningrad, crossed the Arctic Circle and pulled into Kandalaksha, where the railroad station still bore the marks of Luftwaffe bombings. The switch from steam to electric locomotive was quickly made, and the train began its journey through the arctic fairyland of the U. S. S. R.

Speeding past an almost endless chain of booming industrial settlements, risen where only fifteen years ago was arctic wilderness, the express skirted picturesque Lake Imandra, rolled slowly through the mushrooming city of Kirovsk, past magic Khibin Mountain with its more than twenty miles of electrified underground galleries, and picked up the eastern bank of the wide Tuloma River. Seven hours out of Kandalaksha it pulled into Murmansk, Russia's new arctic metropolis.

Waiting for me on the station platform was Nikolai Yefimovich. With a grin almost as broad as Kola Bay, he indulged in an orgy of handshaking and backslapping, offered cigarettes, steered me to a waiting automobile, and instructed the driver to make for the city's leading hotel, only a few blocks away. There he told an understanding nodding manager that everything must be *pervoclassno*—first class—and said, "Will see you again shortly. The damned Germans did a thorough job of bombing around here, but they did not know where we had our vodka cached. There is plenty of it left."

Nikolai Yefimovich is a perfect example of how high the common Russian man can climb under the Soviet regime. I first met him in December, 1915. Russia, under Czarist rule, was at war with Germany then, too. Our liner from New York was blocked by early drift ice from entering the White Sea and reaching Archangel. It dropped part of its human cargo in the tiny port of Alexandrovsk on the Murman coast. A small coastwise steamer took me around the promontory into Kola Bay. There, in the bleak light of an arctic winter morning, I was left on a makeshift wooden wharf, the rushing Tuloma River on one side and snow-heavy firs on the other. Not a human habitation as far as the eye could reach.

Suddenly from the shadows of the firs emerged a figure hardly more than five feet tall and clad in reindeer boots that reached almost to the hips, a sheepskin coat, and a towering fur cap. A young voice asked where I wished to go and if I needed help.

I said my destination was Petrograd, as Leningrad then was called. Petrograd was 1,000 miles away, but that did not deter the little stranger. He said that if I'd wait he'd see what could be done.

He also confided that his name was Nikolai, but the native Lapps and the few Kazaks who lived there called him Mushka, meaning Little Fly, because of his diminutive size. He was an orphan and came from Yaroslavl on the Volga. He was seventeen, but the recruiting officer back home had insisted he was older and wanted to draft him into the Army. Mushka didn't like such highhanded procedure and somehow put 1,500 miles behind him, emerging on the faraway arctic shore where police control was lax and one did not have to carry a birth certificate. Also there were chances to pick up a stray kopeck from travelers stranded in the wilderness.

In the picking up of kopecks Mushka now proved himself an expert. He came back with two giant Kazaks. Big as they were, he bossed them about as if he had been their master. They lugged my trunks two miles upstream, where we crossed the river in a skiff among swirling ice floes, and were in Kola, a forlorn fishing settlement of some 200 equally forlorn souls.

Mushka forbade me to pay the Kazaks, saying he would attend to all financial matters himself. He hired the most pretentious hut in the village for my lodgings, procured an outfit of reindeer fur for me, and made arrangements with two Lapps to take me and my luggage by reindeer sleigh part of my 1,000-mile journey southward.

He presented his accounts and settled with his subcontractors from the proceeds. I learned that he made a tidy profit for himself from the various transactions, yet his charges were by no means exorbitant. He could easily have asked more and got away with it.

The night before my departure, Mushka had tea with me. Under the influence of what we took with the tea, he grew loquacious about the future of what he called his adopted northern country. I could not help admiring his extraordinary gift of imagination.

"This country is rich, very rich," he said. "It is the richest part of Russia. There are treasures of all kinds buried under the snow. The Lapps, who have lived here for centuries, told me so. All it requires is the

(*Continued on page 52*)



This is May in Murmansk. Snow covers the city streets almost all year long, except for a few months in summer.



W. Averill Harriman, U. S. Ambassador to Russia, tours Murmansk with Mayor Koltsov and Soviet Navy men.

The Gentle Marine

BY SERGEANT DAN LEVIN

MARINE CORPS COMBAT CORRESPONDENT



Saipan civilians expected no mercy from U. S. marines. They've learned better now.

Here is a different kind of Marine hero. What he accomplished during and after the bloody battle of the Marianas makes a proud chapter in the history of America's fighting men

A NEW kind of Marine hero emerged from the conquest of the Marianas. He is not a barrel-chested, hell-for-leather assailant of pillboxes, stormer of beaches. He is a little stooped, nearsighted man of thirty-six, whose marching gait is a compromise between a meander and a shuffle. He carries a carbine, but is a bearer primarily of peace. It is safe to say that on Saipan and Tinian islands he conquered more Japanese through love and sympathy than any one marine disposed of with the latest automatic weapon.

Private First Class Joseph Morris Berger is from Superior, Wisconsin. He majored in ancient Greek at the University of Minnesota, found no opening to teach Plato and other classics, and so went into insurance. He came into the Marine Corps as a marine of the line.

An insatiable curiosity about things and people caused him to start studying Japanese while still stationed in this country, and he ended up as a language interpreter for the Marines. In that capacity, attached to the famous Fifth Amphibious Corps of Marine Lieutenant General Holland M. Smith, he hit the beach on Saipan Island.

Some marines stormed the beaches with a grim determination not to let their buddies down. Others were moved by hatred dating from Pearl Harbor. Many were sustained by pride in their Corps. Some were buoyed up by religion, some by fatalism.

But Joe Berger hit the beach with love for mankind overflowing in his heart, determined to minimize the suffering that war would bring to innocent civilians.

He got his chance. Assigned to a first-aid station of the Fourth Marine Division, hard by the beach, he saw his first civilians—Japanese men past military age, women and children—shattered and stunned by the guns of war. They were brought down to the beach in stretchers, often by marines and Navy corpsmen who had just seen their own buddies shot to pieces by Japanese artillery. Other civilians came under their own steam, suffering from shrapnel wounds, shock, exposure, or scorched by flame throwers. Some had wounds from attempts at suicide. Others were only frightened. They had been told that the bearded American devils would cut their throats or torture them to death.

The first Japanese to whose side Joe Berger came was a little boy of two, lying on the beach where a marine had brought him in his arms. There was nothing to say and nothing to do. The child was so badly scorched by a flame thrower (turned loose against a cane field from which Japanese riflemen had been firing) that he soon died.

A few moments later Joe saw a boy of about eight or nine running around distractedly, pulling at the sleeves of doctors and corpsmen and jabbering in Japanese.

"What do you want?" Joe asked. "What is the matter?"

"My mother is very sick. I came for two days and tried to make them understand and come to help her. Nobody could understand. One man understood she is sick, but he told me she should come here. She cannot walk to the beach."

Joe explained to the doctor, and the two men went with the boy. His mother lay in a cave, desperately burned by a flame thrower. Joe and the doctor directed corpsmen to take her to the first-aid station, where she was treated.

Some of the other translators and interpreters had laughed at Joe Berger because he insisted on learning colloquial Japanese. But now the sick, the frightened, the wounded, the dying, and the bereaved, found in him one who really understood what they said in Japanese—one to whom they could come with their problems. He worked day and night as a combination confidant, confessor, male nurse, errand boy, doctors' helper, interpreter, and all-around angel of mercy.

First he was stationed at the improvised stockade near the beach on Saipan, then at a new composite stockade, finally near Charan-Kanoa at the Thirty-first Field Hospital.

Once a dead child was brought in from somewhere in the hills. A tall wizened Japanese came forward and asked to speak to the *sensei* (teacher), the term of respect which Joe Berger alone was accorded. The Japanese turned out to be a preacher, his denomination Holy Roller. He wanted to preach a funeral sermon over the dead child.

"A worthy idea," Joe said. "But the grave has to be dug before a funeral can be held."

So the grave was dug voluntarily by the preacher and two other Japanese. The next morning was set for the ceremony. All the civilians who were able to walk assembled, as did the Marine guards, the doctors, and corpsmen. The preacher preached eloquently but with restraint:

"This child, who received from God his life, now returns whence he came. He returns to God the spirit which was planted in him." The Japanese all cried, and Joe Berger had tears in his eyes. The other marines also were visibly moved by the ceremony.

A woman whose leg had been broken was to be put under an X-ray machine. At sight of it, she struggled and screamed wildly. Finally Joe Berger was sent for, and he explained that the Americans intended no harm, only wanted to help her get well. She agreed to submit if he would stand by her and hold her hand. So the X-ray was taken and her other wounds treated while he stood beside her holding her hand and talking reassuringly.

The work of caring for the Japanese and Chamorro civilians who came to the hospital soon became too much for the doctors, corpsmen, and Joe Berger. Chamorro and Japanese girls were the logical ones to help them, Joe reasoned. A few had been tried out as assistants, but had not wanted to do the unpleasant work that has to be done around the wounded and sick.

Joe approached Magdalena, a Chamorro girl who had been a nurse under the Japanese in Garapan for six years. He had got permission from the Army major who headed the hospital unit to try five girl assistants again.

"I do not think the girls will come," Magdalena said.

"They will be well treated," Joe assured her. "They will have food and clothing."

Magdalena came herself the first day and brought one friend. Joe assigned their work—changing dressings, changing sheets, all the routine labor of a hospital. He gave them his own K rations and insisted that they eat with him and the other members of the hospital staff. The next day Magdalena and her friend brought three other girls. Joe insisted that they wash their hands frequently when tending the patients. Water on Saipan was precious, but he saw to it that there was water for washing. And in a few days he had ar-

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The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



MIRACLE—A little rubber-legged, but otherwise unhurt, Lt. S. F. Ford, fighter pilot from Baltimore, Md., walks away from the wreckage of his P-38 after it was shot down in flames by a Japanese Zero over Mindoro Island.





SHIPBOARD SERENADE—Aviation engineers of the 7th A. A. F., bound for the Pacific, put on an impromptu jam session aboard their LST. The cutie in the bath-towel sarong is the band's vocalist—T/5 Clyde Bass of Cincinnati—behind the mask.







RUFFLED—Where will they put ruffles next? These are on a new swim suit designed by Clarepotter. Ann Duffy is under them.



COVERED—Alvin Hammer, working in the film version of A Walk in the Sun, takes time out to prove —satisfactorily—that he's a ringer for the startled G. I. who appeared on Liberty's Halloween cover.



COMEBACK—Jane Froman, still partly paralyzed from Lisbon Clipper crash, sings at the Copacabana, N. Y. C., on this mobile platform.

IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?—This pup, a belated Christmas gift for Marilyn Schwartz of Jersey City (below) was sent 13,000 miles—all the way from Sydney, Australia. He rode inside Ferry Pilot Frank Reed's coat (above).

ON YOUR MARK—To avoid getting snafued when they entrain for their troop transport, soldiers at N. Y. Port of Embarkation's Camp Kilmer, N. J., practice loading and seating in this dummy railroad car first.



IT'S STILL LEGAL—The racing ban hasn't had any effect on the track at Lyndonville, Vermont. Local merchants and farmers have been racing their work horses along Lyndonville's Main Street just like this every Saturday in January and February since 1908.





The Treadwells' son had died a hero. Now here was this baby, born out of wedlock. There were ugly rumors, but then the Treadwells saw the truth with their own eyes

Is This

BY

MARGUERITE EYSSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

AFTER the tiff with Climena Meadows at the Ladies' Aid meeting, Ma Fancher came home upset. Ma, plump, pink-cheeked, white-haired, seventy and past, a lifelong working Methodist, would have said right then that she didn't care if she never went to another meeting, too! Her cheeks were a brighter pink as, back in the haven of the farmhouse kitchen, she whipped a batch of soda-and-sour-cream biscuits together for supper.

Prince, the white setter dog, lay in the kitchen doorway, troubled eyes on Ma. That dog could tell a mile through a fog when something didn't just suit Ma. Mandy, her tabby cat, licked her paws unconcernedly in Ma's rocker by the window.

Whisking the pan of biscuits into the oven, Ma decided a shade sheepishly not to say so much as a word to Orsen, her husband for some fifty years, about the meeting. She thought, Maybe there'll be one thing that's happened in this county that man won't hear.

And Orsen would only tell her that dratted story about Lon Pepper again! Ma didn't know how true it was, but it sounded like the Peppers, that always did figure they were right and the world was wrong. Lon never opened his mouth without he began, "But the way I look at it—"

Lon was petted on getting on the jury, always wangling his name into the panel somehow, and any jury Lon was on was a hung jury, sure as death and taxes. The judge turned purple at the sight of Lon, and one day when he charged a jury, he told Lon to try to see somebody's point of view besides his own for once. The way Orsen told it, Lon sat there in the box, rubbing that long square chin all the Peppers had, and then if he didn't say back to the judge, "But the way I look at it, your honor, I do try, only it's always my bad luck t' get on a jury with eleven o' th' contrariest critters that ever drew th' breath o' life!" Ma thought, And it ain't any of Orsen Fancher's affair what I said to Climena Meadows.

"I don't care what they do to me." It came out in whimpering sounds. "But they take it out on him; they always will."

She scooted Mandy out of her rocker and sat down in it, going back over the tiff in her mind. She had met in the church basement with the other members, anxious as the next one to get the church carpet paid off. For six cents a spool, the money to go on the carpet, they were quilting this Star of Bethlehem quilt for Mrs. Todd Treadwell, who had the summer place over Centerville way. Ma had never laid eyes on Mrs. Todd Treadwell, but she couldn't say she thought so much of this quilt Mrs. Treadwell considered herself so lucky to find. A Star of Bethlehem called for softer colors, if you asked Ma.

She'd known Todd Treadwell, of course, well, Arvela Peters told how her husband, Ed, had been to the Svenson place with the threshers. Arvela said the Svensons took no more notice of Anna's baby than if he didn't exist. Once, Arvela said, while Anna was waiting table for Axel and the threshers, the baby toddled up to Axel's chair. The blood had rushed dark into Axel's face, and under the table he had given the baby a shove away from him. Arvela looked up from the Star of Bethlehem quilt, her eyes innocent, and butter wouldn't have melted in her mouth when she said, "And Ed says he's the cutest little redheaded tyke that you ever saw!"

It hit Ma in a blinding flash. Plain as

Our Flesh?

up to the time he went to the university, and his father before him. They were one of the oldest families in the county, the Treadwells, and a good family, too, if a little stiff-necked. Todd had made money in the city, and when he'd heired the farm, he'd fixed it over for a summer home. Every summer he brought his city wife there and this boy of theirs.

Ma had seen the boy. More than once when she was at the mailbox at the end of the lane, he'd whizzed by her in that long low roadster of his, him no more than sixteen at the time. He had the dark auburn hair of the Treadwells that was a flaming streak in the sun as he flashed past Ma, and Ma had thought, I bet he's spoiled. Todd's worked too hard not to want to see somebody enjoy his money.

The last time Ma had seen the boy, he was home on leave in his air cadet uniform. She'd thought then, He could fly without half trying. Afterward, when he'd crashed his damaged bomber trying to set it down with wounded men aboard, when he could have bailed out, Ma had thought, Yes, that would be a Treadwell.

WELL, here she was sitting around the quilting frame in the church basement with the other members that always gave Climena Meadows the last word, and they were talking about the Treadwells. Just how the talk slipped from them to Anna Svenson and her baby born out of wedlock, Ma couldn't figure out at first.

The Svensons had bought the Scovill place down the road from Ma, and it was the best-paying farm in the county by now. It could be, what with Axel Svenson taking it out of his own flesh and blood. That wife of his wouldn't have the spunk of a rabbit! Many a time Ma had seen her and the girls working afield like hired men, and Ma had thought, If I was Axel Svenson's wife, he wouldn't sit down to one decent meal in a blue moon.

When Anna, one of the girls, had this baby born out of wedlock, Ma had blamed nobody but Axel, what with the girl never having known anything but his driving lust for the land unless she stole out like a thief in the night. Anna must have some of Axel's backbone, because the talk was that when he called her a harlot and shook her until the blonde braids around her head flew loose, she wouldn't let on to this day who the baby's father was.

As Ma sat quilting away on the Star of Bethlehem quilt for Mrs. Todd Tread-

day now, she saw that long low roadster parked in front of the drugstore at Centerville and the young ones swarming around the soda fountain. She saw Anna perched on one high stool at the counter, her blue eyes rebellious, the shining blonde braids around her head, the wild sweet blood pulsing under the skin smooth as today's cream, her flesh alive to the young, unreckoning urgency in the eyes of the Treadwell boy on the next stool, tall and trim in his uniform. His citation had been printed in the Centerville paper. It said, "For gallantry beyond the call of duty." And never to this day had Anna Svenson taken away from it by so much as a word.

"'Judge not, that ye be not judged,'" Climena Meadows quoted from the Scriptures, and Ma thought, Heavenly day, what's struck Climena? And just as Climena went on to say, "How do we know how we'd feel toward a baby like that, born of an own daughter's sin?" Ma blurted, "Oh, sin, your grandmother!"

Ma could still feel the shocked silence around the quilting frame. And now, in a cooler moment, what she had meant to say came to her. She had meant to say, "And what sin has a baby like that committed, Climena?" It did beat all how a body thought of the right thing too late!

Prince thumped his tail on the floor, a sign that Orsen was on his way from the barns, and Ma set about dishing up. Orsen came in and hung his hat on the peg by the door. He gave Ma a glance, saw the pink in her cheeks, and his mild eyes under the bushy gray eyebrows twinkled. Butter wouldn't have melted in his mouth when he said, "Well, how was the meeting, Ma?"

"So-so." Ma took the feathery biscuits from the oven while Orsen washed his hands.

"Anything happened in the county I ain't heard?" Orsen wondered.

"It don't sound likely to me," Ma said.

Food wouldn't go down with her somehow, and, buttering a piping-hot biscuit, Orsen said slyly, "Ma, I ain't ever told you the story 'bout Lon Pepper on the jury, have I?" This time it rolled off Ma like water off a duck. She didn't even see Orsen's long rugged frame across the table from her, or Prince and Mandy edging up to her for crumbs. She saw Axel Svenson, a dour man, tough-jawed and grasping, making free with such words as harlot.

"I declare, Orsen Fancher! A body can be seventy and past with a house and six tourist cabins, and you wouldn't say she needed help."

Orsen's jaw dropped. There hadn't been anybody in Ma's six neat tourist cabins in the south meadow beside the house since Hec was a pup. And every last time he'd wished a hired girl on her, she'd kept them only a decent interval, what with having to do over after them. Eying her, Orsen said, "You got somebody in mind, Ma?" And Ma said, "How about Anna Svenson?"

"She's the one with the baby, ain't she?"

"I guess I ain't so set in my ways yet," Ma said, "that I can't stand a baby round."

"The sheriff'll be after you, Ma," Orsen said gravely. "You ain't the one that wrote the letter to Todd Treadwell, are you?"

"Letter?" It caught Ma unaware.

"Somebody wrote it and forgot to sign their name," Orsen said. "It hinted where Todd could hear the word grandpa without he hollered grandpa down the rain barrel. Todd turned it over to the sheriff."

AN anonymous letter! Ma sat speechless while Orsen folded his napkin, got up, and took his hat from the peg.

"Where—where you going, Orsen?"

"Why, over to the Svensons'."

"That man'll say her help's as good to him as it is to me," Ma wavered.

"No, I don't know as he will," Orsen said calmly, "me being a director of the Centerville bank and his fixing to buy the Ransom place next to him now."

"You could say I—I'm ailing some."

"I'll just say you ain't quite yourself spiritually, Ma," Orsen decided.

Standing in the living-room bay window, Ma watched the Ford down the lane. Orsen would be figuring she aimed to contrary the whole county and her and Lon Pepper were tarred with the same stick. Ma thought, I need a hired girl 'bout like I need a ruffled silk parasol, and he knows it. And yet, turning from the window toward the stairs to open up Linda's room, Ma thought, But I never did see eye to eye with the Word 'bout visiting the sins of the fathers on the children.

Linda, their daughter, had been married these twenty-five years, and the room stood empty but for the two weeks Ellie, their granddaughter, came on a visit with her baby. Beside the bed was Linda's old crib for Ellie's son, and on the bed was Ma's Flower Garden quilt. A tourist had offered her fifty dollars for that quilt once! Going to fetch Linda's high chair, Ma thought uppishly, Mrs. Todd Treadwell ain't even seen a real quilt, I guess.

She was at the bay window again when the Ford turned into the lane. Ma saw somebody get out with a baby in her arms, and she threw the door wide.

"Come right in along, Anna," she said briskly, and then the breath went out of her. Regarding her with big solemn eyes from Anna's arms was this redheaded tyke, a Treadwell if ever Ma saw one! Catching her breath, she hurried on, "We'll go right along up to Linda's room. It's time this young man was in bed."

Anna stood in the door of Linda's room, holding the baby close. Her face was white and still, as if it had been cut from marble, thin and hollow-cheeked. Her eyes were older than Ma's by far, and in them was only a dull hard hopelessness. They settled upon Ma, gliding in wary wonder over every line of Ma's face. Ma folded back the Flower Garden quilt and opened the bed. She turned next to the crib, chatting breathlessly along.

"Course, you might not like this place, Anna," she owned up. "Take Mr. Fancher, now. He's awful petted on babies, and specially boy babies, and we have to watch out he don't spoil this one."

(*Continued on page 64*)



"So I suggest that you release Señor Garcia. I think you will agree that the blame rests entirely upon Juan and Diablo."

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

WITH his sombrero slanted forward to shade his eyes from the afternoon sun, Juan Ibáñez lay beneath a stunted mesquite tree meditating upon a very deep problem. He gazed first at the not-quite-empty tequila bottle resting near at hand, then at the faded gray adobe hut a few paces away. He had not eaten all day, he had not drunk since before his *siesta* nap; therefore his problem.

Should he drink now or wait until he had dined? There was only a small pot of *frijoles* in the *casa*. If he drank now, he might become so hungry he would consume them all, leaving none for supper. Yet if he ate and then drank, such a small amount of tequila might have no effect on a full stomach.

Por Dios, life was complicated!

The sound of a buggy coming down the trail roused him. Squinting against the sun, he saw that it was his *novia*, Rosita. Quickly he uncorked the bottle, drained it, and threw it into the weeds behind the stable. That, he thought, disposed of his problem.

Rosita turned into the yard. She was slim, dark, and very beautiful, especially when she smiled. But she was not smiling now.

"What did you throw away?" she demanded.

"Good afternoon, my little chicken. You are looking well."

"Was it a bottle?"

"It was a book."

"Why would you throw away a book?"

"Why keep it? I had finished it all."

Rosita sniffed. "You are too lazy even to turn the pages of a book. But it does not matter. Saddle Diablo and come with me. A thing of much importance has happened."

"You have decided to marry me today?"

"I will never marry you until you go to work. But perhaps my uncle's proposition will stir you from your laziness."

"I did not know you had an uncle with a proposition."

"My uncle Fernando García. He is an intelligent man. He has worked hard for many years in the mines in Mexico. Now he is old and has come to live with me."

"He is rich?"

Rosita lifted her pretty shoulders. "I do not know. But he has invested much money in a business enterprise in Monterey. And he speaks often of his cache."

Diablo, an odd sort of horse with a taste for tequila, makes an odd sort of hero for this tale involving buried treasure, a scheming banker, and his feckless owner, Juan

Juan Finds Gold

"I am sorry to hear he is ill," Juan said.

"Stupid one! A cache is not a disease—it is something one buries."

"Gold?"

"Perhaps. But come, you must talk to him."

Juan got up reluctantly. If Rosita's uncle had gold, why bury it? Could one spend money that was covered by earth? Or perhaps the old one was like Juan's neighbor Señor Alvarez who spent so much time making money that he had no time to spend it.

Juan went out to the stable and saddled Diablo. The horse was a dirty gray, angular animal of doubtful ancestry with a perpetually sad expression on its gaunt face. It had many of its master's traits, chief of which were a strong aversion to work and an appetite for tequila. Just now Diablo was disconsolately sniffing at the bottle which Juan had thrown into the weeds.

"Do not fret, my little grasshopper," Juan said as he put on the saddle. "When we become rich you may have as many pick-you-ups as you like."

Diablo nickered his skepticism.

Riding along beside the buggy on the way to Rosita's *casa,* Juan scowled as they passed the handsome estate of Señor Roberto de Alvarez. He did not like Señor Alvarez. He did not like his fine clothes or the grand airs he affected or the way he was always scheming to make more money. Señor Alvarez owned the bank in Tres Rios. When *he* became rich, Juan mused, he would start a bank of his own. It would be easy to run Señor Alvarez out of business. When people borrowed money at his bank, he charged interest. Juan would loan money free. *Por Dios!* How long could Señor Alvarez stay in business then?

Rosita's house was on the other side of town. Riding down the quiet dusty Main Street of Tres Rios, Juan looked longingly at the swinging doors of the How Many Saloon. Diablo halted of his own accord.

"Rosita," Juan said, "could I——"

Rosita's eyes snapped. "*Borrachon!* Do you think of nothing but drinking?"

"I am hungry. When one buys a drink they give him a sandwich."

"I will feed you. I have some good *tortillas* and *frijoles* and plenty of cold milk."

Juan winced. "I am not *that* hungry."

Sheriff Hoss Perkins was sitting in the shade in front of the jail, whittling. As they passed, Juan nodded. "Good afternoon, Sheriff Perkins. How is the jail business?"

The sheriff jerked absently at his stiff handle-bar mustache. "Slow," he drawled. "Ain't had a customer since the last time I threw you in fer disturbin' the peace. What brought you out of the shade?"

"I am going to see a man about a proposition."

"Haw!" Perkins guffawed. "Bet there's no work attached to it."

"It is a money proposition," Juan said.

"Quiet!" Rosita hissed. "It is not wise to tell your business to everyone."

Juan nodded. "You are right, my little cactus flower. I am from now on shut up like a turtle pulls in his neck."

ROSITA'S uncle Fernando García was a very dignified-looking old gentleman. He was thin and tall with snow-white hair and a short pointed beard. His mild brown eyes had the calm depth of a philosopher's and made Juan feel so ill at ease that when they sat down to eat he drank a whole glass of milk before he realized it.

"Little uncle," Rosita said when they had finished, "I told Juan that you have a proposition for him."

Fernando looked at Juan. "Young one, are you a person of integrity?"

"But of course," Juan said.

"Have you a horse with a strong back?"

"*Si.*"

"Could he make a journey into the desert country across the border and carry back two very heavy sacks?"

"With ease."

"Could you move rocks and dig into the earth to uncover these two sacks?"

Juan wondered why it was that every money-making proposition had work attached to it. "I do not have a spade," he said weakly.

"Señor Alvarez will loan you one," Rosita broke in. "He has many very good spades."

Juan shrugged. "I do not understand." he said, "why you buried these sacks in the desert instead of bringing them with you. Were you afraid of *bandidos?*"

Fernando did not answer.

"These sacks," Juan persisted, "contain something of much value?"

Fernando nodded.

"And if I help you, what will be my reward?"

Fernando tugged at his beard. "We will split, as the Americanos say, fifty-sixty."

That sounded fair enough. Juan wondered how much gold one heavy sack would hold.

They left Rosita's at once and rode to Señor Alvarez' *hacienda* to borrow the necessary digging implements. They found the wealthy landowner out by the stables. He was immaculately dressed in a tweed coat, riding breeches, and high-topped riding boots. Juan wondered if those were his banking clothes; surely one could not ride a horse in them.

Señor Alvarez looked at Juan with contempt. "What do you want?"

"I have come to borrow a spade."

Señor Alvarez turned his gaze to the ancient one. "Who is this person?"

"The uncle of Rosita," Juan said. "Señor Fernando García."

Señor Alvarez's expression changed. He said suavely, "It is a great honor to meet such a distinguished gentleman. My house is your house. For what do you need digging tools?"

"To move earth," Juan said.

"It is rather late in the year to plant a garden."

"*Si,*" Juan agreed, "very late."

"Perhaps one wishes to dig up something."

Juan frowned. Señor Alvarez was too inquisitive to suit him.

"I am going to dig a well," Juan lied. "If you will let us have the tools we will be on our way."

Señor Alvarez gestured to a groom. "Take my good friend Juan to the tool shed and give him what he requires. Señor García, I will show you the *hacienda.*"

IT took some time to locate the tools. When Juan got back to the stables, Fernando and Señor Alvarez were just coming out of the house. No doubt, Juan brooded, they had been discussing how they had become rich. Juan wished that he could join in such a conversation.

"You have the tools?" Señor Alvarez inquired. "*Bueno.* I will ride to town with you."

In Tres Rios, Señor Alvarez insisted they drink with him. "We will drink to the success of your journey," he said.

"An excellent idea," Fernando said.

"*Bueno,*" Juan said. He did not care what they drank to; he was more interested in washing the taste of milk out of his mouth.

The drink made Juan feel better. Señor Alvarez insisted that they have another. Juan's resentment toward him lessened.

By the time he had finished a third, Juan began to feel actually fond of Señor Alvarez. A horse nickered plaintively outside the saloon. Señor Alvarez frowned.

"Is that not Diablo?"

"*Si.* He is thirsty."

"Bring him in. I will buy him a drink."

"There is a law against it," Juan said.

"Nonsense. What kind of a law would keep a horse from taking a drink?"

"Sheriff Perkins calls it a disturbing-the-peace law."

Señor Alvarez sniffed. "Sheriff Perkins knows nothing of the law. Is not a saloon a place which serves drinks to thirsty people? Is not Diablo thirsty? Is it against the law to quench one's thirst?"

Juan scratched his head. "But——"

"Bring him in. Bartender, two fingers of tequila in a washbasin for Diablo."

The sour-faced bartender scowled. "If that nag comes in an' starts makin' trouble again——"

Juan had no difficulty getting Diablo into the saloon. He simply untied him from the hitch rail and let him follow his nose. Diablo pushed through the doors and surveyed the room with an eager eye. The bartender reluctantly set a washbasin filled with two fingers of tequila and a pint of water on the bar.

Señor Alvarez waved a hand. "It is all for you, my four-footed *amigo.*"

Diablo nickered and headed for the bar. A table got in his way. In his haste he pushed it over, putting a hoof through a chair. The chair stuck to his leg and he jumped sideways with a snort, trying to

(*Continued on page 60*)

A WORLD OF CHANGE BETWEEN TWO WORLD WARS





1917! Pavements that ended a few miles out of town . . . no hard-surfaced highways through the country . . . no nation-wide intercity bus service to transport the manpower that makes up warpower. The entire burden of moving manpower fell upon the same transportation that carried the nation's freight and war supplies. *That was the picture in World War I.*

But how different is the picture in World War II! Today, more than 390,000 miles of bus line routes criss-cross America. And over these routes, 23,474 intercity buses move a steady stream of manpower to all the war-busy places in the nation. Despite hampering shortages of equipment and drastic reductions of highway speeds, *intercity buses have carried more than one billion eight hundred and fifty million passengers since December 7, 1941.*

This vast movement of passengers by intercity bus has relieved other transportation of an overwhelming load . . . has proved a major factor in preventing letdowns and bottlenecks . . . in giving the homefront the strongest wartime transportation ever known.

Yes, there has been a world of progress in highway transportation since the first World War. And this progress has only just begun! Tomorrow, intercity buses will reach still more places over greatly improved highways. You will travel in luxurious, newly-designed buses. You will have many more spacious new terminals, improved restaurant and comfort facilities, finer service in every way. *There's a better day of travel coming.*



SERVING TWO GREAT ARMIES. While serving the great civilian army that's backing up our fighting forces, intercity buses also carry the great majority of selectees—provide an indispensable service for men on leave and on furlough.

Typical of hundreds of specialized wartime transportation jobs, the skill and experience of America's intercity bus operators direct the daily operation of these "manpower carriers" for the U. S. Navy.



With their own sons off to war, farmers depend largely on outside help for planting and harvesting the crops so vital to victory. And in farming communities everywhere, buses help bring up the manpower.



MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.



Damned to Glory

BY COLONEL ROBERT L. SCOTT, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

These anecdotes of outstanding American fighter pilots range from lusty comedy to the grim split-second logic of aerial combat. One quality they all have in common is a pace as swift as the rhythm of a souped-up motor.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

Damned by words but flown to glory,
War has put me to the test;
You will hear the same old story
From the men who knew me best;
Knew me in the fogs of Kiska
On that grim and Arctic strand,
Bucking williwaws off Attu,
Breasting snows of Aleut Land.
—*from Colonel Scott's Song of the P-40.*

PSYCHOPATHIC CASE

JUST think for a moment of names like Bandoeng, Balikpapan, and finally Denpassar. Now shut your eyes and see a good-looking kid named Grant Mahoney—just imagine the most glamorous movie actor with dark curly hair and a smile that simply knocks the props from under you. Put that smile into the seat of a P-40, and give the pilot all the skill in the sky, both with his ship and with the six "fifties" he carries in his lap. There you have Grant Mahoney.

Stories had followed Mahoney from the Philippines, where he was reported to have flown out over Formosa long before the war started. Over that Jap stronghold he had photographed future enemy fields and Jap airplanes lined up by the hundreds. Out there in the Islands, however, no one would have been surprised if Grant Mahoney had landed and slapped some of the Jap generals as they were training their invasion army. There was talk that he had landed on fields in Jap-held islands and knew of every drome they were building within range of his Tomahawk.

Down in the Southwest Pacific, where he came before the fall of Bataan, Mahoney used to like to go on every strafing raid he could squeeze into. He'd shoot all the planes that came aloft, and would then roll over and strafe anything that was Jap, whether it was barracks, trucks, or the luckless bulldozer on the enemy field. Steam rollers were his meat, too—anything that aided or abetted the

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hated enemy in carrying out the war against Mahoney's way of life. But you'll have to go back further than that to get a real picture of fighter-pilot Captain Mahoney.

Long before December, 1941, while he was serving in the Philippines, Grant Mahoney wanted to join the Flying Tigers. He knew that the tricky Japs were just waiting their chance to cut America's throat, and he was tired of the spirit of complacency shown by the old fuddy-duddy colonels out there in the Islands. Therefore, the day he had returned from Formosa—only to have his story of Japanese preparations for war disbelieved—he put in an official request to resign from the Army and join the American Volunteer Group. This was refused, of course. But he completed his boring peacetime assignments and bided his time, keeping the idea fresh in his mind that he'd sooner or later join the Tigers under General Chennault.

At last, some months before the enemy struck, his tour of active duty was up. "Ex-Lieutenant Grant Mahoney" bought himself a ticket on the Clipper. He was about to return to the U. S. A., and thence to go where he figured



there was less red tape—out in Burma with the Flying Tigers.

That is to say, Mahoney thought he was "ex-lieutenant," but he had reckoned without the watchful eye of the old colonel. Grant, it seemed, was still very much in the Army. In fact, the old fuddy-duddy concluded that Mahoney was just a bit batty. All those preposterous stories of simple little Japanese with hundreds and hundreds of planes and with modern-looking carriers playing war games every day—and now here was a lieutenant walking out on a good soft job! What was wrong with going to the Carabao Club and attending the social functions of pompous peacetime civilians?

The colonel had Grant arrested and placed in the Psychopathic Ward of the big Army hospital in Manila.

Well, Grant Mahoney was fit to be tied; he was frothing at the mouth by then. He fought to get out, and by the time he had worked himself up, no doubt even the horse-racer's saliva test would have proved that the old colonel was right.

Then the Japs struck. Those hundreds of planes on Formosa materialized, the enemy carriers ceased to play their war games—and Mahoney was out of the nut ward. Instead, he was shooting real Japs from the skies. He'd found his war, all right, but by the faraway look in his eyes every one was inclined to think that he secretly wanted to shoot the seat of the shiny pants off the old fuddy-duddy who had placed him in the clink. Perhaps that would have been the best procedure, for it seems that the old colonel wasn't through. He heard of Mahoney's record, and even out there, with the world falling down around the ears of civilization, he started remembering Army regulations. Back went Mahoney into his padded cell in the Manila bastille.

Things like that might have gone on for years, for old fuds like that never quit, or retire, or die. But thanks to the Lord, this war was too fast. Mahoney was called from his cell again by an authority even higher than the old colonel's, and instead of being tried he was decorated with a Distinguished Service Cross.

Then Manila fell, with Bataan falling later, and the story went on in tragedy. The old fud colonel became a prisoner of the Japs. They're probably terribly sorry they ever took him away from the American duties he muddled so effectively, but then again, perhaps they just don't know about it. Anyway, when Mahoney was far down in Java, long after the Japs had captured the Philippines and made a guest out of the colonel, he used to wonder if the old boy believed at last that there had been any truth in the report that hundreds of Jap planes were poised and ready for the attack on American holdings in the Pacific.

DOWN there in the South Pacific theater, before the Dutch East Indies had fallen, Grant made his best-known flight so far.

One afternoon, when most of Java had fallen, Mahoney let down from one of his high-altitude reconnaissance flights and saw below him, on a Jap-captured field called Denpassar, a very strange sight. Twelve Jap fighters were drawn up in orderly manner on the landing strip, and hurrying Japs were pouring gasoline into their tanks. More than that, there were many other Jap planes landing, flying in from a regular student traffic pattern and probably coming in for fuel; they were then parking in the same orderly fashion.

Mahoney looked around him and licked his lips, no doubt thinking of the Manila jail again. Then he calmly joined the Jap I-97s in the rectangular traffic pattern. His P-40E passed the slightly slower enemy planes, and as he went by he strafed the dozen or so Jap ships without giving it a thought. Hit savagely by the heavy slugs, they began to burn. Mahoney merely made his turns in traffic with the other planes which had apparently overshot and were coming in again. After he had made four passes, there were between fifteen and twenty Jap planes blazing on that captured airdrome at Denpassar.

But the enemy had caught on. Mahoney heard the rattle of Jap guns behind him. Even as he looked over his shoulder and skidded his Kittyhawk savagely, he saw that he had waited too long; he had fallen into the crossfire of two faster Jap planes. It was now a free-for-all in speed—the Kittyhawk against the Zeros.

Mahoney said he pushed everything on his plane "to the fire wall," which is the same as your saying that you have the accelerator of your car pressed right through the floor. And he really flew. Each time he ventured a look over his shoulder, he saw the winking eyes of the Jap cannon, and periodically he would see the twenty-millimeter shells passing him and looking like snowballs on fire. He'd duck his head deeper in the cockpit and try for just a little more speed in the P-40.

Glancing down at his instruments for the first time since the Japs had jumped him, Mahoney saw with a sinking heart that his manometer gauge showed he was pulling only fifteen inches of mercury. To a non-pilot that is very technical, but it means that his engine, for all the power that he thought he had on, was only idling. Oh, Lord, thought Mahoney, the Japs have hit my engine and I'll soon be going down! Fifteen inches of mercury instead of thirty-five, forty-five, or even fifty—for that is approaching military power. Then in his nervousness he happened to slide the throttle back just a little. Lo and behold, the manometer moved back to ten, back to five, back to zero—and then back to *fifty-five* inches!

Making a kind of a "double take" on the instruments, Mahoney sighed audibly over the noise of the throbbing Allison and relaxed. For he was safe, folks, safe in front of the Japs with an engine that was still pretty good. He had been pulling seventy-five inches of mercury, instead of fifteen—the needle had merely gone on around the dial! He'd been sitting there "fat and happy" with military power on for many minutes—no wonder he had managed to stay ahead of the Japs. Mahoney looked aloft then and breathed sincere thanks to the Flying Boss on high for a good American engine.

Wait just a minute—that's not all. He had flown by this time to the western end of Java. Now, over the edge of a cliff, he dived the ship, circled a volcano, and then re-

versed his course. Coming back with all the soup he could pour on, he passed beneath the two Jap planes and was on the way back the way he had come before the Nips saw him. Slowly he would draw ahead; then, with sheer disregard for danger, he would turn suddenly and take a couple of bursts at the Japs. They'd turn from the attack of the wild man, and Mahoney would dive back on his course for home.

Then, up ahead, he saw the same field where he had surprised the Japs and had then been surprised in turn—the black smoke of the fires he had started made it easy to spot.

He should have "got the hell out of there" and gone sensibly home. Instead, seeming to roar a mechanical curse at the scurrying Japs, with his P-40 making over 300 miles an hour and down right on top of the jungle trees, he merely lined his sights on his former target. The two Japs behind the P-40 must have been so humiliated that to save face they had to dive their Zeros into the flames of the burning ships. For in sheer arrogance, Grant Mahoney passed low over the field of Japs, madder now than hornets, and fired the last of his ammunition into the planes he had failed to burn on his earlier visit that day to Denpassar.

So, with memories of a nut ward in the Nichols Field hospital, with visions of a poor old colonel who is now a prisoner of the Japs, and with all hats off to Grant Mahoney to keep that memory of daring forever alive, you can watch him pulling out of his dive and streaking into the setting sun over Java in his lone P-40. Later he moved on to India, where he evaded the ease of being a general's aide. From India he went to China, and eventually he did join the forces of General Chennault.

SUBIC BAY

The Japs had concentrated a great amount of shipping in Subic Bay. There it lay, arrogantly before the eyes of all, for the enemy knew well enough that American air power had been practically eliminated on the first day of war, back in December.

Air Force General Hal ("Pursuit") George decided to gather all the P-40 strength and strike with every ounce of force that our dwindling supply of planes could muster. Just one all-out attack on Jap ships—that was all he asked. There were four Kittyhawks at Bataan, and four more were ordered from Mindanao to be repaired at Talotag, on the island of Negros to the south of Luzon.

Captain Ed Dyess was to be in charge of the bombing mission. He ferried his four fighters from Bataan to Talotag, where he was to meet his armament crew. Here the eight ships were to be loaded with five-hundred-pound demolition bombs in place of the belly tank that they were rigged to carry.

While his planes landed, Dyess stayed aloft over Talotag. From the air it looked like a niche that God had slashed through the jungle. The little emergency field was situated in a horseshoe loop of the River Bago. The single runway had been scratched from the surrounding coconut trees and clumps of bamboo. The ever-creeping jungle seemed to move relentlessly from behind the perpetual shade of the towering hardwood trees on the flanks. If that runway was left untouched for even a single week during the rainy season it would be reclaimed by that irresistible jungle foliage. The sudden plunge into war had not permitted the usual monthly trips of field inspection, and maintenance care had ceased. Down there Dyess could see the tall jungle grass waving on the runway. Circling low, Ed looked in vain for evidence of the ships he knew were concealed somewhere in the jungle. But the maintenance crews had hidden them well. Their blended greens and browns merged with the waving coconut palms and the creeping lianas hanging from the higher trees.

When Dyess landed, the maintenance chief of the field came running toward his ship. "Sure is good to see you, captain," he said in greeting. "Until the other day, we thought the Nips had gotten you, too. Captain Putnam was in here and brought word that you were fighting with the infantry up north."

Dyess climbed out of the cockpit and shook hands. "Hello, sergeant," he said. "No, they didn't get me, but that jungle fighting nearly did. I like to see who's shooting at me." His instructions were brief. "Your men will have to work all night—we attack tomorrow night. Get the belly tanks off these four ships. We'll want five-hundreds with one-tenth-second delay fuses on all eight ships. We'll land at Luzon—so we won't be coming back here after we strike."

Next day at three o'clock sharp they received definite word that the enemy shipping was all concentrated in Subic Bay, just as had been expected, and that the attack would be carried out as planned. The sergeant—or line chief—announced that the ships were "bombed up," refueled, and ready to go. All pilots had an early supper of emergency rations. Then they sat around and made wisecracks while they waited for darkness. The plan was to time the take-off to arrive over Subic Bay just as an old Waco that would take off from Bataan field was dropping the flares. By their light the eight planes under Dyess would make a diving attack on the anchored vessels.

THE planes were warming up now; the thousand-odd horses in the engines droned out a noise that was somehow like leaves trembling in a thunderstorm. In the blackness of the jungle night, Ed Dyess could see the scattered blue-and-orange exhaust plumes like pale flares against the jungle backdrop. He thought of the last warning he had spoken to the other pilots:

"These planes are the last of our Air Force. We've got to make them cost the enemy plenty. There are supposed to be reinforcements on the way from Australia and from carriers at sea, and some from the mainland, but we can't depend on them. We've learned that long ago."

He had every faith in his wingmen, young as they were. There was Pete Peters, leader of the second echelon and the best of the pilots. Dyess could visualize his smiling face at this moment—he was sure to be smiling. Just the week before, Pete had cut the Jap radio station at Legaspi to pieces, and then had strafed the field and burned every ship parked there.

Ed's ship was ready now. He got in and, taxiing, followed the dim flashlight of his crew chief to the take-off spot, and then looked over his shoulder. He saw the wing lights of the other ships in the flight. At the take-off point he lined up the three dim lights of the runway. Then he gave the ship the gun. The last light raced toward him and was gone—he felt the controls grow taut—and the ship was airborne. As his left hand automatically pulled the landing-gear control to "up," only the blackness of the limitless jungle lay ahead.

When he got over the high trees, he yelled as loud as he could, to ease the tenseness which had had him in its grip for the last two days. Then he set the controls and, noting that his formation was behind him, headed on a course of 300 degrees for the northwestern point of Panay.

For the time being, Dyess kept his fighter low, so that it would be seen by the other P-40s; but when they had moved up into navigation formation, he climbed toward 10,000 feet. Suddenly, up ahead he saw flashes of lightning. Down below, dark clouds were rapidly hiding the earth. Far off to the right he could make out something that looked like water, but what with the distance and the haze he couldn't be certain. The undercast became solid as they sped on.

At ten forty-five Ed began to let down into the clouds. To keep the time of his arrival exactly as he had planned, he held the speed to 200. Now he closed the flight as tight as they could fly—all of them had to strike in force! As he entered the damp clouds, the engine began to emit an unnatural sound, as though they were in a tunnel. At 4,000 feet he came through the lower clouds, and as his windshield cleared of the moisture he searched for a landmark.

Craning his neck to see through the windshield and the whirling prop, he looked back at the other ships, off his right wing. Ed felt a surge of pride in them, for they were stacked in perfect echelon formation—above and to the right flank of the ones in front; they looked like giant steps into the dark sky.

Dead ahead he saw a dark outline—a shadowy finger of land pointing south. Beyond it was lighter water. That

peninsula was Bataan. There was another bay. That was their target. His dashboard clock showed four and a half minutes to go.

They were just where they should be.

Then it was sixty seconds to go. That dark mass of Subic Bay looked all of a piece—jungle, water, and all. As Ed saw the second hand go by the mark, he held his breath. No flare showed. Perhaps the Japs had shot the Waco down.

Suddenly a white light flashed ahead—one, two, three! Now the surface of Subic Bay was alight. There were freighters, hundreds of lighters, tankers, landing barges—and five, six, seven cruisers and destroyers. Eight little planes now against all those thousands and thousands of tons. Eight little five-hundred-pound bombs—that and their fifty-caliber ammunition.

Without realizing it, Ed had gone into his dive. In his sights he saw the largest of the troop transports, and in the white light of the magnesium flare it mushroomed and grew. He could see that its decks were black with men. Then came the rattle of his guns. There were crashes from all sides as the target appeared, 1,000 feet below.

Ed reached down and pulled the belly-tank release which would drop his five-hundred-pound demolition bomb. He felt the jolt as it left his fighter and began to plummet toward the deck of the troopship. It seemed hours that he waited for the explosion. Then it came—the Jap transport split in half and appeared to scatter men all over the bay.

Before him was another fat transport, and he concentrated his fifty-caliber fire on that. All around him he heard the man-sized *booms* of exploding five-hundred-pounders. He swept the decks of the other ship which had turned frantically for the jungle shore. A tanker exploded and burned. Ahead, now, Ed saw a Jap destroyer, and he concentrated his fire at its water line. His six lines of tracers converged and appeared to burn an orange-red hole about six feet in diameter through the ship.

The attack had now turned into the maneuverings of eight little P-40s, each making its individual runs on anything and everything it could see. Suddenly Dyess saw one of his planes crash in flames into the water. For a moment he felt sick; then he turned for vengeance upon the nearest loaded landing barge. Here was a proper target for his machine guns, and he literally cut it to pieces.

Then the fight was all over for Captain Dyess, for though the flares continued to burn, he was out of ammunition. In fact, all of them were out of ammunition except one P-40 which continued to make pass after pass on the landing barges, firing two guns at a time.

Ed charged his guns over and over, stubbornly hoping that he had more ammunition. Then another one of his Kittyhawks hurtled into the bay, coming so close to a gray Jap ship that at first he thought the pilot had dived into it. The P-40 had been in flames, but in a moment all that remained of it was a pool of floating oil ablaze on the water. Down below, the whole bay appeared to be on fire, but hundreds of targets lay untouched there.

As he sucked a great gulp of air into his lungs, Dyess realized that he had been holding his breath for a long time. Turning, he called over the radio for all ships to join him. He led on to Bataan Field and signaled for a landing.

When Dyess walked into the thatched hut where he had briefed the pilots and the ground crews on that afternoon which now seemed eons ago, the first objects to meet his eye were two soft baby shoes that once had been white. They had belonged to Pete Peters, leader of his second echelon. Pete had always said that they were his lucky charms, for they had been the first shoes worn by his little boy. More than once in these last hectic months, Dyess had seen Pete hold the shoes up in his fighter and kiss them for luck.

Slowly he placed the shoes in his pocket. Poor Pete—he had forgotten to take the lucky shoes, and he had been the first man shot down over the fires of Subic Bay.

ONE-MAN WAR OF CEBU

Benny Putnam, the "Oklahoma Kid," was a veritable fire-eater and a crack fighter pilot. It was hard to believe that this five-foot-six, smiling, boyish-looking youngster had taken on a whole Jap convoy singlehanded and had blasted it to hell and back. He'd done a good job of it, too.

Just about a week before Bataan fell, Benny had flown out with "Black-Jack" Caldwell in an old battered "Duck," and had landed at Santa Barbara on the island of Panay. Two days after Bataan fell, Putnam received information through the Inter-Island Telegraph that a Jap convoy of troop transports was on its way to Cebu through the straits. He decided to have a look.

AS HE approached the Cebu Straits, he sighted the main portion of the enemy convoy, steaming leisurely north. But wait! There, to his left—there was something already docked at Argao, twenty or thirty miles south of Cebu. He could see the dirty black smoke rising straight up to smudge the perfectly blue sky.

Then the "Oklahoma Kid" decided to drop down to take a good look. As he dived, he saw it was a 10,000-ton troop transport with a dozen landing barges clustered around her, like an old hen with her brood of stinking Japanese chickens. He circled the transport a couple of times to identify her absolutely, and saw the Rising Sun flag.

Benny backed off, as though he had decided to leave the ship, and then made a regular gunnery run and gave her a long burst with his six "fifties." He watched his tracers burning into the hulk and a few glancing from the steel. After his second pass, he noticed the Japs were not shooting at him—there wasn't a person moving on the deck.

On his next attack he lined the twelve landing barges right with the transport, in order that any misses or ricochets would go straight on to the big boat and not be wasted. Then he leisurely began to blow them all apart, coming in on an approach so flat that in the last 200 or 300 yards of the run he was actually shooting up at the transport. His tracers were going right on through the steel sides as though they were made of wood. Not one degree of deflection—it was like target practice, except for the ack-ack, which he feared would hit a vital spot in his engine. As he zoomed over the big ship he would see geysers of water spouting up in the distance where the "fifties" had gone through the engine room.

All the while, Benny kept a wary eye on the cruisers in the distance. When he had arrived on the scene, the two cruisers and their convoy of four transports were about three miles from where this first transport had been anchored. But after his fourth attack he noticed that one of the cruisers had suddenly detached itself from the convoy and was steaming full power for Argao. Even from a mile away this Jap was hurling ack-ack into the skies above the anchored troopship. Some of the black bursts were so near that they rocked the little fighter, but not one hit it.

By now Benny's ship was out of ammunition and his fuel was running low. Leaving his attack, he returned to Santa Barbara, refueled, and hurried his crew into reloading the six "fifties" with ammunition. Then, having hardly permitted the engine to stop, he was in the air again and racing for the convoy. This time he selected as his target the last troopship in the line of four. She looked like an immense luxury liner converted from the Yokohama-San Francisco trade.

From out of the sun, Putnam dived to his new target and sent his tracers crashing into the deck cargo of humanity. As he pulled out of the attack at deck level, he saw that the ship was jam-packed with Jap soldiers and their equipment. Benny said that in all of his life he'd never seen so many men on an area the size of that deck.

Down below, the Japs were firing at Ben with everything they had—rifles, machine guns, anything. As his bullets struck, he saw pieces of equipment and pieces of Japs being blown into the air. The two cruisers had swung in close. Still Putnam refused to let that bother him, and continued his attack. Making a one-eighty-degree turn, he placed the troopship between himself and the cruisers. But now, in his dives across the mass of troops, he saw and felt their small-arms fire tearing through his ship. He said he was plenty scared that something would crash into his engine and that he'd have to quit the attack.

While Benny had been working the transport over, the Japs had called in two of their float observation planes.

Ben had just finished his fourth attack and was "jinking up" when he ran into the two. They were so surprised that they jettisoned their bombs and then climbed for altitude. He climbed right after them, but by this time his Kittyhawk was having a hard time of it—the engine had been running at full military power for a long time, the Jap small-arms fire had punctured it in many places; the electrical system and the hydraulic gun charges were malfunctioning, leaving only two of the six guns firing. With the electrical system out, the prop remained in a fixed cruising pitch, which impaired the performance of the P-40, especially in a climb. The wings looked like sieves, even from the cockpit.

But Benny started for the two float planes. As they came, head-on, to catch the Kittyhawk in their cross fire, Ben concentrated on one, got it square in his sights, and fired his two remaining guns. The first burst caught the Jap dead center, and pieces flew in all directions; as Benny executed a tight turn to get out of the sights of the other float job, he saw his victim spinning in flames.

The second Jap broke off combat and was heading for the transports and the protection of the cruiser's guns. Putnam raced for it madly. The enemy plane was about fifty feet above the water and was just about to make it when Benny caught it from the rear. The plane plunked into the sea, bathed in flames. Then the Japs on the cruisers went crazy as they showered their fire at the "jinking" P-40.

EVEN then Benny didn't go home. He turned back to the transport, which was blazing furiously, and made another pass. But his guns refused to fire; so he gave it up as a bad job and limped back to his base at Santa Barbara. He said later that while he had been shooting up the rear transport, all the enemy ships had been shooting at him. All around him were black bursts from the larger guns and lines of red tracers from smaller ones. The sea had been as smooth as glass, but after each pass, he'd notice that the surface was covered with little pimples where the flak was spraying—the water was actually being beaten to a froth.

Two naval officers had been watching the show from an observation post on Cebu. They reported that soon after Putnam left the transport, it blew up and sank.

Back at his base, Benny anxiously looked over the old war horse of an airplane. Luckily, all the hits had been made by the small arms—not one single hit had been scored by the thousands of larger ack-ack shells which the Jap cruisers had fired, even though some of these bursts had been so close that they had flipped the P-40 over on her back and the explosions had hurt Benny's ears.

The crew was able to get the ship flyable again, but her guns simply couldn't be repaired—their bores were burned smooth, and the working parts were completely "frozen" from heat and friction.

That night, word came from Headquarters confirming the fact that two Jap transports had been destroyed by the one-man war Putnam had fought, also a number of landing barges, one motor launch, and the two float planes. At the end of the confirming message was this:

"Attention Captain Putnam, you will not take off on any other mission not ordered by this Headquarters—all ships —repeat—all ships will be used for reconnaissance."

Benny must have just cussed and gone to bed.

The next day was Sunday, and Ben was ordered to go on a reconnaissance mission to Nichols Field. Intelligence had received word that hundreds of Jap airplanes were assembled there. It was about six thirty in the morning when Putnam took off with his battle-scarred little Kittyhawk. He arrived over the base at 10,000 feet, but no ack-ack welcomed him, so he came down to 5,000.

He couldn't believe his own eyes. A whole Jap air division, or at least a wing, was parked there, evenly spaced, wing tip to wing tip—fighters, dive bombers, twin-engine medium bombers, ships of all sizes and descriptions. The Japs must have been expecting Tojo himself to review them that morning. After all, up there, this far north in the Islands, they hadn't seen an American plane in a month.

Benny kept on circling—perhaps the arrogant and confident Nips were thinking his P-40 was one of their ships; perhaps they just didn't care. Finally he was down to 500 feet. Still not a soul stirred. Benny switched on his guns, then dived along the entire length of one line of the parked airplanes. He clenched the trigger grip and then frantically charged his guns manually.

There wasn't a shot that would fire. Here was the greatest target in all the world—and he didn't even have a rock to toss into it. He thought of the three dilapidated Flying Forts hidden in the jungle of Cebu, and the carefully guarded 1,000-pound bombs cached there and waiting for just such an opportunity—if they were only ready!

Benny turned and went as fast as he could make the old beaten-up engine pull him to the emergency field at Santa Barbara. There he reported the "sitting ducks" to the boss of the three Flying Fortresses. Yes, the Forts were barely flyable. Within three hours they were on their way. Then, with the Japs thinking there weren't any American bombers closer than Australia, the Forts did a magnificent job.

One of the 1,000-pounders landed squarely on the fa-



mous Carabao Club, where the Jap pilots were holding a meeting, probably discussing new features of their "Greater Asia for the Asiatics." According to loyal Filipinos who reported the results of the attack, the meeting was adjourned to the next world.

BAMBOO FLEET

Away back after the last war there were the barnstorming days when war-vintage SE-5s, Spads, and Jennys were sold to civilian pilots and were used commercially. Those flimsy old crates lacked parts and proper maintenance, but by means of strand after strand of bailing wire, automobile parts, and adhesive tape they were somehow kept in service.

For a counterpart in this war we must turn to the Philippines. Out there the equipment was just about as ancient as it was during those old barnstorming days. Just the same, after the end of February, 1942, the only link with the outside world for our forces in the Islands was the "Bamboo Fleet." This fantastic aggregation consisted of an old Navy "Duck" which had been sunk by a Jap strafing attack and had been raised from the Bay of Mariveles and reconditioned; a Beechcraft that had been commandeered from civilians on Cebu; a Waco and a Bellanca that had been condemned a year ago by the civil authorities in the Islands; a Stearman PT-13A; two P-40s that were not serviceable for dives and gunnery, and a P-35.

Captain Bill Bradford, a civilian in the Islands who had piloted during the first World War, was considered to be the "admiral" of this legendary Bamboo Fleet—so-called for the obvious reason that it was the ever-present bamboo plus plenty of wire that enabled certain planes to fly when proper metal repair parts could not be found. Bill

kept the fleet going through March and April, evacuating key military and civilian personnel from Bataan and Corregidor.

These planes of the Bamboo Fleet were piloted only at night over the 500-mile stretch of enemy territory between southern Luzon and central Mindanao. On the return trip they were the sole means by which medicine, food concentrates, vitamins, and sulfa drugs could be transported into stricken Bataan.

Bill Bradford ran the organization, which was really not organized at all but was more nearly a band of the guerrilla type. He had capable assistants, like Joe Moore, Bill Cummings, Willie Strathern, Ray Gehrig, Dick Fellows, "Black-Jack" Caldwell, Herve Whitfield, Jack Randolph, and Barney Barnick. They were all fighter and bomber pilots who had been grounded for lack of an air force. But the flying they did on wings and struts reinforced with bamboo was far more hazardous than any combat work could ever have been.

There were daring take-offs and landings in overloaded airplanes; navigation without compasses and maps over the most difficult terrain and in weather that would have tried the skill of the best of air-line pilots flying the most modern equipment. You see, to operate over enemy territory in unarmed ships one must wait for weather that the enemy dares not fly through.

On the day Bataan surrendered, Barney Barnick loaded the old SOC-5 with secret records and valuable "brass hat" personnel, and prepared to take off. Just as he was about to start the old Duck, he discovered that it had gone out of commission. Hurriedly Barney took the necessary parts—a complete piston and cylinder assembly—from another SOC-5 and proceeded with repairs. All of this he did with Jap dive bombers coming over repeatedly and trying to blast the Duck from Bataan Field.

With minimum repairs made, Barney loaded the amphibian without even running it up, and took off into the night. The old Duck reached its destination.

Perhaps the most daring flight by a ship of the Bamboo Fleet was made by a small primary trainer—a Stearman PT-13. That little plane carried only forty-two gallons of fuel, and could stay in the air less than three hours at something less than 100 miles an hour. Thus, even with favorable winds and provided one was lucky and could fly a straight course, the PT-13 could make just 300 miles.

ONE night Charlie Sneed and Perry Franks left Corregidor in the Stearman and set the course generally for Mindanao. In total darkness they flew by dead reckoning and by their knowledge of beaches and hills. After they had completely exhausted their fuel, they glided down with a "dead stick" and landed on a beach on the northern end of the island of Palawan, which was under Japanese control. Because their engine was dead, the enemy had failed to hear them.

With money and parts of their clothing, they persuaded the natives to sell them some gasoline. Then, after the Stearman had been serviced, they let most of the air out of their tires to enable them to taxi the ship in the soft sand. Over a runway of palm leaves they took off for Panay. Without maps, relying totally on their memories for navigation, they reached Iloilo, but not without a second mishap—another dead-stick landing on the beach at Guimaras Island, just offshore from Panay. On that landing the PT nosed over in the soft sand and its prop was damaged. With rocks, trunks of trees, and a sledge they straightened the twisted metal and put the Stearman in flying condition again. Then they proceeded to Iloilo.

Here they were warned by the old mayor that the Japs were very close; so Sneed and Franks parked the little ship on a field to the south. That very night the two officers and several enlisted men they had picked up in the village were awakened by the sound of machine-gun fire in the town of Santa Barbara. An investigation proved that the Japs had landed an invasion force on the beach near Iloilo and had cut off the larger village of Santa Barbara from the emergency field.

All day the Americans hid behind an ornate chest. Five times it was opened and ransacked by the Japs, but the men, squeezed in between a lattice and the sides of the old chest, were not discovered. One of the pilots said later that his breathing sounded as loud to him as the exhaust of an airplane engine. When night came they sneaked away and struck out across the jungle. Sneed flew one of the men to Mindanao that night and returned for the others, but found that they had gone out in a native outrigger canoe or *banca*. They finally wound up on the southern island.

During all the hell from the opening of hostilities to the fall of Bataan, Bill Bradford flew the Bellanca with Joe Moore and Caldwell. One day Bill took it off from one of the islands south of Luzon with a load of medicine and food for Corregidor. Landing there during one of the bombardments, the old ship was hit and had its tail just about blown off. Bill and the Bellanca carried on. In order to accommodate more passengers, he took off with a half load of gasoline, which obliged him to land on one of the small emergency fields within less than three miles of an enemy-occupied airdrome. From there, with full service, he proceeded to Mindanao, and finally from Del Monte to safety.

The great feats of these ships of the Bamboo Fleet were achieved in planes constructed for the transportation of at least one passenger. It was different with the single-seaters. The P-35 often had its baggage compartment loaded with a man, in addition to the other cargo put aboard. But for sheer intrepidity the P-40's story takes the prize.

Early in April, Hank Thorne loaded two passengers into the only P-40 left on Bataan. He did it by stowing one staff officer in the small baggage compartment along with a bundle of Headquarters records that might better have



been left for the Japs to puzzle over; then he had his second passenger climb into the cockpit.

Hank crawled in last and sat on the passenger's lap (no, it wasn't a nurse—all the boys flying the Raggedy Fleet thought of that, but there must have been some regulation; perhaps it was in that bundle of Headquarters records that Hank Thorne was salvaging). Anyway—with no chutes, of course, for any of them—sitting on the other passenger's lap, Thorne took off from the little field while a Jap attack was in progress. Proceeding without navigational aids in his uncomfortable position, he piloted the 300-per-cent-overloaded fighter plane as a transport 420 miles to the island of Negros. When Hank made this flight he was still suffering from malaria; only his great skill and perfect knowledge of his equipment and of the Islands made it possible to accomplish the flight in a fighter ship.

And so it went. Men improvised while they waited for help to arrive. It wasn't so much what they accomplished that was important; it was the morale they built by carrying on with what little they had. The things that those fighters did to airplanes bridged the gaps of years and years of peacetime indolence; they made for developments which were finally to permit America to move against the

enemy instead of just having to sit on the defensive and let that enemy move against America. They are the men who paved the way for eventual victory.

THE "CANAL"—KEN TAYLOR'S STORY

In October, 1942, en route from Pearl Harbor to Guadalcanal, I led five Warhawks to Espiritu Santo. They were the first P-40s to be flown off a carrier in that area of the South Seas.

We pitched our tents in a jungle clearing. An island chief named Tina Boo, who probably was the oldest native around those parts, and who as a child had sailed on English ships and had learned to speak English, watched us intently for a while. Finally he shook his gray kinky old head and said, "Me shoot ducks here last year." A few days later came the rainy season, and we awoke one morning to find our foot lockers and bags floating around in two feet of water. Then we understood well enough what the old man had been trying to tell us: this piece of level ground was nothing more than a pond in the rainy season. So we moved to higher ground.

Soon after we had settled in, Tina Boo invited Bob Westbrook and me to go deep-sea fishing with him in a native dugout. As we sailed past one island after another, he'd point and say, "Me have wife there." When this had kept up for about half a dozen islands, curiosity got the better of me. "Chief," I said, "how come you have wife on all these islands?" He looked at me through ageless eyes. "Me live with one," he replied, "and when me get tired, me move to the other one."

One day while the natives were building some thatched huts for us, we noticed that one group stopped work when men from another tribe came in to help. I asked the old chief the meaning of this and learned the reason—tribal feuds. So we named the various feuding tribes the Martins and the Coys, Harvard and Yale, Duke and Carolina, and from then on we assigned them to different jobs.

Like all primitive peoples, our natives were quick to imitate. One Saturday night we were sitting along the beach drinking. We had just finished the first line from Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition when we heard it repeated from higher ground some distance away. At first we thought it was our echo; so we tried the second line, with the same result. We tried several other popular songs, and every time we'd finish a line it would be repeated by voices in the distance. Picking up our jugs, we decided to look into the matter. We found groups of natives sitting around fires frolicking; so we joined them and had a fine time teaching them our songs.

While they are husband-hunting, the women wear a flower on one side of their heads; and when married, move it to the other side. The bachelors bleach their kinky wire-like hair with some sort of alkaline solution until it takes on a reddish tinge; when it begins to grow dark again, the same process is repeated. It is to let the unmarried beauties know that they are "available Joes."

We arrived at the "Canal" just before the end of December, 1942. The Jap lines were then just a stone's throw from ours. As far as we were concerned, Guadalcanal was nothing more than a field with a couple of small strips. At one time, no doubt, it had been a beautiful coconut grove, but by the time we arrived there wasn't a tree which hadn't had its top blown off, or hadn't one or more holes through its base.

On one of our first missions, Elber Wheadon, flying a patched-up Warhawk, got shot through the leg and was rushed to the hospital in the jungle. That night we went over to see him. It was dark by the time we started back and our bombers were milling around trying to get in. To one of the fellows riding in the jeep with me, I said, "Say, wouldn't it be hell if the Japs came over now!" I had just got the words out when there came the unmistakable *roomph, roomph, roomph* of bombs. We scrambled out of our jeeps and dived for the ground—we hadn't even time to turn off our lights, and the ground was spotlighted perfectly. We could see the Jap bombs hitting on either side of us, and as we lay there hugging the ground, trying hard to be one and the same with it, they came closer and closer.

Then I heard some one moaning, and thinking they had gotten one of our boys, I ran over to help him. "Are you hurt?" I asked him as I flattened myself close to him. "You'd be hurt, too," he said, "if you had a jeep run over you." In his haste to get out, he had left his car in gear, and it had rolled back on the uneven ground and right over him.

One June morning Jack Bade, from my squadron, "the Warhawks," started with an element of sixteen P-40s from Guadalcanal to sweep the Shortland-Ballale area, just south of Bougainville, as the first move for a bomber attack. At about 22,000 feet, Jack and his wingman, Ralph Sooter, tangled with a batch of Zeros, and in the fight Ralph was hit and started to lose altitude. So Jack followed him down. The Japs were trying to close in on his wingman for the kill, and Jack was having a hell of a time fanning them out, when suddenly he felt a crash against the back of his head. A fragment from a Jap explosive bullet, just about two inches away, had gashed his skull, and Jack lost consciousness.

Fortunately he recovered at about 500 feet, zoomed over the Jap field at Ballale, and started to climb. But as he did he ran into four Jap float Zeros; so he headed straight for them, caught one of the Nips in his sights and pressed the trigger. There was no response—his guns had been knocked out of commission. So he rolled away, started climbing, and then picked up the trail for home.

At about 5,000 feet, however, Bade saw a Navy dive bomber with a Zero hot on its tail. Of course Jack still couldn't fire his guns, but he had the skill and courage to make a head-on pass at the Jap, with the tractors from the Zero's guns peppering him unmercifully. He managed to keep his battered Warhawk on its course—second by second the Zero was looming larger and larger in his sights. And just when the two ships were a fraction of a second from colliding, the thing Bade had been counting on happened—the Jap lost his nerve, twisted his ship out of the P-40's path, and scooted for safety.

So once again Jack picked up the trail for home. He had climbed to about 7,000 feet when he saw two more Navy bombers streaking across the sky with five Zeros chasing them. Bade roared in from the rear, pulled up under one of the Zeros and tried to chop its rudder off with his prop. The Jap, seeing what Jack was up to, swerved out of his path. That left four Zeros. Now Bade snap-rolled into their midst and sliced through their formation. Seeing that he intended to ram them, the Zeros broke off their attack on our dive bombers and concentrated their fire on Jack. But it wasn't "Wild Man Bade's" day to get hit, and the Zeros finally left in disgust.

When the rest of us got home, there he was—not counting the holes in his battered ship, but cursing and swearing at his guns, while his armorer worked frantically over them.

"My guns wouldn't shoot!" he yelled at us. "I don't mind the fact that I was nearly killed ten times—but now every damn Leatherneck in the sky up there in those high-altitude foxholes [South Pacific slang for P-38s or Lockheed Lightnings] thinks I'm the lousiest shot in the Army Air Corps!"

LAND OF THE WILLIWAW

He was just another fighter pilot. His name was Captain Phil Bacon, and he fought in the land of the williwaw, where blood-chilling winds howl day and night, winter and summer. Up there the real enemy was the weather, not the Jap, Phil Bacon tells you.

On New Year's Day, 1942, said Phil, we picked up a batch of brand-new P-40 Warhawks at Sacramento, California, and started the trek to Anchorage, Alaska, hopping along the newly-constructed airports dotting the long route to the North. It was an uncharted aerial highway we were traveling—most of us had had, on the average, only ten hours in fighter ships, and one—*only one*—hour in the P-40s.

We flew through some of the worst possible weather, and a number of our boys were forced down, but we salvaged most of them. We reached Anchorage by mid-February. I know that sounds like a long time, but mind you, we were inexperienced, and we were smacking against the North-country weather for the first time.

For the next two months the long-planned Jap attack on Dutch Harbor hovered above us like Damocles' sword; until General William O. Butler called all the pilots of the 11th Air Force, fighter and bomber, together and told us that the attack was imminent. How in the world he knew, I'll never know.

Well, we laid our plans accordingly. During the first week of May we were ordered to Cold Harbor, 200 miles from Kodiak. We stayed there until the end of May, when a part of our squadron took off for the fighter strip on Umnak, at that time the westernmost American base in the Aleutians. It had been built with utmost secrecy.

The Aleutian chain of islands, pointing daggerlike at the very heart of the great Japanese naval base of Paramushiro in the Kuriles, is nothing more than a staggered series of sunken volcanic peaks. Most of them are separated by miles of cold, fog-shrouded water. There are no trees, no vegetation of any account, except the dirty-looking two-foot-high shrubs which cover most of the islands. Life there is eternally bleak and silent—like death itself.

The temperature on the islands, thanks to the Humboldt Current, isn't anywhere as cold as on the mainland, where I've seen the old mercury dip down to 67 degrees below zero. The temperature on the Aleutians rarely gets below zero. But oh, what wind! At Umnak, gusts traveling at 100 miles an hour and a steady wind of eighty miles an hour are common. We would laugh at the Jap, although we didn't underestimate him or his equipment—but we dreaded the williwaw.

LET'S suppose we're in a fighter formation and heading out from one of the jagged Aleutians to another. The weather is perfect today! I can even see the top of the other blackened volcanic island, twenty miles away. I look over at you there, flying the other ship, and we wave our hands at each other—it's so good to be alive in good weather. The sun has swung up over the world for a few seconds. Then I look back from our exchange of salutations, but I no longer see whatever island I was heading for. I look back at you, and I see the vacant stare on your face. That island, which one minute ago I could see as plainly as I can see your ship, has disappeared in the thin cold air.

The terrible wind that sweeps from the northwest—from the northeast—from the south—from straight up—even from straight down—is waltzing and sashaying in front of us. Out there, somewhere between formation and that island, it has dipped down its eddying currents and has bounced along over the warm Humboldt Current. A kind of cold steam has formed, and now that milky fog is swirling everywhere. It blots out the horizon; rapidly the other islands on our flanks disappear; the sky becomes a pulpy mass of indefinite soup—and if I hadn't been here among these things for a long time, I'd go on and on in my indecision until maybe I'd run into that jagged peak up ahead. I know them, though, and so I make that maneuver that is so hard to learn and to execute, that 180-degree turn, and I head back for the base I left—but fast!

From then on, in a matter of minutes the fog would move in and would last anywhere from several days to several weeks. And if you were caught upstairs—well, you just had to circle and circle until you ran out of gas and bailed out. If you were lucky, you'd land on the frozen ground or on a jagged peak. If you weren't lucky, why, you landed in the icy water. I dreaded that, because you can only last about twenty minutes and still retain your faculties. After that—well, it's the end.

When we arrived at Umnak the situation was very tense; it was just like listening for that starting whistle. We kept constant patrols—the waiting for action drove us nearly crazy. Then one June morning the clouds cleared a bit and our patrol caught sight of an unidentified float observation plane that had been sent aloft to spy around a bit and turn back with the information. Lieutenants John B. Murphy and Jacob Dixon spotted it. We envied them when we saw their fire converging on the Jap, and when the enemy plane was in flames and came screeching down toward its watery grave, we sent up a tremendous cheer and tossed our helmets, or anything that came to our hands, into the air. This was our first victory, and it sure tasted good.

Later I learned that just before dawn next morning one of our tenders, scouting in the neighborhood of Dutch Harbor, sent word to the base that a flight of unidentified bombers was passing overhead. Seconds later the fog parted just long enough to let his keen eyes spot the Jap insigne on the wings of one of these planes. *Japs!* And every man jack was at his battle station.

Just then four P-40s, led by Lieutenant L. M. ("Spanky") Chancellor, caught sight of the enemy. All that the Macon (Mississippi) boy said was, "Let's get 'em, fellows!" That's all they needed. With steady fingers on the stick, they dived into the attack and blasted a number of the Japs out of the sky before they reached Dutch Harbor. Chancellor and Lieutenant H. C. White each got a bomber apiece, and only a few of the enemy bombers reached Dutch Harbor.

Meanwhile another formation of P-40s, under the command of Captain Milton H. Askins, flushed a flight of Jap Navy Zeros, and the battle was on. The boys played hell with the Zeros, but we had our casualties, too: we lost two Warhawks and one pilot. Both Lieutenant John J. Cape, Jr., and Lieutenant "Mac" MacIntyre were shot down. Mac walked out of it, and when he returned to the base he swore he had heard the Jap shout over his radio, "You're dead, you goddam American, you're dead!"

Mac set his ship down on a rocky island at 180 miles an hour, and the P-40 slid along for about 100 feet, flipped over on its back, and broke in half. He got out of it with a few minor cuts and bruises.

Lieutenant John S. ("Stinky") Davis was pounced upon by a Zero. "Stinky" immediately dived to shake the Jap off his tail, but didn't have enough altitude; so he raced across the base to give the ack-ack boys a pursuing Jap to shoot at. The Jap kept right on Stinky's tail, and the boys on the ground saw the Jap's tracer shells converge in front of the P-40.

After the chase, Davis admitted that he was a hell of a lot more scared of being hit by our ack-ack than by the Zero. But you should have seen Stinky's Warhawk! It had a big gaping twenty-millimeter cannon hole in the wing, and about two dozen twenty-five-caliber machine-gun hits all over the fuselage.

Just before the second assault on Dutch Harbor, our group commander, Jack Chennault, divided our small outfit on Umnak and sent a part of it to help in the defense.

THIS time the Japs struck Dutch Harbor in the evening —I guess it must have been around seven o'clock. First the fighters came in, in five flights each, and closed on our base from two directions. They went to work on the Harbor and Fort Mears, and strafed the streets at about 500 feet.

Just as the Japs closed in on their objectives, our batteries on Ballyhoo Mountain and the destroyers in the Harbor opened up with everything they had: tracers, ack-ack, machine-gun and rifle fire. Even a mine sweeper, a Coast Guard cutter, and an Army transport joined in. One of the Jap fighters began to fall behind Priest Rock, twisting crazily and trailing a thick stream of black smoke. One of our destroyers caught a Navy Zero squarely, and flaming pieces headed for the Harbor.

After the Jap fighters had made their sweep, about ten Jap bombers swept over the harbor, showering incendiaries and heavy explosives on our installations. One of their bombs hit an oil tank, another hit a warehouse and set it blazing. Just about now a gunner aboard one of our ships caught a Jap bomber in his sights and blew it from the formation. Then our fighters moved in on the Japs and caught them from behind. This stunned the Jap, I guess—hadn't his Intelligence assured him that there wasn't an Army fighter base within a thousand miles of Dutch Harbor? But it was too late—he had walked right into an American trap. A group of Jap fighters and bombers flew panic-stricken right over our hidden field, and we jumped them. We got three dive bombers and a Zero; ack-ack from our ships accounted for another.

Suddenly the whole enemy invasion force turned tail

and ran so fast that many of its carrier-based ships were left circling in the fog. As their gas gave out, they plopped into the icy waters.

The fighter strip at Adak was completed shortly after this, and a quantity of P-40s and P-38s moved in. Occasionally the enemy would send over a few planes from his bases on Kiska, but in due time we knocked his air force out of the sky.

One of the few Japs who paid us a daily visit was "Tokyo Charlie," a single-float bomber. One day, while he was making a bomb run over the field, a sergeant in charge of an ack-ack crew spotted him in time and blew his whistle for the ack-ack boys to go into action. This was about high noon, and when the boys heard the whistle they thought it was the chow signal and dashed for the mess tent. I guess Tokyo Charlie was distracted by the same whistle, for he jettisoned his bombs into the water and dashed home.

A few days after this comedy of errors, Charlie paid us another call, and this one was his last. It just happened that a number of P-38s were on patrol. They caught him



flat-footed, and sent him blazing down to join his ancestors.

We've got the Japs out of the Aleutians now, though we still have the williwaw.

DESERT RATS

For broad-shouldered, pink-cheeked "Rosie" DuToit and his fellow South African pilots—"Safricans"—the fighting in the Western Desert was a new experience. Except for the friendships one made, there weren't many amenities of life there. Most of the time the "Desert Rats" never got away from aircraft; all day long, all they would talk about would be aircraft—tactics, serviceability, fire power, and so on. It was the same thing at night. Of course a chap could always go to Alex (Alexandria), the nearest city, but a bloke was mighty lucky to get a couple days' leave every month or two—mighty lucky indeed!

There were those stories that came back from Alex, usually some new rivalry between the Royal Navy and the R. A. A. F. or the R. A. F., or between something else. Like that last one. Why, just the week before they had heard it, and were still laughing and at the same time learning sadly that it was no story but a grim truth. Yes, Rommel had visited a British hospital out near Alexandria and had questioned Hun as well as British patients. He had promised to meet them all at Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, and then had departed with his tanks of the Afrika Korps. But now the new one—

One day when that same Afrika Korps had plunged even closer to the Pyramids, there approached the submarine nets of Alexandria two British destroyers. As the story was told by the Aussie flier, the "tin cans" hooted twice, the antisub gate swung open, and they steamed, or rather "dieseled" in. Behind them, though, unseen by the antisub gate attendants, followed one lone Italian sub.

The Eyetie—evidently trying to please Hitler and thus save just a little face for Mussolini—surfaced in Alexandria harbor and fired all her torpedo tubes. The two destroyers were sunk and two heavier warships were damaged. Then, in the hullabaloo that followed, with air-raid sirens shrieking, with whistles blowing on the sinking vessels, with bells ringing in the city of Alex, the Eyetie sub moored alongside the wharfs and prepared to surrender.

Frantically the little Italian U-boat commander ran about the harbor with his sword extended, hilt first. He desperately wanted to surrender, but in the commotion no one noticed him—everyone was too busy looking for task forces that could have run in and sunk the British Navy. They were searching the sky for German bombers and were just too excited to notice a frail Italian naval officer attempting to give them an old sword.

Finally, disgustedly, the sub commander went on into Alex and registered at the best hotel. Two days later he was apprehended by British Naval Intelligence. His explanation was that he had been trying to surrender ever since the torpedoing, but became so angry when no one noticed him that he walked in to a good bed and a hot bath.

Perhaps it was all exaggeration, but stories like that did give a chap many laughs out there in the sand.

ALL the fliers were living in tents in the desert. The day would begin about an hour before dawn, and while the pilots were grabbing breakfast, the crewmen would uncover the ships and warm up the engines. Breakfast would be served between seven and seven thirty. The pilots would line up with their plates, and IT was dished out to them—"it" being a sort of porridge which tasted like anything but porridge because it was cooked with well-chlorinated and often brackish water. The tea was made with the same stuff, but the boys got used to it.

For lunch they would get a slice of bully beef with hard biscuit and a little margarine. The pilots were surprised at what the chefs could do with the bully beef; they found that it could readily be mixed with sand—fried, stewed, curried, cold, or hot sand. On special occasions they would get eggs, which could be had, with or without sand, hard-boiled, soft-boiled, fried, or poached. But there was plenty of *chi*, as the natives called the tea.

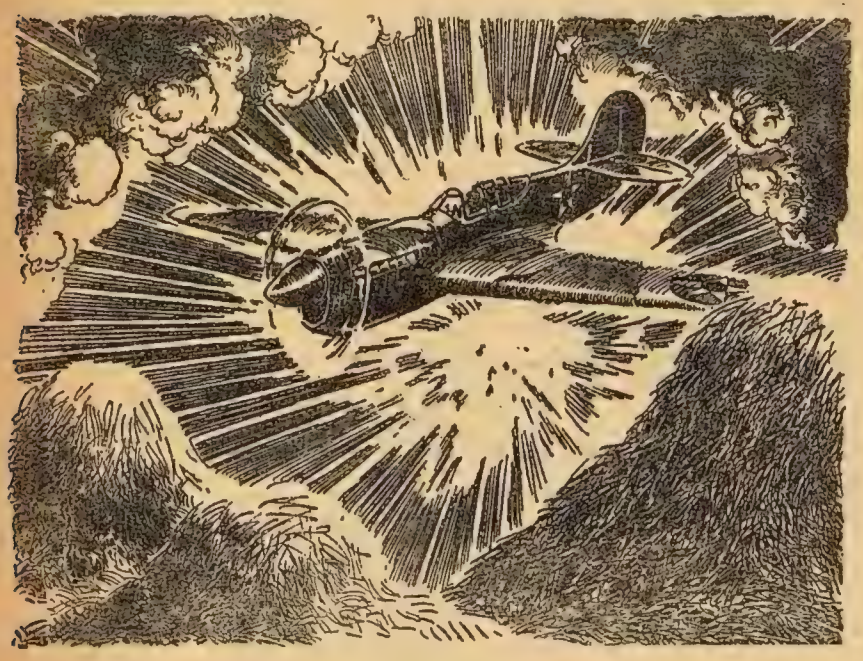
Water was a problem. From the commanding officer down to the airman, all they got was one gallon of water a day. Each man contributed half of this to the cook and the other half he could use for washing, shaving, and a little bit of it for drinking. Shaving suffered, naturally, and mustaches and beards flourished everywhere—in fact, often there would be competitions between the various squadrons to see who could grow the longest mustaches and the bushiest beard in a given time. If a pilot wanted to take a bath, he could save his water for a week and enjoy it. But not very many of them did, for nearly everybody smelled the same, so it didn't matter much.

In this Western Desert, Rosie DuToit met Clive ("Killer") Caldwell, the Australian Olympic hurdler who at the outbreak of the war had been a civilian pilot down under. The tall gangling Aussie—he was nearly six feet five inches in height—was officially credited with nineteen and a half Jerry and Eyetie aircraft definitely destroyed and nearly a score of others probably destroyed. Killer was leader of the famous R. A. F. "Shark" Squadron.

Keen rivalry existed between the Sharks and Bobby Gibbes's Royal Australian squadron. These two fighter units had flown Gladiators in the desert at the beginning of the first Wavell campaign in December, 1940, and had graduated from Tomahawks to Kittyhawks. During their two and a half years of fighting in Africa, they had covered in ground moves more than 5,000 miles—that's nearly a round-trip junket across the United States. The Australian squadron had been the first one sent overseas by the land down under, and when the African campaign came to a successful end in May, 1943, Bobby Gibbes's boys had won the race: they had destroyed some 214 enemy planes, with the Sharks close behind them with a total just over the two-century mark. On one occasion, Operations teamed the two rival squadrons and sent them on an especially tough mission, and when the tally came

in it was what everybody had expected—20-0 in favor of the British team.

Killer had participated in this and in many another hot show. But his most exciting came on the fifth of December. Killer's flight of Tomahawks had just taken off from their landing field and were heading toward the enemy lines southeast of El Adem, when out of the cloudless sky he observed telltale dark spots in the distance. Immediately he ordered his formation to head for them. As they approached the oncoming aircraft, they



knew it was Jerry—bomb-laden dive bombers intent on attacking the British forward lines not far away.

Killer's boys were almost within striking distance now, and the Aussie leader noticed that the bombers kept their tight formation. But that didn't mean a thing for Killer—he knew Jerry! So he slashed right in among the terrified Stukas, and within two seconds, or so it seemed, two of the enemy bombers were falling in flames toward the sands below. Caldwell didn't wait to see them crash, but pulled up and poured a long burst into another Stuka; the ship exploded and began to spiral crazily down. Just then another bomber hove in sight, but the enemy pilot had seen the other three fellows go down flaming, so he jettisoned his bombs and swiftly swerved away from his attacker. But just as he did so, another Tomahawk nailed him on top of his climb and sent him down to burn with the other Stukas, glowing like individual fires there on the hot sands.

As Killer leveled off, he looked down and saw the British soldiers dancing like dervishes around the two flaming wrecks and waving their arms in salute to the boys upstairs. These same Tommies had seen no fewer than four bombers explode in mid-air, and had watched little pieces, all that remained of them, fall to earth, trailing smoke. The others exploded on hitting the ground, and at one time there were eleven enemy aircraft burning furiously not far from where they stood.

While Killer was plastering his fourth Stuka, one of his boys met ten of the enemy in a single bunch and took a shot at each one of them, for at one time or another they were all in his sights. Before the engagement was over he had sent three of them down to their graves—just two less than his squadron commander.

Another Aussie was chasing a G-50, an Italian plane. Just as he was ready to give him a spurt of hot lead, the Britisher heard the throaty *woomph* from the German ack-ack guns on the ground, and the Eyetie's port wing broke off and the plane crashed. That's one that the Nazi gunners claimed as destroyed that day.

One day Killer was out on patrol some fifteen miles at sea; his ship was pretty badly shot up, and the Jerries put a few slugs into his tough hide as well. His Tomahawk was limping badly, the glass was gone from the canopy, and Killer's wound was already bothering him so much that he was almost unconscious. At 8,000 feet he went into a spin, but he came out of it near the water. He managed to regain control and to get in across the coast to Sidi Barrani; he figured that in case the old kite quit on him, he could plop it down near the shore and walk out.

All this time he didn't think the enemy would bother him, for they had seen him get all shot up and spin toward the ground. But suddenly streams of smoke flashed past him—it was two Snappers (Me-109s) who were after his hide; they had followed him down, all right. But he continued to outfox his pursuers. A few more bullets hit one of his wings, which didn't help him a bit. For the next fifteen minutes the Snappers chased him all the way across the desert, with Killer skidding and trying to turn to keep an eye on his pursuers, and sweat pouring out of his helmet, what with fright and the hard work.

Just then one of the Jerries got a bit overconfident, and when Caldwell turned, the German pilot turned around and overshot him. But this time Killer's guns were blazing, and a squirt caught the 109 right in the belly and hurled it to the ground. The other Heinie, seeing that, decided the time had come for him to leave, and departed.

It was just about dark, and Killer had a long way to go before the inky darkness of the desert settled all around him. There was a refueling party near by; so he headed his toddling kite toward it. But when he landed he found that the party had neither facilities nor doctor available. So, wounded as he was, the determined Aussie climbed back into his cockpit, flew through the darkness for the next thirty minutes, and managed to set his ship down on his own landing ground.

The boys of his squadron had given him up as a casualty. When they saw the tall frame wiggle out of the cockpit, they cheered. The man who was perhaps happiest to see Killer was the group medico. You see, he hadn't had much of an opportunity to practice his trade of late, there in the desert, and when Killer walked into his tent, he was all smiles. A chance at last!

RED-SCARF GUERRILLAS

The hot African sun was already shining over the high Atlas Mountains in southern Tunisia. Here, in a terrain that was naturally flat, the American base was nestled into one of nature's checkerboards: white squares of sand alternating with squares of green alfalfa. The early morning breeze was swaying the fields of vegetation, giving the effect of a foamy sea. Here and there dejected-looking groups of African hens were wandering in search of breakfast, while the envious eyes of hungry American farm boys watched the forbidden drumsticks and wishbones, and cursed the rules that protected the Arab poultry.

Ringing the base were bulky red-tinged mountains over which Jerry often came at sunrise. Set deep in the ground and covered on top and on all sides with mounds of earth was the Operations shack, at one corner of the field. On top of the shack the alfalfa grew luxuriously, giving it the appearance of being a part of the field. In fact, it was so well camouflaged that even the American pilots could hardly distinguish it as they flew over the dugout.

Inside the shack, with its wooden walls and floor sunk about four feet in the ground, life had already begun to stir. The tight atmosphere of the dugout was savory with the odor of freshly-made coffee and sizzling eggs—Leon, the Frenchman, had been out foraging for his idol, Phil Cochran.

Officially, Lieutenant Leon was the base's liaison officer between the American pilots and the French forces scattered thinly through the hills to the east of the field in southern Tunisia, but to his official duties as a liaison man, Leon had added those of cook and valet. Not that Phil needed a valet—day in and day out he was always dressed in the same old leather flying jacket and the same old pair of pants.

Phil was the "master guerrilla." He was of medium height, barrel-chested, with high cheekbones and a stern jaw which broadened at the base. His mop of gray-sprinkled hair, which had the apparent texture of steel wool, was worn in a pompadour and long in the back, just like Buffalo Bill.

His forecasts of the enemy's intentions were so accurate

that the boys regarded him as the field's official prophet. "It's not so hard to figger what Jerry's going to do next—he's so damn methodical that you can guess his next move," said Phil.

Between bites of breakfast, Phil came forth with today's prediction:

"Jerry won't be around until quarter of six this evening—this time with bombers."

It would be almost dark at six, and Leon and a couple of American officers there in the shack wondered if this time Phil wasn't off the beam. You see, Jerry usually paid his calls either early in the morning or a little after noon. But Phil was adamant, and when the enemy failed to show up that morning, he took a flight of Warhawks up on patrol to keep a weather eye out for Jerry. The afternoon hours dragged on—it was five fifty-five, and still no Jerry. Phil must have cussed silently to himself. Well, everybody is bound to make an error. So he decided to come down, and ordered the boys to follow him.

He had just let down his landing gear and was coming in low over the field when Operations spoke up: "Enemy planes reported!"

Later Phil told about his encounter with one of the Junkers.

"I kept on shooting tracers into him, and the lights turned green and orange when they hit, just like the Fourth of July. I went around the Junkers and saw the gunners die—the one on top stopped firing first and then the side gunner. The one in the belly lived the longest. As the bomber started down, I followed it, to make sure it was a dead duck. By this time it was dark as hell and I kept saying, 'Go down, you sucker. Go down.' Then I saw a big flare of light—it wasn't gun fire; it just stayed in one place so I left the 'Ju' burning in the valley and pulled up, not knowing where I was.

"But pretty soon I found my friend the river—that wadi, which, by the way, looks tan in the dusk—and started to follow it home. Just then I heard one of the kids over the radio, asking for directions. The lost pilot was Lieutenant Thomas, that baby-faced youngster who tried so hard to grow heavy whiskers to look the part of a guerrilla fighter. Thomas had jumped on the third Heinie and had chased it out into the night fifty miles before he'd caught up with it and nailed it. But as he pulled up from his strike, Thomas realized that he was lost. He hadn't had time to familiarize himself with the surrounding countryside.

"Well, I tried to keep his spirits up by insulting him—at first I thought he was somebody else. Anyway, I'd say to him, 'I don't mind losing you, you stupid lug, but we can't afford to lose another P-40. Try and see the lights on my ship and steer a thirty course.' The kid would answer very politely, 'I don't see your lights, sir.' He never forgot to say 'sir,' but he was plenty confused.

"Of course he couldn't see the light of the smoke cans there on the field. But I got an idea. I called down to the control room to tell the ack-ack batteries to fire—first the one at the west end of the field, then the one to the east, and so on, to give us an outline of the field. And as a finale, I asked that all of the batteries fire in unison. I stayed up there with my lights on, and as the guns began to fire, the kid saw the field all right and got his directions, and we both came down."

As Phil swaggered into the dugout that time he said in his cocksure manner, "They won't be over tomorrow morning, maybe not all day. They'll want to think things over and try something big to make up for their losses and get the lead back—they'll be like guys doubling their bets in a crap game."

And next day all was quiet.

THE chief of the Red-Scarf Guerrillas, as Phil's gang had become known throughout southern Tunisia, had arrived there by way of Casablanca. Before that, he had trained young pilots just out of flying school and had lost a number of squadrons to the various fronts before he himself saw action. When he was finally ordered to take thirty-four other pilots and thirty-five Warhawks aboard a carrier to Africa, to operate in conjunction with the American invasion plans, Phil was undoubtedly the happiest man in the world. For months he had been craving action.

The idea in sending Phil and his group had been that they were to replace other pilots who might be killed in action. But shortly after they arrived, Phil and his boys decided that since very few pilots were being killed, their only chance of seeing action was to form a squadron of their own which might get to the front by "mistake," even though it had no official existence. So Cochran led his "unofficial" squadron to Rabat, Morocco, for further training. There he christened his group the Joker Squadron, because they had no numbers. But that wasn't all they didn't have—they had no table of organization, no mechanics, no mess hall, no medical attendants.

So Phil and his boys sponged on other outfits. They slept in pup tents and visited a French military hospital for medical assistance. They practiced gunnery by towing canvas engine covers aloft and firing at them. And by the time the higher echelons of the 12th Air Force staff, which had jurisdiction over them, discovered what they were up to and ordered their dispersal, some of Phil's boys had developed into pretty hot pilots.

Cochran, who was now a major "without portfolio" and without command or function, was directed to take seven of his brightest pupils and fly them to Tunisia, where they were to be posted at some squadron or other. But when they reached the airport at Oudjda, in eastern Morocco, another order came through grounding the seven Jokers and assigning their planes to more experienced pilots.

PHIL himself was ordered to stop at Oudjda, but he flew on alone—by this time he had got fed up with not fighting. On his route of flight he told airport officials at every landing that he was going to Casablanca. Then he would take off and fly east instead.

When Phil finally reached an airfield in southern Tunisia, he found a squadron of P-40 pilots on a bare plain without much of an idea of what they were doing, or of what they ought to do there. At that time southern Tunisia was sketchily defended by a few French battalions with about twenty-five rounds of ammunition to a man, a few old seventy-fives, and a few score American parachutists. Luckily enough, the German and Eyetie forces in that region were small. But Phil saw that this was a rather critical area into which Rommel might move from the southeast to form a junction with the Axis forces in Tunisia, and if those troops were dislodged by the Allies before Rommel had a chance to move in, they might attempt to join him in Tripolitania. The situation obviously called for leaders who were good at guessing, at bluffing, and at guerrilla tactics.

"One day I called the boys together after they had flopped something terrible on a raid," Phil said, "and I told them I was going to run the field. You see, they had followed the wrong line of railroad track, they had got lost, had found the wrong target, and had had their tails shot off. After that, Leon, my French liaison man, came here and the French began to call us up and tell us about tanks and trucks they saw on different roads. We'd go out and look for them—sometimes we didn't find them. Gradually we became big operators.

"I remember one of these operations in particular. One day Captain Levi Chase, my Operations officer, went out by himself and destroyed eighty-four guns and a few trucks. Altogether we must have destroyed about three hundred trucks—we became so damn efficient in this type of work that the Jerries and Eyeties weren't able to move a truck anywhere in Tunisia by daylight.

"After we had done that for a while we got to know the country pretty well ourselves and began to cook up other things to do. For instance, we knew that the enemy had only about a dozen locomotives on all their little lines down there, so we got to blasting them. For sheer diversion, we went after their oil and munition dumps. Chase, my one-man wave of terror, was the best man I've ever seen in spotting those things from the air. One time he strafed a lot of haystacks and they all exploded—the enemy had hidden ammunition under them.

"We used to hunt light tanks all over southern Tunisia, and when we found them we would strafe them with our

fifty-calibers. They would play dead, and then at night the crews would run them into Arab courtyards or dry gullies and camouflage them. So we'd track them down and shoot more holes into them before they could be repaired. We didn't have armament to blast them, but our fifties kept them out of action. Often we would observe troop movements, report them to the French, and then go back and strafe them, and the French would occupy one or more towns.

"Finally the people back at headquarters saw what a job we were doing and sent us a squadron of bombers to fool around with. We had plenty of fun thinking up bombing missions and then escorting the Jokers."

WOOL OF THE RUSSIAN RAM

There's a story that's just about as wild as the winds of the frozen steppes of Siberia, a story vouched for by Johnny Alison and Herbert Zempke. Incidentally, these two and Phil Cochran of the Red-Scarf Guerrillas once lived together as bachelors at Langley Field. How in heaven's name this came about, no one will ever know. The only good that could have come from this consolidation of talent was that one telephone number could reach the three most eligible bachelors on the post. Even then they branched out as the individuals and leaders they really were, and the house must have been as distinctly Alison, Zempke, and Cochranish as were their respective techniques in flying.

From the 8th Pursuit Squadron at Langley, which was the first real P-40 squadron in the Army Air Forces, Alison went with Harry Hopkins to Russia. Zempke joined him at Archangel, while poor Phil sweated the war out as he trained fighter pilots in the States.

P-40s arrived at Archangel aboard transports, and Alison and Zempke helped put them together under a hard-fighting Russian officer, Colonel Boris Schmiroff. Boris had fought the Japs in Mongolia, the Germans and Italians in the Spanish Civil War, and had operated against the Finns.

Here at Archangel, Alison and Zempke checked out 120 Russian pilots in ten days. They were amazed at the ability of the Russian pilots to absorb instruction, and at their keen interest to get to combat and kill the Hun. As a pilot's joke, though, Johnny declared the Red pilots knew only two positions for a throttle—"closed" and "full open."

From the check-out school the Russian P-40 pilots were sent to Rostov-on-Don, where they lived in railroad cars when they were not in the air against the Germans. One of these pilots was Senior Lieutenant Stepan Grigorievich Ridny, aged twenty-three. Ridny's squadron was equipped entirely with P-40s, and it fought on the Moscow front. There, in the first week, his squadron shot down nineteen Huns and lost three men and three ships.

On the Leningrad front, Major Peter Adrievich Piliutov took a lone P-40 aloft for a check flight and was attacked by six Heinkels. He shot down two of them and damaged a third. At the start, Piliutov's squadron of Tomahawks supported the Russian ground troops and helped them to recapture 300 square miles of territory from the invaders. During the five-day drive over the frozen wastes of this northern section near Finland, the Tomahawks functioned perfectly. Four of them shot down eight Messerschmitts and routed others at low altitude under the clouds. On missions of a certain type the P-40 was successfully used there on skis.

But the prize air exploit took place on the Murmansk front, above the jagged ice of the frozen sea, where the P-40 squadrons were used to keep the Nazi dive bombers from attacking munition and food convoys. It was near there that one of the Soviet pilots, Alexei Khobistoff, showed himself a man of stern determination, and proved, too, that his ship could "take it."

The first time he "rammed" an enemy ship, Khobistoff declared it was an accident. He had been trailing a Heinkel bomber for about fifty miles as it darted in and out of the low clouds of the north country. When finally he pressed his trigger for the kill, nothing happened—the guns were either frozen or jammed. He drew away and made another attempt, with the same negative result. In the meantime the German gunners fired at him and his ship was hit repeatedly.

Undaunted, Khobistoff approached the Heinkel through one of its few blind areas and tried once more to make his guns fire. As he took his eyes from the larger ship to turn the hydraulic charging instruments again, he struck the Nazi plane with the wing and prop of his P-40. There was a noise like the end of the world, sparks flew from the friction of the steel propeller cutting into the Heinkel's wing—and then the Tomahawk skipped on over, and into the low clouds. By the time Khobistoff had regained control of the fighter, the Heinkel had crashed. The Russian flew home to his base, where the American fighter was patched up and again flown into combat.

Later, this same Russian in a P-40 again found himself in a desperate position directly astern of a German bomber. He drew closer and closer to the tail of the enemy ship, and by expert flying passed his prop into the fabric rudder of the Hun. Once again a German crashed, and again Khobistoff returned to his base.

About a week later, as he flew top-cover over the harbor to protect a convoy arriving from America, his squadron engaged many Messerschmitts. In the hotly-contested battle, Khobistoff shot down two Huns, but was in turn wounded and his Tomahawk was set on fire. I imagine that right about there any other man would have opened the hatch and jumped. But not this Russian. He turned the burning fighter and dived straight down on the tail of an Me-109. As the whirling propeller of the P-40 made contact, the tail of the Hun flew to pieces—Khobistoff had rammed to destruction his third enemy aircraft. Then he jumped clear of the burning Tomahawk. As his chute opened, he saw the Messerschmitt strike the muddy beach of the harbor and his flaming P-40 streaking like an avenging devil right after it.

Alexei Khobistoff was in the hospital a few weeks, but here's hoping somebody sent him another P-40 when he was released.

The Russian Air Force has since published for its pilots a directive on Ramming Procedure.

ASSAM DRAGON

It was the steaming month of March, up there in eastern Assam, where one finds tea plantations strung along the Brahmaputra. This was India's most easterly extension, right into the horseshoe loop which the Himalayas make as they form the Naga Hills. To the north the great mountains rose abruptly, in less than 100 miles, to 25,000 feet; then, farther back, they jutted to the top of the world at 29,000 feet. Out to the east was the "Hump," where even the low hills were 13,000 feet and the higher ones were 18,000. To the south the jungle-covered hills were lower, but they were just as mean to cross. On to the west there was low land, India—some 2,200 miles of arid, flat country to Karachi. That is to say, it was dry now, for this was March, but in less than two months the monsoon would come and then everything would be as wet as the Brahmaputra.

But this was no time to let your imagination play over those things about mountains, and whether or not the annual rainfall was really 968 inches a year, as the missionaries and tea planters at Sadiya claimed. No, for there was work to be done.

There were Jap supply lines radiating into northern Burma, and these must be severed. About to tackle the job, Johnny Barr, Operations officer of a P-40 fighter group, shrugged his shoulders and walked to his ship, on which was painted the wildest-looking, biggest-bottomed dragon any of us had ever seen. Under this weird portrayal were the words: OUR ASSAM DRAGGIN.

The P-40 roared down the runway with a pretty, yellow 500-pound bomb and set its course toward Burma and the Chindwin, aiming for a railroad bridge over which Jap supplies were flowing.

Over his point of attack, Barr looked down on the high spans of the steel bridge. These things are hard jobs for fighter ships, and he knew it. They have to be hit just right, too, or the bombing must be done over and over. Johnny circled once; then he got the nose of his ship down and began to dive at the bridge like a comet. His altitude

needle started to spin round and round as he concentrated his aim—7,000, 5,000, 2,000—then at 500 feet, Johnny cut his bomb loose. Just as he began to climb, there was a blinding flash, and then a terrific explosion. Parts of the bridge were blown high into the sky.

That wasn't a bad job, he thought, and the big-bottomed dragon on the Warhawk probably grinned. Anyway, Johnny turned it northwest and home, satisfied with the day's work.

Two days later Barr went over to appraise the damage his bomb had done. "Well, I'll be damned," he said, astounded. There, below him, was the bridge, showing no signs of having been blasted by a direct hit just forty-eight hours before. Jap crews had repaired the damage and supplies again were flowing across. It made Barr madder than hell. Something had to be done—this couldn't go on if the Japs were to be stopped from bringing in vital supplies to their north Burma bases.

As he dejectedly winged his way home, Johnny was so immersed in thought that he couldn't even hear the roar of his Allison. What to do? They certainly couldn't afford to divert the few B-24s from their long-range objectives to blasting bridges near the American bases. And the little P-40 certainly couldn't carry any heavier bomb than the 500-pounder she was already carrying.

Then the thought flashed: After all, why not? It certainly wouldn't hurt to try.

Barr could hardly wait to land his ship. The moment the plane had stopped he crawled under the belly of the P-40 and meticulously studied every part of his ship's bomb rack, even the rivets. Some of the boys who were standing around wondered what Johnny was up to now.

In a few minutes Barr emerged from under the Warhawk. He was all grin. He signaled his crewmen to bring him one of the half-ton bombs that the mediums used, and as the enlisted men carted the heavy missile toward the ship they probably grinned to themselves too. Well, now, it just couldn't be done—the Warhawk would never get off the ground with such a heavy load. But they knew their commanding officer to be a determined man; so under his supervision they installed the 1,000-pounder under the belly of the little fighter. Why, it nearly touched the ground!

The next day, as Barr approached his ship, great beads of perspiration seemed to be dripping from the tongue of the dragon. The "B-40," like most bombers, would have to have fighter escort; so Johnny assigned one of his pilots to fly on his wing, and then he climbed into the cockpit of his plane. As he taxied the new "medium bomber" into take-off position—rather slowly and very, very cautiously—the men on the ground noticed that the heavy bomb missed touching the ground by a couple of inches.

As Johnny poured the coal on, the little ship groaned, hesitated for a few seconds—then she was off. Slowly she gained altitude and was airborne. Johnny circled the field. He saw that the men were waving a frantic "good luck" to him, and he dipped one of his wings in salute.

Soon the "B-40" and its fighter escort were mere needle points in the deep blue sky, and then they disappeared on a course toward Mogaung. Johnny knew the exact spot he had reserved for his 1,000-pound bomb. After carefully checking around, he nosed the "B-40" down and then pulled his bomb release.

The terrific explosion nearly flipped the little fighter on its back. Somehow Johnny felt that his bomb had done the job, but he couldn't be sure until the photos came out of the lab. They showed that the explosive had done more than wreck the trestle: one abutment no longer existed—there was a huge gap in the steel structure where the 1,000-pounder had connected. It would take the Japs more than forty-eight hours to repair that bit of "dental" work. After this mission, the "B-40" boys became known as "the dentists" because of the devastating work they had done on enemy bridges.

SHARKS OVER CHINA

Practically the best show I know about happened in China at Hengyang. We had pulled our five attacks against the Jap north of Changsha, and from Hankow to Kiukiang and to Nanchang. He was rocking from the quick blows and wondering where in hell we were. Just at the right instant, when we were nearly out of fuel and our ships were badly used up, General Chennault radioed me to get out with the serviceable fighters and return to Headquarters at Kunming for rest and reconditioning. And by September 5 all of us left and returned to Headquarters, with the exception of a salvage crew and our engineering officer, Burrall Barnum.

None of us will ever forget Barney—his tall figure, his heavy mustache, and his absolute devotion to his duty as head of the salvage crew and the maintenance section whose job it was to put the shot-up P-40s back in commission. Captain Burrall Barnum, from Old Lyme, Connecticut.

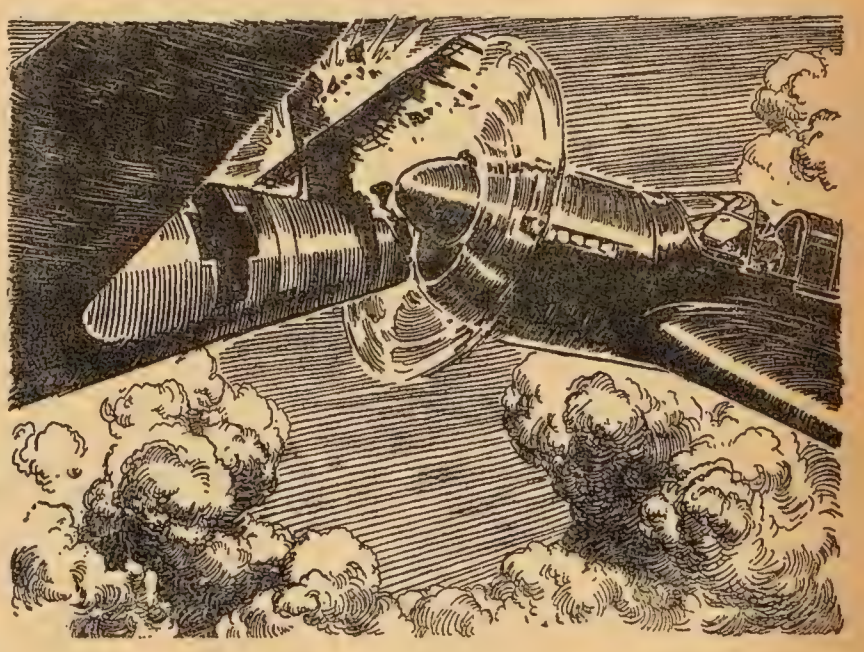
The newspapers always seemed to me to put a note of surprise into: "Fathers About to Be Drafted." Why, hell, all of us out there were fathers, and Barnum was one too. He's gone now; killed in action.

The afternoon of that show one of the ships had been repaired and Barney stood there ready to take it up in the air to test it; later he'd wire us that number one-oh-four was ready, and we'd send a pilot 500 miles from Kunming to ferry it back to Factory Number Ten in Yunnan for complete reconditioning. Barney would say a casual "Hello" to the ferry pilot and then would start his crew on the next battered-up old Forty.

That afternoon, just as Barney was about to take off for the test, the plotting board showed many Jap planes coming in toward Hengyang. Eighteen Japs reported leaving Canton . . . eighteen departing Hankow . . . ten here . . . more there. Barney could have rolled that old fighter into the revetment—but I guess he figured that the enemy would see it and shoot it to pieces. Instead, he gave it the needle and took off. Kind of frantically, the radio operator, Richardson, told him over the radio that there were fifty-three Zeros on the way. Barnum thanked him politely and climbed to 22,000 feet.

Down below he soon saw the formation of enemy fighters. They were circling in their squirrel cage, and with one guarding the tail of the other they worked into Hengyang. They knew the American P-40s had long ago departed for far-away Yunnan. Barney saw them doing acrobatics and literally thumbing their noses at the flag of the U. S. A., and he just couldn't stand it.

With his single ship he dived through the entire Jap formation. He shot at every Zero he could get in his sights,



and then, with the speed he had acquired, he climbed back into the sun to regain precious altitude. The Japs must have been so surprised that they just stared at one another. (By the time most of them returned to their bases, I'll bet they had made up some good Bushido story about how 102-odd American barbarians had dived on them with some new secret weapon.)

But up aloft Barney Barnum, in that lone shark-mouthed ship, had got his ceiling back and was diving again, head-on this time. He shot the leader of the Zeros down. Richardson went so wild when he saw the Jap fall-

ing—leaving the odds just fifty-two to one—that he quit yelling for Barney to get the hell over to Margo (our emergency field near by) and began instead to direct the attack.

All in all, Barney made seven attacks on the Japs, and was that day credited with one confirmed and two probables.

No, Barney was not shot down that day. He broke the attack after the seventh dive, when he was out of ammunition, and with the superior level speed of the P-40 he evaded the Japs. It comes back to me now that Barnum went to Old Eli. Perhaps he imagined that his enemies that afternoon were Harvard men.

LLEGO BUENO—"ARRIVED O. K."

Long ago in a Navy plebe bible I read some advice that I remember as running like this:

If you win through an African jungle,
  Though unmentioned at home in the press,
Heed it not! No one seeth the piston,
  But it driveth the ship nonetheless.

I've seen many "unmentioned pistons," but to me the most heroic of them all was Major Frank Schiel.

I well remember when I ran into the dark-haired kid from Prescott, Arizona. It was out in Burma, and Frank was making out his combat report for General Chennault. He was just sitting on the engine cover of the jeep and fingering, kind of absent-mindedly, a trim mustache, the misplaced-eyebrow type of the born pursuit pilot. Frank recognized me and stopped long enough to say he'd just returned from a reconnaissance trip far into Thailand for the American Volunteer Group. I listened with undisguised astonishment as he casually remarked, "I saw thirty-eight I-97s on the enemy airdrome at Chengmai." And when I asked, "How many did you destroy?" he merely smiled. Then he said, with the drawl that I remembered from the first day I'd ever seen him down in Texas:

"All of them—with the camera. You see, I had to leave my machine guns behind so I could carry enough gasoline to go that far behind the enemy."

Yes, his assignment had been to do no strafing, and not to engage in combat, but simply to bring back the information. The next day some of the other boys would go out and get all the glory of shooting up the Jap field.

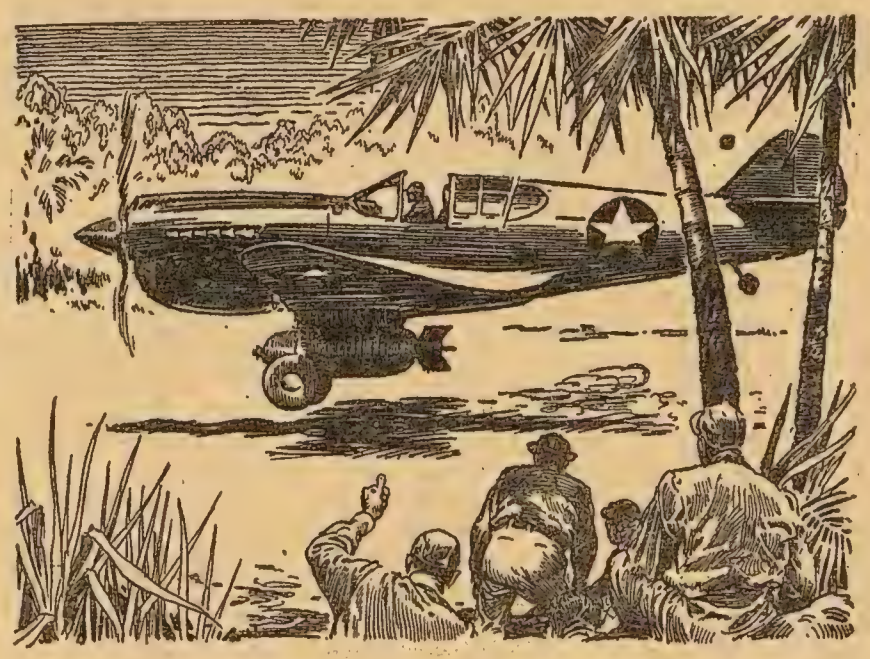
Now I know it requires a man with uncommon qualities to fly alone into enemy territory without shooting—completely without guns. In most cases the enemy must not even know that the ship has made an observation on his airdromes.

As Frank completed his report and then listened to the other pilots bragging of their exploits and of the scores they had run up against enemy Zeros and I-97s, I could tell that he was a little wistful. After all, he was an expert gunner, and he could have been the ace of any of them.

Some of his flights over enemy territory are legendary. On one of these, in addition to removing all the machine guns, he had even taken all the armor plate from his plane to save weight and give the ship greater performance. On that day he climbed on top of the overcast and then, over his destination, he throttled back and let down as quietly as possible through the clouds, to observe and photograph the Jap field. Next, with utter disregard of the Japanese ack-ack or the Zeros that were now swarming around him like bees, he dived through for a closer look, in order to identify absolutely what appeared to be a new type of enemy bomber, down there in a revetment. Then, with a daredevil chandelle at the end of his dive and with his turbo screaming a curse at the Jap, he flew back to the general with the intelligence information.

After July, 1942, I was ordered to China to be the American Volunteer Group's commander. What a glorious job! I learned to fight with that great gang and under the greatest boss—General Chennault. I'll always remember all sorts of little things about each of those pilots and the thirty-odd ground crewmen and other personnel of the Flying Tigers.

Frank Schiel was now Major Frank Schiel, squadron commander in the 23d Fighter Group. Because of his special qualifications as an expert gunner, his knowledge of the blind spots of enemy bombers, his superior pilot technique, and his precision as a dead-reckoning navigator, he was assigned the apparently thankless duty of training the green pilots as they arrived in China from the States. Every week or so he'd come by my office and make his report on the progress of his boys. He'd appear cheerful enough, but I noticed that before he left he'd always put in his bid for action. "Sure do hope I get



to take the old training squadron up east, colonel," he'd say. "They're in fighting trim now and raring to go."

And perhaps for the hundredth time I would observe the heavy silver bracelet he wore in place of the more conventional identification band on his left wrist. I studied the polished turquoise setting and the beaten-silver work of the Zuñi Indians, natives of his home locality in Arizona.

Frank kept right on making the longest of the reconnaissance missions into Thailand, Burma, and Indo-China, even to parts of Japan. I used to go by Operations to watch how efficiently the Chinese warning net worked in keeping track of the lone ship. The little red flags would faithfully mark his trail as the net reported his positions in Chinese territory.

One day I kept hearing two words repeated several times on our frequency, and finally understood them as *"llego bueno."* At my look of question, the radio operator said that was Schiel, and that he meant he was over his objective. I guess it was a kind of a trade-mark of Frank's: instead of giving the longer radio call necessary to establish his position, he merely resorted to the expression *llego bueno,* which meant, in the familiar Spanish of his home in Arizona, "Arrived O. K." Several times later I heard him report his position in the same manner. He'd come back from important reconnaissance and land with a flourish that would be in proportion to the magnitude of his observation. And when he returned from less important flights, he'd make no other report than to leave on my desk a penciled memorandum, *Llego bueno.*

That fall Frank stripped one of the P-43s of everything possible, from guns to radio. That must have been the lightest ship we Americans ever used, and the way Schiel handled it, it performed, even in climbs and turns, better than the maneuverable Zero. He placed his cameras in the baggage compartment and rigged up a sight which would permit him to photograph exactly what he wanted. He went into Indo-China and points east with this completely unarmed ship.

He had taken all of the armor plate off the plane, and of course with the kind of tanks the ship contained (the non-seal-proof type) it was very vulnerable to fire. A chance hit by a lucky Jap bullet, and Frank and the ship would be a torch.

Leaving Yunnan, he climbed to twenty thousand feet and headed, by a circuitous route, for the Jap base at Hanoi. From that altitude he began his photographic

runs, making his overlapping pictures in straight lines. Back at headquarters, the strips would be fitted into a mosaic, or photographic map, of the enemy installations.

As he commenced the second strip he noted, through the bursts of ack-ack below on the downwind end of the enemy field, that the Japs were taking off to get him with their interceptors. Frank merely continued to photograph. As the Zeros, eighteen of them, came within sight, he climbed his little fighter another 2,000 feet and photographed the field once more. The Zeros continued to climb, and Major Schiel kept gaining altitude above them until the Zeros stalled out near 27,500 feet.

FROM 30,000 feet, Frank made five photographic runs and completed his mission, while the Zero pilots gnashed their buck teeth and fired at him from long range. They would dive, then pull straight up, shoot at him, and fall off in a spin.

Finally, with his pictures completed, he thumbed his American nose and went on to his second objective, Haiphong, also in Indo-China. Here he photographed the harbor from 30,000 feet and then flew back into China to a secret base to refuel. Taking off in the rain, he headed straight out into the Pacific, or more exactly into the Gulf of Tonking, for two hundred miles. From this point, he turned due east and photographed the Jap fields on Hainan Island, completely circling the island. Over several of the enemy fields the Japs came up, but Frank just stayed above them and ignored their fire.

That takes a stout heart, when all that hangs between you and capture or certain death is that throbbing American engine—using watery gas that has been stored in rusty drums perhaps for a long time.

About a month later, when we had reduced the Jap Navy quite a bit, due to good Intelligence and daring reconnaissance, and had increased the mortality rate of the Jap fighter force every time we could catch them, we again called for Schiel. The general wanted to hit Japan itself, and the only spot which we could strike in force, and which was real Japanese soil, was Formosa.

Several weeks earlier we had received three of the new model Warhawks, or P-40s. Schiel had been working with one of these fighters for days, taking out the armor plate, removing all guns and radio, and placing one of the new five-lens cameras in the radio compartment back of his seat. He just removed everything which would save weight and permit those cameras to get the precious pictures. By the number of gasoline tanks that hung on the ship, I believe it could have flown from China straight to the South Pole. But that wasn't the direction Frank was going.

In commemoration of the anniversary of Pearl Harbor—yes, it was December 7—we were out to the east, taking care of a few Japanese. So I didn't see Frank take off, but I knew it was raining there in Kunming, just as it was where we were. I guess that Frank remembered it was the anniversary of that date, too—I don't know. Anyway, with his nose pointed east, he came on through the heavy rains and found his refueling point on a little rocky field in the lower mountains northeast of Kweilin. From experience, I know that his ship had to dive on rice paddies which had been converted into a flying field.

I can picture the Chinese streaming onto the landing strip as soon as they identified the American insigne on his ship, and hurriedly removing the obstacles put there to prevent Jap landings. Even before the prop had stopped, they would have been all set for the "White Eagle of China Skies." Bamboo ladders would then be thrown up on the wings of the P-40 and loyal Chinese would pass the familiar four-gallon tins to reservice. Through their underground they would know already that this ship was going to look down on real Jap territory, and they were going to do all they could to help it get there.

An hour or so there, on the border of Jap-controlled territory, and Frank was off for Japanese soil.

With the possible exception of Tokyo's island of Honshu, the island of Formosa is probably the heaviest-defended part of Japan. And remember, Frank had no guns.

The Warhawk took off from that little field, "moving like a scalded dog," as the Chinese soldiers told us later, and disappeared into the east. Frank must have got to Taihoku with the sun still high, and he would have made his pictures in his own practiced manner, then set his course back through the rain and the clouds for Kweilin.

The Chinese warning net began to pick him up near Kweilin. But he couldn't get down there, for the rains of the east China winter were falling from the sea to Burma, covering the last 500 miles of his route from Kweilin to Kunming. And when he got there in turn, the clouds of that midnight storm must have been billowing up into the stratosphere.

Frank failed to get down at Kunming, and we waited there in the cold night, with the smudge pots which marked the runway flickering in the rain. Every now and then we'd turn on the radio and listen, even though we all knew he could not call—without a radio.

I guess when he failed to find a hole, he turned north and tried to locate himself. Perhaps he found something he recognized and was trying to follow a valley between the high mountains near the Yangtze to the lakes south of Kunming. None of us will ever know. But long after we knew Frank was never coming home, we waited there in the rain.

I guess, too, that we knew when it happened, for shortly after midnight—and for one brief instant only—the smudge pots nearly went out in a sudden blast of wind. Just afterward, the Chinese warning net reported a crash west of the little town of Chaotung.

We went to bed—there was nothing else that we could do.

Next day I was up early, for we had to send out another ship to complete the reconnaissance of Formosa. This done, I sat and waited, hoping still that the door would open and Frank would come in—we'll probably always keep that spark of hope for missing airmen; there's always that chance they'll walk in. But that afternoon all hope vanished. The Chinese net reported that the crash had been found. There was a charred wreck and there was a body.

With a heavy heart I went out in a jeep with several pilots who had been close to Schiel. The wreck had to be identified positively. We drove over the red clay roads into the valley north of Kunming and just south of the Yangtze, west of Chaotung.

The burned wreck was on the side of one of those high mountains. The swathe the crashing plane had cut through the trees ironically pointed directly toward Kunming. Everything had burned except parts of the cameras, which had been thrown clear by the force of impact.

Silently we began raking through the wreckage for some positive identification. I found it—a shining object, melted almost beyond recognition; but there was something unmistakable—a cracked bit of turquoise. I couldn't face the other men right then.

FAR ahead of the spot where the ship had burned we discovered the cameras where they had been hurled by the impact. From the film recovered we were able to prove that Frank had actually reached Formosa and had completed his assignment. But long before those negatives were developed, we knew anyway. For among the heavy Army photographic equipment we found his personal miniature camera, the one he wore constantly on a strap around his neck. It had been broken and battered beyond repair when it had been thrown through the instrument board and the metal of the ship.

Examining it closely, I found some scratches roughly etched on the aluminum back of it. Finally I made out three words:

"Taihoku—Llego bueno."

When we begin to hit them every hour of the day, the Japs are going to wave white flags over Tokyo. Then I'm going to put on my red glasses and try to get the bombers I am escorting to drop their bombs every half hour. And I'll tie that melted bit of Zuñi silver with its cracked turquoise setting to a good 1,000-pound American bomb, and I'll drop it where it will do the most good for Frank Schiel and for his folks in Prescott, Arizona.

THE END.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

ANYTHING Can Happen, by George and Helen Papashvily, tells Mr. P.'s blithe adventures from the time when he left the Russian province of Georgia, bound for New York.

Not long after his arrival, Mr. Papashvily was in trouble—he was arrested on the wrongful charge that he, a man of integrity, had been picking flowers in a public park. Addressing the judge as "Your Honesty," he denied the accusation. But the friends who could have testified to his version of the story weren't there. They had been arrested also, but had entered pleas of guilty through a lawyer, and sent the money for their fines, so as not to miss a day's work.



George Papashvily

"Why didn't you do that?" the judge asked.

The defendant made the stout-hearted reply: "If I'm not guilty, no man gonna make me say I am. Just as much a lie to say you guilty when you not as to say you innocent if you did wrong."

Here's the end of the story, as the inimitable Mr. Papashvily tells it:

"And then His Honesty, big American Judge, leaned over. And what do you think he said to me, ignorant, no speaking language, greenhorn foreigner? . . . 'Young man, I like to shake hands with you.' "

In his own racy style, Mr. Papashvily tells how he and a group of pals cured a young man named Illarion of a mysterious disease known as a "nervous broke-down." Describing the affliction to one of the group, Mr. P. said: "It's American sickness. When your brain ain't interested in you any more."

After consultation with a wise old man, the friends decided on a picnic, at which the invalid would be served with a garlic sauce so strong that "it could make cripples to dance." At first this treatment failed to work. Then a farmer mistook the picnickers for a gang of bootleggers, and opened up on them with a shotgun. . . . When the fight was over, the man with the gun was minus a few teeth, but there were no hard feelings. And Illarion was cured—"that garlic sauce, it cures everything."

In a characteristic passage, Mr. P. says: "We ate fried chicken in our hands, without no forks or plates to interrupt its flavor." . . . I read this broken-English epic through at one sitting, unwilling to "interrupt its flavor."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Price $2.

"THERE is a tacit and subtle collusion between book reviews and the size of the publisher's advertisement," **Franz Werfel** charges in his book of philosophical essays, **Between Heaven and Earth.**

If Mr. Werfel were to come down from his Olympian heights long enough to investigate the facts, he would find that he owes an apology to every important book-review medium in the United States. He would learn that many of the most heavily-advertised books of the past year have had reviews that were literary brush-offs, while others that had puny advertising budgets received enthusiastic reviews, prominently displayed.



Franz Werfel

Mr. Werfel proclaims also: "I am convinced that without modern journalism there would be no modern underworld." Those three words, "I am convinced," are the only proof he offers.

Published by Philosophical Library, New York. Price $3.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

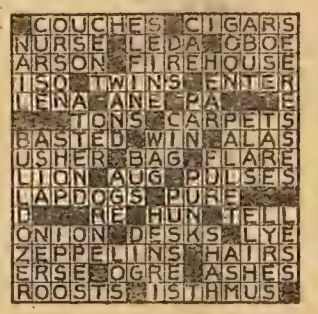
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

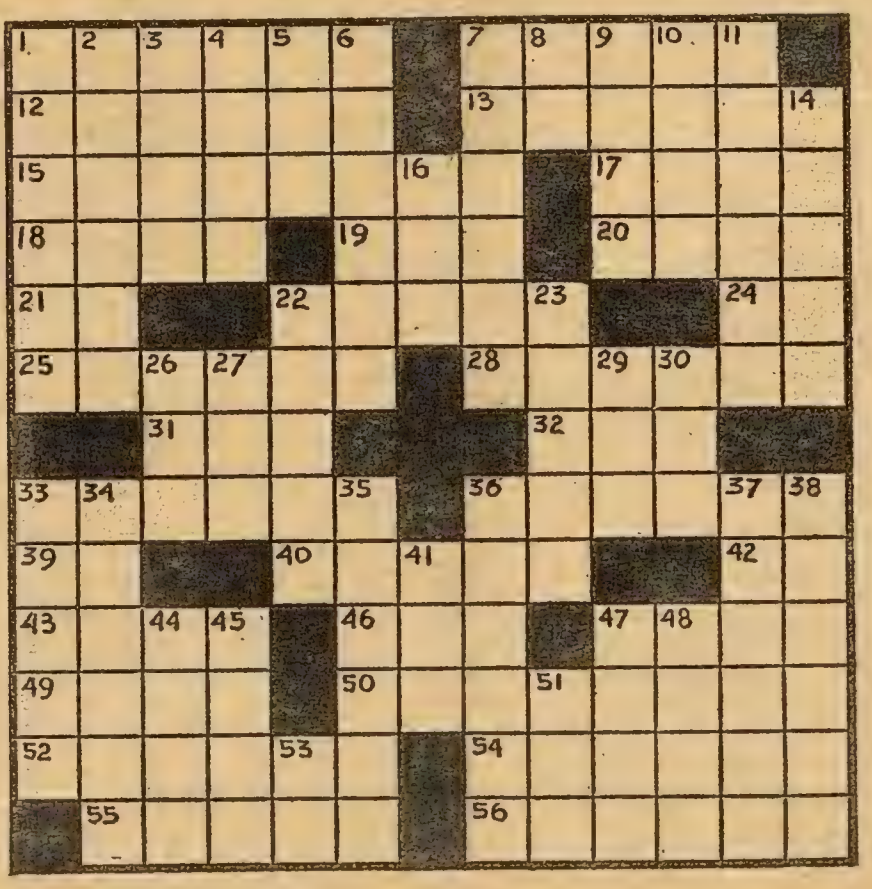
1 What bird is equivalent to beef?
7 Architecture is said to be frozen what?
12 A jungle taxi is a what?
13 What sea has lent its name to footwear?
15 Members of the rising generation would be what?
17 The blush of youth is often caused by what?
18 Most cars have a synchro what drive?
19 $10^2 = ?$
20 Name Zeus' mom
21 Name a kind of Egon
22 Stinky was presumably so named because of his what?
24 Unpublished work
25 What ex-best seller by Helen F. H. Jackson concerned the mission Indians?
28 A drugstore cowboy prefers what day of the week?
31 Timely word
32 What important fish product is not manufactured by lady whales?
33 What kind of waist suggests a sissy?
36 Name Scotland's patron saint
39 Had Queen Victoria used nicknames, she might've called her hubby what?
40 Son calls her eyes peepers, dad called them whats?
42 Whose wife was a Nut?
43 An early best seller of this war was called The what?
46 City of the Portuguese colony, South India
47 What annual English feast is named after a vegetable?
49 What bird is common to Egypt and the Gulf States?
50 The Indian equivalent of football was what?
52 The Jap is but a civilized what?
54 Name the publisher of this magazine
55 Timer (anag.)
56 Cackleberry pitchers would be what?

VERTICAL

1 Pulchritudinous patina would be what?
2 Mexico's great modern painter
3 Name an inventor and maker of elevators
4 What state is known as the Land of the Honey Bee?
5 A plant seedling is called a what?
6 Beethoven's Third Symphony's called the what?
7 Name a member of a long-existing secret society (pl.)
8 Ancient city of Sumer
9 Cicatrix
10 A noodle tickle would be a what?
11 The *acme in* French entertainment (anag.)
14 Desist
16 John Doe's pal is known as Richard who?
22 What's a periwinkle?
23 Individual acts on a vaudeville show are whats?
26 Bickering bipeds
27 *Rot,* it's worthless! (anag.)
29 In boxing the winning decision is called the what?
30 Common German male article
33 Helen of Troy's boy friend was who?
34 That midnight choo-choo left for where?
35 Name a well-known young flier
36 *A cheap* French dance (anag.)
37 Miss Take's best friend is her what?
38 What ballplayers were known as Big Poison and Little Poison? (pl.)
41 Extinct three-toed bird, ten feet high
44 The square root of 25 is what?
45 Name a caviar-scented ex-dictator
47 Name one of our leading aces
48 The British Royal House is also called the what-Guelphs?
51 Name an important item of Hitler's diet
53 Name the world's most famous Joe



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Rollers to the rescue



It takes more than a heavy load to stop ingenious American youngsters. They'll find a couple of round logs—slip them under that dinghy—and in no time at all have it high and dry. That's the simple principle General Motors long has used to ease heavy burdens—both in peace and in war. Like this:

* * *

Since the earliest days of General Motors, its engineers have worked continuously to cut down friction and multiply power. Not only in cars and trucks, but wherever shafts turn and wheels roll.

And one of the short cuts in carrying bigger loads at less cost proved to lie in the development and expansion of the roller bearing.

Always trying to make more and better things for more people, GM engineers speeded up the wheels, and incidentally cut the operating costs, of many American industries with these spinning steel rollers. Automobiles, planes, trucks – practically every modern form of transportation owes something of its speed and smoothness to their research in this field.

Then war, a mechanized war, swamped them with a flood of unheard of demands.

Could they make huge roller bearings to take million-pound weights for Navy catapults? Could they make a little roller bearing for a supercharger that would work at 25,000 revolutions per minute? (Yes, that's right – *per minute!*) Could they design and manufacture roller bearings in enormous quantities for fast new planes, swift new tanks, new types of ships? Starting from scratch?

Yes, they could. And they did. The planes in the skies, the convoys on the seas, the tank and truck columns striking out on land bear witness that the great emergency was well met.

Once more, American techniques built up in peacetime proved their value in war.

The nation's vast reservoir of industrial skills and knowledge was more than ready when the time for action came. It was ready because of the American way of providing opportunity and rewarding the enterprise of men who wanted to build a better land.

For the same reason, this skill and knowledge will be ready for the great job of helping to build the better world for which America has worked and fought.



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DEPENDABLE

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Buy More and More War Bonds Until the Day of Victory

CAN WE AVOID ANOTHER DEPRESSION?

Continued from Page 15

government itself, one to be owned by private business under government direction, the third to be left to private initiative. This, of course, is so drastic that an attempt to compare it with Britain's program or our many proposals is futile. But it shows that France has most conclusively come around to the idea that poverty is expensive. In a few short years the peoples of the world have come to the war-inspired realization that unemployment is a disease of a nation just as tuberculosis is a disease of an individual. And curing one seems as important as curing the other.

Though America has not as yet charted a definite course, the President, in his most famous pre-election speech, did propose a postwar goal of "60,000,000 jobs," and thereby raised the debate to a national level. But even if Congress takes action to help achieve that aim, both it and the President will be way behind you and me. A poll of the nation many months ago revealed that every income group demands co-operative planning by government, business, and labor for peacetime stability. In virtually every Labor Day speech this past September, union leaders condemned the do-nothing policy of Congress. Even our city and state governments are far ahead of Washington on this key issue.

IN New York City alone, for instance, 688 public-works projects costing $1,300,000,000, and capable of employing 200,000 men and women, can be started as soon as Congress gives the signal. In Chicago a billion-dollar public-works schedule has been drawn up. In Detroit, the figure is over the quarter-billion-dollar mark; in Cleveland, close to it.

Pennsylvania has plans to improve or create more than 175 airports. California is looking forward to expansion of hospitals, colleges, and state buildings. Reforestation is slated from New Hampshire to Oregon. Idaho is preparing to reclaim its arid lands. And so it goes. More than two thirds of all cities of 10,000 or more population are planning postwar public works. At least $4,500,000,000 will be spent by local representatives on these necessary projects in the first five peacetime years.

When a man works an hour building a road, some other men must work two and one half hours in mines, forests, and factories to give him his materials. In short, if 2,000,000 are busy on construction in the first postwar years, 5,000,000 others will be directly employed as a result. What's more, every dollar spent on public housing always has encouraged the spending of several other dollars by private investors.

One of the most paradoxical things that has happened to us in the past is that government spending always has fallen off in depressions, risen in prosperity periods. When industry failed to provide enough jobs to go around, government helped make matters worse! Between 1925 and 1929 we spent two billion dollars a year on public works; but in 1933, when we were at the bottom, we spent only $1,300,000,000. And, contrary to the general impression about Washington's "priming the pump" program, it wasn't until 1939 that our total federal, state, and local spending reached the level of the late '20s.

But common sense tells us that public spending should be greatest when business spending is declining, and vice versa. We don't need large-scale aid from the government in the form of road building

(*Continued on page 50*)



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Sealy

MATTRESS

"Like Sleeping on a Cloud"



SEALY INC. 666 LAKESHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

(*Continued from page 48*)

or school development in the middle of today's war boom. It would be downright silly for the government to spend heavily when there is enough private activity to provide all the jobs wanted. However, we might well need a shot in the arm six months or a year after the war.

The broad agreement among leaders in every field on the basic ways to keep our wartime prosperity is one of the most striking, most heartening signs we have. Take the question of taxes, for instance. Every labor official, business man, government spokesman admits they must go down as much and as quickly as possible after the war. Tax cuts will take off the brakes on our spending, will give industry the incentives to risk money for profit. The more you and I spend, the more business spends, the more jobs there will be.

Consider, too, the question of our buying and selling abroad. It's obvious that more Americans will have jobs if we increase our foreign trade, for they'll be producing the goods to be shipped abroad. Every group today recognizes that we must have markets and buyers outside our own borders to maintain our own prosperity and lift up the standards of the world.

Or go on to the question of social security. Maybe you'd expect labor unions and Washington officials to be in favor of broadening this system, but when the United States Chamber of Commerce, representing hundreds of thousands of industrialists, comes out for a "modernized and expanded" system and urges extension of social security to all employees not now covered, the news assumes major importance. Once more agreement crosses all classes.

IN each major group in our country there are outstanding men who are leading the fight for planning. In Washington, for instance, there is Harry Hopkins, who as one of the President's closest advisers has tremendous power among our public officials. Hopkins has an eight-point program to preserve our American system by making it provide the jobs for all who want to and can work.

To be specific, he urges:

Expansion of our social-security system to cover more people and give all higher and more lasting benefits;

Removal of the excess-profits tax on business, repeal of double taxation on corporations, and creation of special tax incentives to encourage new and small business;

Elimination of all taxes, direct and indirect, on Americans earning less than fifteen dollars a week;

Long-term loans of several billions a year to foreign nations to aid their development and, thus, their ability to buy our goods;

An increase in minimum wages to at least fifty cents an hour to start, and gradually to sixty cents an hour;

An intensified drive against monopolies;

Government support of farm prices, if and when such support becomes necessary.

As Hopkins speaks for a large number of officials in government, so William B. Benton, vice-president of the University of Chicago and vice-chairman of the Committee for Economic Development, speaks for tens of thousands of American industrialists. Benton recently laid down the first and only statement of policy for the CED, which means a policy of 50,000 business men in 2,000 cities and towns from coast to coast.

To be specific, he recommends that:

Private business should be given all the chance possible to provide the necessary jobs, but if and when it fails, government enterprise should step in;

(*Continued on page 67*)



Fine 18" x 13" full-color enlargement of this painting sent on request while supply lasts. Write for Litho graph M to Electric Boat Co., P.O. Box 69, New York 8, N. Y., enclosing 10c for postage and handling

CONNING THE Kill

A mighty U.S. submarine goes in for a better view of her victim. A moment ago she sent her torpedoes lashing into the flanks of another enemy warship, adding one more irreparable loss to the dwindling Jap fleet.

The Japs hate our submarines, and fear them; and no wonder! Submarine sinkings now total more than 900! In the historic naval engagement during our invasion of the Philippines, U.S. submarines first made contact with the enemy fleet. Big Jap cruisers and a carrier were their part of the kill. After the battle, the communiques paid special tribute to the work of the subs. In fact, a high naval official has recently said that "The submarines deserve the lion's share of the credit for knocking the props from under Japan's conquest."

Meanwhile, thousands of Japs are trapped on the very islands they stole in the early days of the war. Bottled up, cut off from supplies of food, ammunition and reinforcements, they are left to wither on the vine, as our advancing Pacific front sweeps forward, striking at key points closer to Tokyo.

With the help of the Navy, Electric Boat Company developed U.S. submarines from the crude early models of 1900 to the present big, efficient, long-range ships. And Electric Boat Company now builds more submarines than any other shipbuilder in the United States.



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QUEEN CITY OF THE ARCTIC

Continued from Page 22

right men to go out and unearth the hidden riches.

"They are now building a railroad up here. This is the only ice-free coast of Russia. Once the railroad is completed, a great port will grow up at this very spot. It will become a great city, the Queen City of the Arctic. And in it there will be a place for men with brains."

He was right about the place for men with brains, as he was about a great many other things. He is now Nikolai Yefimovich, a political power in Murmansk Province, a man who has as much to say in defense matters as military and naval leaders. For the part which he played in the organization of Murmansk's defense against the Nazi army of Colonel General Dietl he was to be given the rank of lieutenant general, but he declined the honor. "I am too small," he said. "I would cut a ridiculous figure in a general's uniform."

The Nazi failure to secure possession of Murmansk was as great a factor in their losing the war as were their failures before Leningrad and Stalingrad. Murmansk and its railroad remained the one great supply line over which lend-lease armaments kept flowing to the northern sectors of the long Russian front. Even the lifting of the siege of Leningrad was due largely to the flow of supplies over the Murmansk life line.

As elsewhere in Russia, the Germans tried hard before Murmansk. Their air squadrons based on Finnish and Norwegian soil made Murmansk one of the worst-bombed cities of the war. At one time they even managed to take possession of a strip of the all-important Murmansk Railroad in the vicinity of Kandalaksha, and it was generally thought that Russia's northern life line was a thing of the past.

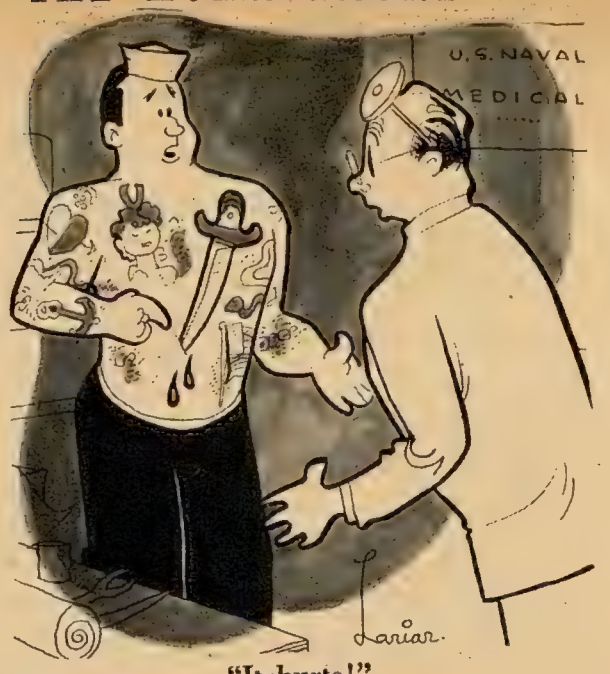
But, as elsewhere in Russia, the Germans before Murmansk proved themselves incapable of that 100-per-cent effort which tips the scales. Here, too, a large part of the German failure was due to Hitler's ill-conceived strategy. Like Rommel in Africa, General Dietl kept asking for reinforcements that would have enabled him to achieve his objective. Also like Rommel, he did not get them; they were being sacrificed on the Ukraine plains.

"THIS man Hitler," said Nikolai Yefimovich, "has done our country untold harm. But it is also owing to him and his mistakes that we were able to hold out and then turn the tables on him. Dietl had good air support and for a while Murmansk was a part of hell. Half the city was laid in ruins and our civilian bombing casualties alone exceeded forty thousand, or one fifth of the population.

"But Dietl had no armor. Two Panzer divisions would have written finis to Murmansk. Dietl was not given any. His army consisted largely of Alpine troops, which proved inadequate against the kind of defense that we succeeded in putting up. When he had puffed himself out and his air squadrons were depleted, we took the offensive."

The Russians recovered the vital part of the railroad two months after the Germans had taken possession of it. They held to it grimly in the face of all later German attacks. Eventually they pushed on. They disproved the Nazi contention that no armor could be used to advantage in this arctic region. They drove through Finland into Norwegian territory, and at this writing they are well on their way to clearing northern Norway of the Nazi invaders.

THE HOME FRONT



"It hurts!"

Murmansk and the Kola peninsula are of vital importance not only as Russia's ice-free link with the outer world: the district has played an essential part in Russia's war effort as a source of important raw materials. When Mushka repeated the ancient Lapp tale of untold treasures buried deep under the arctic snow, he was telling a literal truth.

Khibin Mountain and the adjoining range represent the greatest apatite deposit in the world, with an established ore reserve of more than two billion tons. It is the high-grade superphosphate fertilizer obtained here from apatite which has made collective farming in the Soviet Union such an outstanding success. Along with the apatite are even more abundant deposits of nepheline-syenite, which provides aluminum. The Red air fleet has been built up largely with aluminum from the Khibin mines. The development of water power throughout the region has greatly contributed to the success of the mines.

Near Monchegorsk are important nickel and copper reserves. Large-scale mining of them awaits only the war-delayed completion of a branch line from the Murmansk Railroad. Near by are also deposits of magnetite iron ore which tend to make this region one of Russia's important steel centers, especially since newly-discovered coal deposits promise to make Murmansk Province independent of the coal currently imported from Spitsbergen.

Like Alaska, Kola peninsula lies largely within the Arctic zone. Also like Alaska in relation to the United States, it is 1,000 miles distant from the nearest important Russian population centers. The larger part of this distance is snow-covered tundra. With the exception of the extreme northern coast line, which is washed by the Gulf Stream drift, the same climatic conditions prevail as in Alaska. The great difference is that from some 10,000 souls scattered over an arctic wilderness the population of Murmansk Province has grown to more than 700,000, all within the past fifteen years.

Around the desolate spot where I first met Mushka in 1915 there is now one of Russia's most thriving cities—Murmansk, with a population nearing the quarter-million mark. Its new piers of wartime construction extend far into Kola Bay, with sufficient space for the docking of large ocean liners. Its naval base, which serves the former U. S. S. Milwaukee and other war vessels transferred to the Red Navy, is one of the most modern and best protected in the world. Its wide avenues still bear the scars of Nazi air attacks, but even in the air fury they visited on the city the Germans have been responsible for great improvements: wooden buildings have disappeared and are being replaced by modern structures of brick and concrete. Devastated city blocks are being converted into parks.

"When we first started out," explained Nikolai Yefimovich, "we had to do things in a great hurry. Some city quarters just grew up haphazardly because we had to house the influx of population. Now Murmansk will be reconstructed as a strictly modern city and everything will have its proper place."

He showed where work was proceeding on the foundation for an opera house with a seating capacity of more than 2,000. Like all political leaders throughout the U. S. S. R., Nikolai Yefimovich wants his country, and his city in particular, to go "cultural" in a big way. Proudly he led the way to the central square and exhibited plans for the construction of a beautiful church.

"Yes," he said, "Murmansk will have its cathedral. As a member of the Communist Party, I am of course a nonbeliever, but that is a strictly personal matter. There are those among our citizens who have need for religious service, especially the ones who feel they must pray for the souls of near relatives killed in this war. The Soviet sees no reason why they should not be given what they want. And when Murmansk builds its cathedral, it will be a cathedral!"

IN 1915 I had changed reindeer teams at an isolated relay station near Lake Imandra. The operator of the station, an old Lapp, had said there wasn't a habitation for twenty-five miles, and that about the only time he saw human faces was when the reindeer mail came through once a week.

The old Lapp and his primitive station are no longer there. Around that once desolate spot extends Kirovsk, a modern city of 75,000 people, most of whom work for the near-by Khibin mines. The Khibin properties have been developed during the past ten years. Ordinary freight trains with electrical traction are loaded in the very heart of the mountain and carry the ore through brightly-lighted underground galleries into the open and to electro-chemical reduction plants. For many miles to the north, south, and east of Kirovsk extend modern industrial developments. When General Dietl's army failed to press forward in this region, the Nazis fell short of conquering an industrial empire.

At the outset the new settlers of Kola peninsula found themselves reduced to a diet of fish and more fish. Fresh vegetables especially were unobtainable, except for a trickle from poorly-producing farms more than 600 miles to the south. But today the region around Kirovsk is strewn with experimental farms. In the long hours of summer sunshine of low intensity, with practically no night for weeks, vegetables develop large leaves. Cabbages grown here, for example, are of giant size. And Murmansk, 300 miles beyond the Arctic Circle, is growing tomatoes.

But all this is merely a beginning. Murmansk, the Soviet Union's gateway to the open Atlantic, has a brilliant future. Already by far the largest city in the Arctic zone, it is growing by leaps and bounds. It is the center of a rich industrial region whose great potentialities have only begun to show. Truly, there are immense treasures buried underneath that arctic snow.

Murmansk also has the people who make empires—men with imagination and vision and go. Men like Nikolai Yefimovich, alias Mushka the Dreamer, who dreamed of a Queen City of the Arctic and lived to see his dream come true.

THE END



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FACE TO FACE
RECEPTION

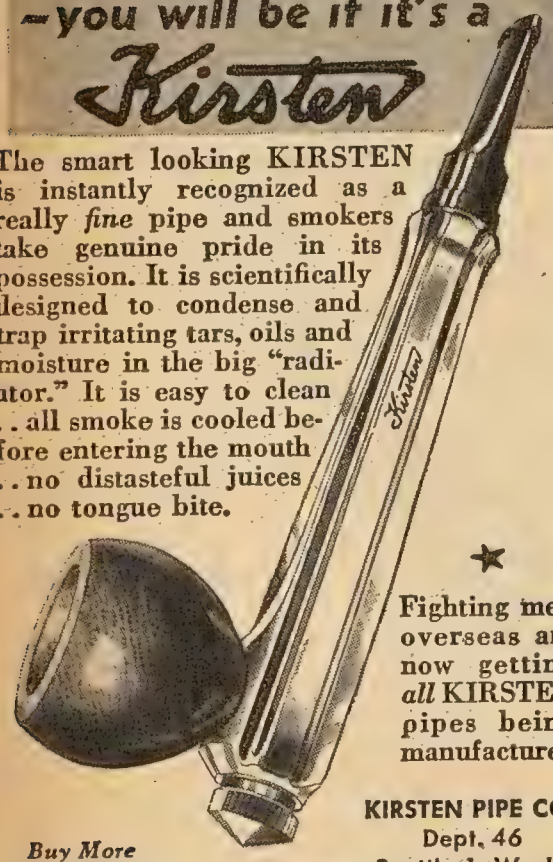
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HEART SURGERY: NOW IT CAN BE DONE

Continued from Page 10

the exception of those emergencies mentioned earlier in the article. The preparations for the heart operation on this girl took many months.

To decrease the swelling in her body, she was given mercupurin, which stimulates the kidneys; her fluid intake was cut down and the salt in her diet reduced in order to free the body of excess fluid. The amount of blood her heart was pumping was ingeniously measured. The patient breathed acetylene gas while samples of her expired breath were taken at intervals of eighteen and twenty-five seconds. An analysis of this exhaled air revealed how much of the gas was getting into the blood stream, a fact which, when substituted in an esoteric formula, showed how much blood the girl's heart was pumping—the alarmingly low amount of twenty cubic centimeters on each beat. The venous pressure—the blood pressure in the swollen veins of the girl's neck—was taken. It was abnormally high—250 millimeters. The speed of the blood circulation was timed by injecting a bile salt called decholin in the girl's arm and clocking its journey through her veins to the heart, and finally, by way of her arteries, to her mouth. Sixteen seconds elapsed before she tasted it.

Finally, after adequate medical preparations, the fifteen-year-old girl was ready for the heart surgery that might give her a new life.

It did. Carefully, skillfully, the surgeon worked around the heart muscle, cutting away the thickened pericardium, providing space in which the heart could contract and expand. Even while the girl was still on the operating table, under ether and oxygen, her heart, freed from the vise, was beginning to improve the condition of her undeveloped body.

JUST one day after this long operation on her heart this girl felt well enough to eat, though confined to an oxygen tent which eased the work of her lungs and heart.

Now, after the operation, another check was made. This time the bile salt, impelled by a rejuvenated heart, took only ten seconds to get from arm to mouth, instead of sixteen; the venous pressure in the neck had dropped from 250 millimeters to a normal 100 millimeters. Finally, as the heart moved with new freedom, it pumped forty-five cubic centimeters of blood with each beat instead of twenty.

Pictures taken before and after the operation revealed an astonishing transformation, as the cured patient's body, released from the blight of the calcified heart, developed into the figure of a normal healthy young girl.

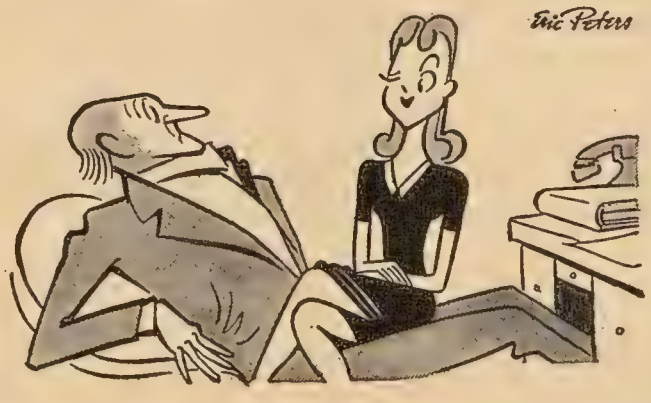
Surgery for "stone heart" is long, careful, hard work. It takes about an hour for the surgeon to get into the operating area through a large U-shaped incision in the chest, a "window" created by removing several small pieces of rib. Through this opening the surgeon reaches the pericardium, the sac that holds the heart. Then, with consummate care, in order not to cut any of the vital vessels that carry blood in and out of the heart muscle, the surgeon slits open the pericardium, making what he calls a "cleavage plane." Finally he starts a long and delicate dissection of the hardened and diseased membrane, which may be as tough as leather or as hard as a bull's horn and possibly three eighths of an inch thick.

OPERATIONS for stone heart have been and are being performed by surgeons in many cities, notably by Dr. Churchill at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, Dr. Alfred Blalock, formerly at the Vanderbilt University Hospital, Dr. C. S. Beck at the Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, and Dr. S. W. Harrington at the Mayo Clinic.

These and other heart surgeons have found that your heart is a surprisingly tough organ. It can stand an astonishing amount of pulling and tugging from a surgeon's instrument, can be massaged by a surgeon's finger in a rubber glove, can be stitched up, stabbed with a needle, primed with adrenalin, and generally treated as though it were not the forbidden fruit surgeons had believed it to be.

In some abdominal operations, surgeons confronted by a heart that has stopped beating have reached up under the ribs and massaged the vital organ to get it going again. America's appalling number of prewar auto accidents produced "steering-wheel heart": the driver's chest caved in under the violent impact of the wheel. But even under these crushing circumstances the stout heart often survived.

The heartbeat or impulse originates in a special bit of tissue called the sinus node



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

SECRETARRY: She likes to stick around after five thirty.

CIGREGRETTE: Sorry, but we have none.

INKUBATOR: Place to keep your new fountain pen.

LACKTURE: Chester Bowles speaking on shortages.

QUAIN'T: Isn't strange, isn't pleasing.

IV CEPS: Used by a Latin dentist to extract molars.

EYESORE LATIONIST: An internationalist hates to look at him.

KEROSCENE: Place where they distill petroleum.

POST CRYPT: Vault for keeping extra letters.

SEACRET: Private naval information.

which is situated in the right auricle of the heart. The sinus node is called the pacemaker of the heart. What starts the sinus node sending out its impulses is a problem which up to now has not been solved.

Expanding and contracting in the fluid-lubricated sac called the pericardium, the heart pumps blood through the body, blood that surges through veins and arteries, giving its vital oxygen to the tissues. Returning to the right side of the heart through the veins, the blood is pumped through the lungs, replenishing its oxygen from inhaled air, flows on into the heart's left auricle, and is again pumped out to the tissues.

This process does not work before birth. In its barest outline this is how it works: Because the blood of the fetus does not have to pick up oxygen in its lungs, nature sidetracks the blood through a tube-shaped channel with the complicated name of *patent ductus arteriosus*. This is a sort of shuttle connecting the lower end of the lung artery to the aorta, the body's main blood supply vessel.

When the fetus emerges from the womb to become a child, this tube-shaped channel normally shrivels. But sometimes it doesn't close completely, and a leak develops as blood trickles out of the opening. This not only makes the heart do four or five times its normal work, which may result in heart failure, but provides a vulnerable point for an attack by germs, especially the streptococcus, which may set up an infection known as subacute bacterial endocarditis.

UP until a few years ago this condition was incurable. Then Dr. Robert Gross, a Boston heart surgeon, planned and executed a surgical attack, cutting his way in through the ribs, clipping off the faulty tube with clamps, to prevent blood from leaking, and closing off the end of the useless duct with a loop of tape. Surgical history had been made. Not much time elapsed before heart surgeon Arthur Touroff of Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York, successfully performed a similar operation on a young woman who faced death because of an infection in a tube that had become a menace. Special cellophane tape is now used to tie off the superfluous duct because the cellophane produces more scar tissue, makes a firmer seal on the plugged leak.

In the field of heart surgery, one of the most extraordinary feats was performed by Dr. Claude Beck of Cleveland. Beck decided that something surgical might be done to remedy the crippling pain of angina. His plan was to create new blood vessels to supplement and take the place of the narrowed and hardened arteries that were debilitating the victim.

The heart is an island supplied by arteries. Through these arteries flows the blood which the heart pumps to keep the body functioning. Sometimes these arteries become impaired; angina is the result.

Dr. Beck's dramatic plan was to encourage the growth of new blood vessels onto the heart muscle, using a strip of pectoral muscle of the chest as a supply channel. Like all good surgeons trying a new technique, Beck first practiced on animals. Finally he judged himself ready. The patient was a forty-eight-year-old farm laborer, of whom Beck wrote: "As it required something of the heroic spirit to submit to this operation on the heart never before done, I wish for this reason to mention the name of the patient, Joseph Krchmar of Chardon, Ohio. Eight months after the operation, he [Krchmar] was employed about the hospital grounds as a gardener, able to perform work without pain or discomfort."

Meanwhile another heart surgeon, Dr. Samuel Thompson of Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals, New York, was working out another technique to help those suffering from angina. Surgeon Thompson calculated that the pericardium itself might provide enough new blood vessels if grafted onto the heart to ease the pain of angina. His technique was as follows: The pericardium was nicked, the fluid was sucked out through a rubber tube, and two teaspoonfuls of a special talc were sprinkled on the heart muscle. Inflamed and swollen by this talc, the heart became glued to the pericardium. From earlier animal experiments, this led him to think that the heart might derive a sufficient supply of blood to wipe out the torturing pain of angina.

The English heart surgeon, the late Dr. O'Shaughnessy, approached the problem in another way. He brought loops of omentum—lining tissue—from the abdominal cavity into the chest through openings in the diaphragm, and then through openings in the pericardium, and stitched them to the heart—in order that the rich blood supply of the omentum might be relayed to the heart muscle. Unfortunately for the perfection of his technique, the brilliant Dr. O'Shaughnessy was killed in the Dunkirk evacuation.

ALL these operations designed to increase the blood supply to the heart muscle are in the early stage of development. They hold promise for the relief of those suffering from angina pectoris. But before the operations are generally performed, careful observation for an adequate time will have to be made of the patients who have already been treated.

Many other surgeons have shown great courage, skill, and ingenuity in operating. Ingenious is the word for an operation done by Dr. Arthur Blakemore at New York's Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, where still another surgeon, Dr. George Humphreys, has performed surgical marvels on the heart. Blakemore's work, while not precisely surgery, calls for an equal amount of audacious dexterity. It is used on heart patients who have developed an aneurism, a bulge in the aorta, the main blood supply vessel. This bulge, somewhat like a rubber blister on an inner tube, may be caused by syphilis, hardening of the arteries, or a congenital condition. The bulge swells, sometimes even pushing its way through the ribs, the vessel is stretched and thinned, and the pain becomes acute as the danger to the patient increases.

To strengthen the thinned wall of the big blood vessels and reduce the bulge, Dr. Blakemore pierces the chest with a needle threaded with a long thin electrically-charged wire. Skillfully coiled in the bulge of the aorta, this electric wire coagulates the blood in the bulge, reinforcing the thin stretched wall. To the patient this treatment generally brings a blissful relief from terrible pain. Dr. Blakemore has now treated more than a hundred patients this way. The results are favorable and promising.

Not many decades have passed—a short time in medicine—since surgeons in North America and Europe first undertook the surgical treatment of diseases of the heart. With skill and daring a group of great heart surgeons have made great progress in this field and saved many lives.

The awe and fear with which an operation on the heart once filled both patient and doctor are gradually being dispelled, and along with them the ignorance which in the past attributed the physical devastation caused by "stone heart" to cirrhosis of the liver, and deaths from angina to "acute indigestion" is being dispelled also.

THE END

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THE GENTLE MARINE

Continued from Page 23

ranged the incredible—a shower out of a steel cask, so that the girls could be clean and fresh each morning and also each evening after the day's work.

When word got around that the girls ate at the table with the doctors and the *sensei* himself, that there was a shower, that they were treated with respect and impartiality, there was a rush of volunteers. Because the work was more than the present staff could handle, the five-girl limit was waived and the volunteers were accepted. One of the first was a Japanese girl named Yoshiko. After Joe talked to her, he turned to the major and said, "This will be a good girl. I vouch for it."

The next morning Yoshiko did not show up. Joe felt humiliated. He went to the camp and found her sitting forlornly on the ground among the other civilians. She had on only an old torn skirt and a towel wound around her chest. The dress worn the previous day had been borrowed for the occasion. She had no other garments and had been ashamed to come to work without decent clothing.

From a warehouse, Joe got an armful of clothes for her as "hospital issue." Later, he requisitioned skirts and blouses and underclothes for others of the girls. Yoshiko came to work. The next day she brought a friend. They proved to be among the best of the nurses.

The number of girls who volunteered swelled rapidly until finally there were forty-five nurses in all. Magdalena was No. 1, in charge of the hospital routine. She was Joe Berger's good (and pretty) right arm. Terechan, a Japanese, was No. 1 girl over the volunteer nurses. The number of civilians to be cared for (mostly Japanese, a few Koreans and Chamorros) also multiplied, as hundreds surrendered daily. They came streaming in—unwashed and filthy from hiding in marshes or crouching in caves, bleeding, with broken bones, shocked, grief-dazed, and often starving. Many old men were brought in. Some of them could not rise. Joe Berger lay on the ground beside them, put an ear to their lips, and got from them the information that the doctors and the island authorities needed.

JOE BERGER, the forty-five girl volunteers, the doctors, and corpsmen worked twelve to fourteen hours at a stretch, slept a few hours, worked again.

A typical case served by the hospital was that of a woman brought in with her throat slashed. Joe asked her whether Japanese or American soldiers had done it. She tried to speak, but blood gushed out. He asked her to write her answer, but she could not grasp the pencil strongly enough. Finally he wrote out the Japanese characters meaning "American soldier" and "Japanese soldier," and placed the pencil in her finger. The staff stood around while she painfully drew a circle around "Japanese soldier." She got worse and died. Another girl, very beautiful, was brought in, also with her throat slashed. But she recovered and became one of the forty-five volunteer nurses.

Still another Japanese woman had been stabbed and her two small children slashed. At first she blamed American troops, but her story showed contradictions. Finally Magdalena and one of the Japanese nurses got the real facts and reported them to Joe. The woman had wanted to surrender to the Americans, but her husband had refused to let her. They had quarreled, and he had stabbed and slashed her and the children. She had hidden the truth be-

Is a wife to blame

IF SHE DOESN'T KNOW--



these intimate physical facts?

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cause it would have been shameful to reveal that she had dared contest her husband's will.

A constant stream of such unfortunates flowed through the hospital. A girl slowly dying of lockjaw demanded through clenched teeth that the *sensei*, Joe, sit by her. A husband whose wife was dying was prepared for the shock by the *sensei*, then consoled in his bereavement. One good-looking girl, brought to the operating table, swore to the *sensei* that if her leg were amputated she would cut her throat with scissors. Before she would allow herself to be put under the anesthetic, he had to assure her that the doctor would not amputate. Later, Joe was shocked to learn that it had been necessary to amputate both legs.

ONE evening the nurse Yoshiko, who had been orphaned by the battle of Saipan, came to Joe's tent.

"What future is there for me here, *sensei?*" she asked him. "Take me with you to Hawaii when you go back. I will do anything for you, if you will take me away from here."

"That isn't possible, Yoshiko, although I deeply appreciate what you have said. I have a wife in the United States whom I love very much, and I cannot take you, although I wish I could help you in some way."

"Please ask them to allow you to take me to Hawaii."

Joe couldn't convince her that it was impossible; that, in any event, civilians were not to be removed from Saipan. Every day she followed him, found little things she could do to bring herself to his attention, asked for extra duties. And she never failed to repeat: "Remember, you are taking me to Hawaii." It grieved him to see her clinging to such false hopes, but she was a good nurse, and to have disillusioned her too strongly might have broken her morale. She thought she was going back to Hawaii with the Marines right to the day Joe and his unit departed. Then she burst into tears and could not be solaced.

The amphibious assault on Tinian saw Joe Berger landing to establish his own kind of beachhead. He fought with junior commissioned officers for permission to allow Japanese and Korean civilians to construct decent sanitary facilities. He organized another volunteer nurse corps. He gave water out of his canteen to the crippled and old. He gave his K rations to the volunteer nurses, who carried them as great prizes to their parents and relatives living at the civilian camp. And in the course of all this he contracted a fungus affliction, so that for weeks after his return from the Marianas his body and hands and feet were grotesquely discolored by the medicines prescribed to cure it.

A high-ranking Army officer told the marine, "I think you've done more than any man on Saipan or Tinian to build good will for America among the people who live here." And later the officer in charge of the garrison area of Saipan wrote him: "Your unselfish conduct, your untiring energy and patient consideration of the suffering civilians deserve the thanks of the command, which I now extend to you."

Joe Berger's face glowed as he read those words. "Now," he said hopefully, "maybe I'll make corporal. Then I won't have to do mess duty on the ship when we move out again."

Then he dropped his eyes to the Chinese grammar on the desk before him. The unusual marine had already started to prepare himself for new beachheads in the not-too-distant future.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

AFTER quite a few arguments, I am writing you to find out about the wearing of bronze stars on campaign ribbons as it applies to the Navy and Seabees. I contend that you have to be in actual contact with the enemy. The others say that isn't necessary.

R. S. B., SF 3/c, New Guinea.

To be entitled to a battle star, you must have been under fire—that is, you must have been present with a unit at the time and place of an officially-recognized engagement with the enemy. Operations and engagements officially recognized for battle stars are listed in the Navy Department Semi-Monthly Bulletin, September 15, 1944.



Under fire

Please reprint the list of decorations.

Mrs. S. M. P., Warrensburg, Mo.

Here it is, in order of precedence, up to date:
(1) Medal of Honor, (2) Marine Corps Brevet Medal, (3) Distinguished Service Cross, (4) Navy Cross, (5) Distinguished Service Medal, (6) Legion of Merit, (7) Silver Star, (8) Distinguished Flying Cross, (9) Soldier's Medal, (10) Navy and Marine Corps Medal, (11) Bronze Star Medal, (12) Air Medal, (13) Purple Heart, (14) Medal for Merit, (15) Good Conduct or Navy Commendation, (16) Gold and Silver Life Saving Medal.

* * *

In what positions should the service ribbons be worn—for example, the Theater of Operation, Before Pearl Harbor, and Good Conduct? Many G. I.s ask this question at our service center.

Mrs. E. P. R., Portland, Oreg.

Ribbons representing decorations come first, from the wearer's right to left, in the order of precedence shown above, in Old Sarge's answer to Mrs. S. M. P. Of the ribbons you name, Good Conduct is a decoration and would come first, followed by campaign ribbons in the order of the service performed.

* * *

In the January 13 issue you answered a question covering distribution of overseas packages which were not deliverable because the addressees were missing in action. It might help to know that if overseas packages containing food show as the return address the Commanding Officer of the unit to which the serviceman is assigned, the package, if undeliverable, will be distributed to the other men in the unit. As an example, the following, in place of the usual return address, would permit distribution of the contents of a package to the other men of Battery A:

From Miss Jane Doe,
c/o Commanding Officer,
Btry A, 1000th F. A. Bn., APO 1,
c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

W. H., Edgewood Arsenal, Md.

Most people would prefer to have packages of food delivered to the other men in the company if they can't be delivered to the man they are sent to, and this is a good way to say so. Other packages should bear your name and return address as usual.

* * *

We understood a soldier's wife is exempt from paying income tax up to $1,200 a year, outside her allotment, but my wife's employer tells her she is not exempt at all. We don't make much money and we really need that other she has to pay out.

Pfc L. Q., Parvin State Park, N. J.

The present tax is more complex than that, but I think it will be better for you. Since your pay as pfc falls within the $1,500 pay exclusion allowed to servicemen and is therefore tax-free, on a joint return your wife can claim up to $1,000 surtax exemption allowed to married persons, in addition to her $500 normal tax exemption. As the normal tax is 3 per cent and the surtax ranges from 20 to 90 per cent, it is this surtax exemption that counts.

* * *

My husband is a staff sergeant and has just been shipped overseas. Can you tell me what per cent raise he gets?

Mrs. S. L., Findlay, O.

He will get an additional 20 per cent of his base pay for as long as he is on oversea duty.

* * *

I joined the National Guard July 15, 1938, and served until September 1, 1939. Could my National Guard service now be entered in my records, and could I receive longevity pay for it?

C. A. M., Jr., Naval Training School, Noroton Heights, Conn.

Yes—if you were on active duty in a federally-recognized unit. Write the Adjutant General of the National Guard in the state in which you served for a certificate of discharge. This will show the nature of your service, and on presentation to the Commanding Officer of your present unit you will receive the credit for longevity to which you are entitled.

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JUAN FINDS GOLD

Continued from Page 29

shake it off. At last he succeeded, the chair flying across the room.

"Diablo!" Juan scolded. "You must behave!"

Diablo smirked and sank his muzzle into the washbasin. With two gulps he emptied it. Stepping to one side, he bumped against a beer keg and knocked it to the floor, where it burst. He cocked an eye at the stream of foam-topped liquid, then tasted it experimentally. Raising his head, he snorted in disgust. He did not care for beer. He looked at the bartender.

"He wants another drink," Juan said.

The bartender's face was purple. "Get him out of here!"

"But he is still thirsty."

"Get him out! I'll call the sheriff, I'll call the Rangers, I'll——"

Diablo's ears flattened. He nipped at the spluttering bartender. This, Juan thought, had gone far enough. Seizing Diablo's bridle, he tried to pull him back. "Come, my little pet, you have played enough."

But Diablo was not playing. He shook Juan off and stalked around behind the bar, where he stood studying the various brands of tequila on display. At last he picked up a quart bottle in his mouth, carried it to the washbasin and broke it.

Pandemonium reigned in the barroom now. Men were shouting around Juan, some trying to help him get Diablo away from the washbasin, others interested only in their own personal safety. Juan grew frantic.

He seized Diablo's trailing reins and, bracing himself by putting a foot against the horse's rump, succeeded in pulling his head away from the basin. "*Por Dios*, Diablo, it is not good that a horse should make a pig out of himself!"

Diablo rolled his eyes and regarded him sadly. Then reluctantly but firmly he kicked him across the room.

JUAN was having a peculiar dream. In this dream he was at a bullfight. It was like no bullfight he had ever seen, for there was but one small bull, while a hundred picadors circled around it, sticking banderillas into its head. Juan himself was the bull.

Juan opened his eyes with a groan. He was lying on a hard bunk inside a small cell. His head throbbed. Rosita's uncle Fernando was calling to him.

"Juan! Wake up, Juan!"

Juan got to his feet and went to the cell door. Fernando was in a cell directly across the corridor.

"Hello," Juan said. "Why are we in jail?"

"I do not know," Fernando answered. "The sheriff did not explain."

"Where is Señor Alvarez?"

"Gone to get Rosita. There is a matter of bail to be arranged for the three of us."

Juan scowled. "How can Señor Alvarez go to see Rosita if he is in jail?"

"He was not arrested."

"But you said three—"

"You, myself, and Diablo."

Juan heard a snort in the adjoining cell, followed by a hiccup. Diablo! He wondered if it were legal to arrest a horse.

A door clanged open and shut and Sheriff Hoss Perkins, Señor Alvarez, and Rosita came down the corridor. Rosita shot Juan a look filled with venom.

"I am sorry," he mumbled, "but you see—"

"I will not listen!" Rosita snapped. "Sheriff Perkins, what are the charges?"

Perkins tugged at his mustache. "Well, I ain't stopped to write 'em all down yet, but, roughly speakin', there's disturbin' the peace, destroyin' property, drunkenness in a public place, malicious mischief—"

"Why are you holding Uncle Fernando?"

"Looked like he was halfway respon-ble."

"Sheriff Perkins," Señor Alvarez cut in suavely, "I believe you will find that it was a case of his being in bad company. You see, I invited him and Juan into the saloon for a sociable drink. He had no more idea of starting trouble than I did. And, naturally, you do not hold me responsible for the ensuing disturbance."

"Naturally," Sheriff Perkins nodded.

"So I suggest that you release Señor García. I think you will agree that the blame rests entirely upon Juan and Diablo."

"*I* do not agree," Juan said feelingly. "I am not bad company."

"You are a drunkard and a lazy good-for-nothing!" Rosita exclaimed. "Do as Señor Alvarez says, Sheriff Perkins. I will vouch for my uncle. He is a gentleman."

Sheriff Perkins scratched his head. "Will you put up bail fer Juan an' Diablo?"

"For Diablo, yes. For Juan, no."

Sheriff Perkins unlocked the cells and released Fernando and Diablo. Juan watched as the horse was led away. Diablo was still a trifle drunk, for he weaved from side to side as he walked, hiccuping at regular intervals. Rosita turned to go.

"Rosita!" Juan called.

She stopped, turned. "*Si?*"

"Are you going to leave me in this miserable cell? I will die."

"*Bueno*. I will come to your funeral."

"But, Rosita, what will your uncle Fernando do? How will he get his gold?"

"Señor Alvarez will help him. He has promised to ride with him across the border. That is why I am loaning him Diablo."

Juan stiffened. "I do not want Señor Alvarez to borrow Diablo."

"It makes no difference what you do not want. I have paid Diablo's bail, so it is I who will say what he shall do. Señor Alvarez says that he does not have a pack mule. He can use Diablo."

Juan dropped down on the bunk with a groan as Rosita disappeared. At last he was beginning to see through Señor Alvarez's scheme. From the moment the wealthy landowner had quizzed Juan about the need for spades he had been planning it. He had drawn Fernando out about his cache while showing him around the *hacienda*. In town, he had bought drinks and encouraged Juan to bring Diablo into the saloon, knowing it would cause trouble. Now he was riding into the desert with Fernando, and he, instead of Juan, would make the fifty-sixty split of Fernando's gold.

Life, thought Juan, was bitter. Rosita no longer loved him. Diablo was being turned into a pack mule. And he himself was languishing in this jail cell. He must think hard and discover some way out.

Thinking was difficult in a sitting position, so he stretched out on his back and lay staring up at the ceiling. Twilight came and the cell darkened. He closed his eyes. In a few moments he was snoring gently.

A COMMOTION in the street outside his window awakened him in the gray hour of dawn. A horse was nickering plaintively. An angry voice was exclaiming, "Lazy one, move on! This is not where I wish you to stop!"

Juan got up and stared out the barred window. Diablo, weighed down by two burlap sacks, stood just outside, glaring at Señor Alvarez, who was trying to urge

(*Continued on page 62*)





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DANNY KAYE ON THE AIR EVERY SATURDAY AT 8 P.M. EWT—CBS
WITH HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS

(Continued from page 60)
him on. Fernando was nowhere in sight.

Señor Alvarez dismounted from his horse and walked toward Diablo, waving a whip. "If you do not move on, I will flay every ounce of flesh from your worthless bones!"

Diablo backed up against the jail and bared his teeth. Juan shook the bars in a frenzy. If Señor Alvarez touched Diablo he would tear him into pieces.

"Do not strike Diablo!" he called. "I will take you limb from limb apart to see why you should tick!"

"Try and stop me!" Señor Alvarez sneered.

He was advancing toward the horse when Sheriff Perkins suddenly appeared around the corner. "Whoa, now," the sheriff drawled. "What comes off here?"

"Señor Alvarez's head she will come off if he touches Diablo!" Juan exclaimed.

Señor Alvarez forced a smile. "Good morning, Sheriff Perkins. As you can see, I am having difficulty with this good-for-nothing horse which Rosita loaned me."

"Yeah?" Perkins said.

"I was using him to carry some of my—er—belongings. He refuses to go any farther."

Juan scowled blackly. *Por Dios,* how could Señor Alvarez call the two sacks his? "He lies, Señor Perkins! He stole—"

Sheriff Perkins shot Juan an ironic glance. "Reckon I kin handle this without yore help."

"I demand that you put Diablo under arrest," Señor Alvarez went on. "He will not carry my belongings and he will not let me take them from him. He is a thief."

Sheriff Perkins tugged at his mustache. "I dunno about arrestin' a horse fer stealin'. Nothin' in the lawbook about that."

"You arrested him for disturbing the peace. There is no difference."

"Maybe you're right. You willin' to swear this stuff he's carryin' is yours an' that he unlawfully took and stole it?"

"But of course!"

"Then I reckon I got to do my duty."

Sheriff Perkins drew his gun and advanced toward Diablo. Juan watched.

Diablo backed off a step or so, glaring resentfully at the sheriff. Perkins halted uncertainly. Diablo snorted. Suddenly he lay down on the ground and rolled over, ridding himself of the two sacks. One burst open, revealing two good-sized wooden boxes.

Diablo sniffed at one of the boxes, looked triumphantly at Juan, and raised a foot.

"Stop him!" Señor Alvarez called. "He will spill my gold!"

Sheriff Perkins lunged forward. He was an instant too late. Diablo's foot came down, there was a splintering sound—and the contents of the box flowed out across the ground.

"Madre de Dios!" Juan muttered. "Tequila!"

Señor Alvarez turned very white. Sheriff Perkins gaped at the broken case of tequila, holstered his gun, and grunted, "Well, well, well!" Diablo lowered his head and tried to lap up the spilled contents of a broken bottle.

Perkins knelt and inspected the labels. Señor Alvarez stealthily started to mount his horse. "Just a minute," the sheriff snapped. "You an' me had better have a little palaver. This here is Mexican likker, an' there ain't been no U. S. tax paid on it. Looks like a plain case of smuggling."

"I—I can explain," Señor Alvarez faltered. "You see, it is not mine—"

"You swore just a minute ago thet it was."

Señor Alvarez looked appealingly at the jail window. "Juan can explain. Tell Sheriff Perkins, my friend Juan, that this tequila is not mine."

Juan smiled. "Sheriff Perkins said that he did not need my help."

"But you do not understand! I will be thrown into jail! Think of my honor."

Juan yawned. "I am still sleepy. I think I will go back to bed."

Sheriff Perkins inspected the contents of the other sack. In it were two more cases of un-tax-paid Mexican tequila. As he put the handcuffs on Señor Alvarez, he shook his head sadly. "I shore didn't think you'd stoop to smuggling. Reckon it just goes to show you can't tell what a man is from the kind of clothes he wears."

"Verdad!" Juan said. "Indeed, a verity."

"There'll be a reward for Diablo," Perkins said. "I dunno just what the lawbook says about it, but bein' as he was the one that caught Señor Alvarez, I reckon he's entitled to the reward. Course, I suppose you'd be considered his legal guardian."

"Si," Juan agreed. "But how can I be a guardian when I am in jail?"

The sheriff tugged thoughtfully at his mustache. "Well," he said, "I reckon the only thing to do is let you out."

A few minutes later, Juan, mounted on Diablo, rode down the street a free man. The world was once more a pleasant place. Señor Alvarez was in jail. Sheriff Perkins had promised that charges against Juan and Diablo would be dropped. The reward to which Diablo was entitled would be several hundred dollars. How could Rosita help but respect him now?

As Juan passed an alleyway, a cautious voice called, "Juan!"

Juan reined up. A man with a pointed beard thrust an apprehensive face around the corner of the building.

"Fernando!" Juan exclaimed.

The ancient one cast a glance up and down the empty street. "Did the sheriff get the sacks?" he inquired.

"Si. And Señor Alvarez is in jail. But what happened to you?"

Fernando chuckled. "I let Señor Alvarez lose me in the desert. I did not trust him and thought it best that he return alone. I had no wish to be caught by the Americano law with four cases of tequila."

"Then you had no gold?"

"Not even a gold tooth."

"But if you did not invest your money in a gold mine, what kind of business did you put it in?"

Again Fernando chuckled. "I bought half interest in a distillery in Monterey. In his old age a man sometimes gets thirsty."

"Por Dios!" Juan breathed.

Fernando sighed. "It is too bad the tequila was taken. But no matter. There is more where it came from. Would you like to make a trip with me to Monterey?"

"It sounds of much interest," Juan said. "Perhaps you would like to work in the distillery? I could give you a good job."

"I do not know if I would want a job."

"You would like this one. I will explain your duties. . . ."

LATER that morning Juan broke the news to Rosita. He told her of this very good job which Fernando had offered him. "Of course," he added, "it would mean moving to Monterey, but it is a pleasant town, with mountains near and an excellent climate and good bullfights."

Rosita's dark eyes grew thoughtful. At last she said, "You are very sweet to offer to go to work just for my sake. But I do not want to move to Monterey. I would rather we lived here and you became a farmer."

Juan sighed. He would do as Rosita said. But some day, perhaps, Rosita would grow tired of farming and they would move to Monterey and accept this job which Fernando had offered him.

He always had wanted to be a tequila taster in a distillery.

THE END





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IS THIS OUR FLESH?

Continued from Page 27

She straightened up from the crib to see Anna's still face begin to work, and the next thing Ma knew, a rasping sob that seemed to come from Anna's shoes tore up through her thin chest. The baby's arms went around her neck, and Anna pressed her cheek hard against his. Ma's arms went around the two of them, tightening.

"There, there, now," Ma said.

And she'd never spoken a truer word than when she said Orsen was liable to spoil the baby. Right off, Orsen called him Brick, which was short for Bricktop, and if those two weren't a caution at table, Orsen and that baby! Every time Ma opened her mouth, Orsen winked at Brick as if it were the two men against the two women, and much as to say, "Contrary critters, ain't they?" And didn't that baby screw up his face trying to wink too. The first time Brick laughed out loud while Orsen was riding him piggyback along to the barns after breakfast, Anna's head went down on the table.

"I don't care what they do to me." It came out in whimpering sounds. "But they take it out on him; they always will."

"There, there, now," Ma said. But even as she said it there was a fine mist on her forehead and upper lip.

ANNA'S eyes followed Ma like Prince's, trying to figure out what Ma wanted done. Never a day in the week, either, that Ma couldn't see her reflection in the vigorously rubbed surfaces of walnut and rosewood, old mahogany. And Anna's doughnuts took the wind right out of Ma's sails!

Relegated to her chair in the bay window with her basket of quilt blocks, Ma tried to think ahead, but everywhere a door shut in her face. Stitching, Ma heard Arvela Peters rolling all the details on her tongue, heard Climena Meadows' pious pronouncement. The Treadwells hadn't ever been the kind to leave debts outstanding, but times changed, and people changed with them.

Ma looked through the bay window to her six cabins in the meadow, remembering the Smiths from New York, who had departed in the night, leaving their cabin stripped, even to the light bulbs. The fine mist was on her forehead and upper lip again when she wrote to Ellie.

"I guess it's like my quilts," she wrote. "I had more than one quilt that didn't turn out like I had it pictured in my mind."

Ellie answered by return mail. She wrote, "Don't let 'em throw you, gram. I'm sending some things you could use for quilt pieces."

That Ellie! There were times when she reminded Ma of Lon Pepper. From the time that young one was knee-high to a grasshopper, it seemed she didn't care who 'twas she contraried, or how many.

"She certainly don't get it from me," Ma told Orsen.

"Now, Ma," Orsen said, "did I say she does?"

Ellie sent sun suits and sweaters and overalls enough for twins! Nestled in tissue paper underneath them were two of Ellie's own outfits. Ma's throat tightened as she looked at them, and she could all but see the fire in Ellie's young eyes. She showed them to Anna, and she said, "Ellie said I could use 'em for quilt pieces, but it seems kind of a shame to cut 'em up."

Anna held a sun suit up, gauging its size, and a little pulse pounded in her throat.

"If you'd rather sell them," she said, "you could take it out of—"

"Heavenly day, they didn't cost me anything," Ma washed her hands of it, "and I don't want it on my conscience that I cut up something a body could use."



"He's for ballast—Jones didn't show up!"

With Brick in her lap, she sat on the bed in Linda's room while Anna tried on Ellie's blue linen. Anna's cheeks had filled out a little. She looked at herself in the mirror, and a faint pink seeped into her cheeks. For a minute, she looked young again and alive. Ma's eyes dropped to the Flower Garden quilt on the bed.

And she'd wanted to try Arvela Peters' recipe for chocolate-fudge cake, anyhow, so she called Arvela up. Arvela read the recipe off, and then they passed the time of day for a minute while the receivers clicked up all along the line.

"You mind that Flower Garden quilt on Linda's bed, Arvela?" Ma said. "I've got half a notion to sell it."

She was busier than a bee in a clover field that next week! She had calls from Applecreek and Woodhole, from Centerville and Four Corners. When the customers asked what she was holding her quilt at, she said a tourist had offered her fifty dollars, so the calls died down. Then one day the phone rang and a quiet voice said, "This is Amy Treadwell. I've heard about your quilts, and my housekeeper tells me you have one for sale. May I come to see it?"

THE pink was high in Ma's cheeks when she said to Anna, "I got a customer coming to look at a quilt this afternoon, and maybe she'd like a cup of tea. I hope so, anyway, so we can use my Wedgwood teapot and lion glass and the best doilies, 'cause I don't want she should get the notion I need the money and begin to haggle. I better wear my lavender crepe, I guess, and you wear your blue linen."

In her lavender crepe, with the basket of quilt blocks in her lap, Ma was trying to hold her needle steady when Amy Treadwell drove up. Amy was tall and slim and dark-haired. She wore the plainest kind of a white dress—cotton, mind you!—and a blue jacket. She smiled as she came up the steps, and the smile twisted Ma's heart. In Amy's eyes was a lost look that said she was still only feeling her way.

Rocking there with Ma on the porch, she said it was nice of Ma to let her come. She said the sight of Ma's garden had taken her breath away. She said that, looking at it, she'd have known Ma was an artist even if Todd hadn't said, "Fancher? Why, Amy, I'd say her cat sleeps on a better quilt than any you've run onto yet."

"The Flower Garden quilt is on the bed in Linda's room," Ma said. "Brick's taking his nap right now, but it's most time to get him up." Leading the way up the stairs, she explained shakily, "Brick is Anna Svenson's baby. Anna's helping me out for a while. Her father bought the Scovill place."

She reached the top of the stairs and realized she was alone. Turning, she saw that Amy Treadwell had stopped halfway up. She stood there looking up at Ma.

"Svenson!" she said. "You said Svenson, didn't you?"

"Svenson . . . yes." Ma barely got it out, and Amy's face closed. She stood there a minute, hesitating. Then, cool as a cucumber, she came on up the stairs. Ma opened the door of Linda's room, and Brick was wide awake. The rascal stood up in bed, holding on to the side bars. He screwed his face up into a wink at Ma, wheedling her into taking him up. Ma said, "We ain't decided who's boss yet, him or me, but don't it look to you like he is?"

Amy Treadwell's glance went to Brick, and she stopped dead in the doorway. She caught hold of the doorknob, while the blood drained slowly from her face. Ma lifted Brick from the crib and stripped him out of his pajamas. While he stood there, his sturdy little body naked as the day he was born, chattering like a magpie about Prince and Mandy, she rummaged blindly for a clean sun suit. Brushing Brick's bright hair into a fresh curl on top of his head, she wetted bone-dry lips with her tongue, lowering her voice when she said, "It does seem like babies born out of wedlock are 'bout as likely as they come, don't it?"

She forced herself to look up then, and if Amy Treadwell had been the fainting kind, she'd have been lying at Ma's feet. Clinging to the doorknob, her eyes fixed on Brick, she reached the other hand out to touch the curl and see if it was real. Ma turned away to the quilt on the bed.

"I—I'm partial to the Flower Garden pattern myself," she quavered.

"Oh!" Amy gasped as if Ma had shaken her from a dream, and then, "Yes . . . the Flower Garden pattern. . . . Oh, dear God!"

With one hand on the banister, she followed Ma and Brick down the stairs. Ma set Brick down on the lawn where she could keep an eye on him. Amy dropped into a rocker, her eyes clinging to Brick.

"It takes a young one round a place to give it life and a reason for being." Ma found her tongue when Anna came out with the tea. Anna set the tray down before Ma as if Ma was at least Queen Victoria.

"Thank you, Anna," Ma said distinctly, and Amy Treadwell wrenched her eyes away from Brick to fasten them on Anna's face until Anna had gone. White as she was, though, the Wedgwood teacup was steady in Amy's hand. She drained it, even complimenting Ma on the cookies.

"It's my recipe," Ma said, "but Anna made 'em. I declare, there's nothing that girl can't do, and better than I can, too!"

Amy set her teacup carefully down and got up from her chair. The pupils of her eyes were wide and dark, but her voice was quiet as ever when she said, "Thank you for—for letting me come. I'd like Todd to see the—the quilt before I say anything definite. May I bring him?"

MA'S heart sank. Amy Treadwell didn't know herself which way the cat would jump with Todd, and that night Ma looked tentatively at Orsen's reflection in the mirror as they made ready for bed.

"Mrs. Todd Treadwell was here today," Ma said. "She's thinking some of buying my Flower Garden quilt."

Orsen said, "I did hear you had a quilt for sale. Holding it at a pretty good price, ain't you?"

"She said she'd bring Todd to see it,

(Continued on page 66)



"Observation Time Piece" by Morris J. Tobias— Liverpool (1798). Believed to have been a Presentation watch made for George Washington.

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(*Continued from page 64*)

anyhow," Ma said. She stood before the bureau, watching Orsen's reflection. Orsen sat for a minute before he said, "You know what they say 'bout the Treadwells, Ma."

They said in the county that the Treadwells thought General Grant's overcoat wouldn't much more than make them a vest. Through the night Ma lay awake, seeing Amy Treadwell in the dark as she reached out to touch the curl on Brick's head. Maybe it wasn't such a long jump from Todd Treadwell to Axel Svenson as it looked. Tossing, Ma thought, And he might even think he's got to buy my quilt for a lot of money.

Something of her creeping feeling of futility was in Ma's voice when she said to Anna, "My customer said she'd bring her husband to see the quilt. I guess maybe I'm holding it at a pretty good price."

"No such thing!" Ma had struck fire in Anna. "Why, every stitch in it is perfect, and something like that is worth—worth—"

A flaming red swept up from her throat to the blonde hair, and she turned to stand looking out the window until she could say steadily, "I'll make some Swedish cookies. The sprit kranfer or the Lisa kakor, or maybe both?"

She was arranging the cookies for Ma's approval on a crocheted doily when Orsen came unexpectedly in from the barns. He stood there in his faded jeans, with his battered straw hat in his hand, looking from Ma to Anna and sniffing the mixed fragrance of the cookies and the Paris Night perfume Ellie had sent Ma, which Ma had put on her best lace handkerchief.

"Excuse *me*, ladies!" Orsen turned back. "I thought this was the Fancher place."

But in spite of him, Ma felt the fine mist on her forehead and upper lip again by the time the Treadwell car drove up. Through the bay window she saw Todd get out, and a body wouldn't have known him! His hair was gray now, and his step was tired. He walked slowly across the lawn with Amy to where Brick romped with Prince and Mandy. Amy picked Brick up in her arms, holding him close, and Prince suffered it, wagging his tail; but Mandy, the minx, arched her back and, her tail in the air, spat out at them until Todd leaned down to stroke her fur.

He straightened up then and held out his hand to Brick, and didn't that young one put his hand in Todd's the way he did in Orsen's, shaking hands like a man grown! Amy set Brick down with Prince and Mandy again and turned toward the house with Todd.

Todd was some whiter than natural, maybe, but Ma had never seen a cooler eye than Todd's when he sat there on her sofa passing the time of day with Orsen. On edge, Ma thought, He's the kind that'd just as soon contrary even Axel Svenson as look at him. Then Todd said he'd been thinking lately of winding up his affairs and settling down in a milder climate.

"AMY likes California," he said, "and we have nothing to keep us in one place."

"Good growing country," Orsen said.

But Ma sat there, tasting defeat, when Anna came in with the tea tray. The blonde braids around Anna's head had a brushed sheen. The flush came and went under the creamy skin as her eyes probed Ma's. The kitchen door closed behind Anna, and Amy Treadwell took the Flower Garden quilt from a chair beside her. She spread it wide across her lap and looked at Todd.

"Have the Treadwells ever had anything nicer?" she asked him.

Todd took his checkbook and pen from a vest pocket. He unscrewed the top from the pen and looked at Ma. He said, "It's a barefaced steal, of course, but—"

The blood rushed to Ma's face, pounded in her ears. Her eyes turned to Orsen, but Orsen was a blur.

"Orsen," she said, "I—I'd rather Anna should—should have my quilt."

"If I wanted Anna should have it," Orsen said, "I'd give it to her, Ma."

Amy Treadwell looked up from the quilt to Ma, and Ma saw the shimmer of tears in her eyes, but Amy folded the quilt carefully and laid it aside. She got up then, and Todd got up with her. Todd put his checkbook and pen back in his pocket.

"Well, you haven't lost too much," he said to Ma, "because you were giving it away at fifty dollars, and we hope to take a couple youngsters with us, anyhow. If we do, your quilt will be all in the family."

And smiling through her tears across the teapot to Ma, Amy said, "Could—could the family have tea in the kitchen together?"

It left Ma and Orsen alone, listening to the tick of the clock on the stairway and the murmur of voices from the kitchen. The faded blue of Ma's eyes was softly illumined, and in her heart was new faith, but her nerves were taut as they were when, toward the end of a quilt, she matched one color against another without knowing what she did want until she saw the colors together. She knew, though, when she heard Brick laugh out loud. Todd Treadwell was riding him piggyback.

Orsen looked out the window then, and at first Ma dabbed only warily at her eyes with the edge of the lace handkerchief. Then she gave up and cried into it.

"Ma," Orsen said slyly after a while, "I ain't ever told you that story 'bout Lon Pepper on the jury, have I?"

Ma dried her eyes and blew her nose.

"The way I look at it, Orsen Fancher," she said, "Climena Meadows and the Ladies' Aid are spoiling to hear that story!"

THE END

"It's a bull's-eye!"—says HI to HATT



KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY

True Pre-War Quality

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

(*Continued from page 50*)

New, small, and independent business should be allowed a "climate" in which it can grow and prosper;

Our program of unemployment insurance and old-age benefits should be extended as rapidly as possible;

Collective bargaining should be recognized as a basic right of wage earners;

Monopolies and all special interests that hold down America's standard of living should be curbed by "the people as a whole."

To Benton's platform, Beardsley Ruml, author of the famous pay-as-you-go tax plan, adds fervently that taxes must be cut sharply and public works must be planned in advance; and Eric Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, comes in with his plea for long-term loans to foreign nations so that our postwar trade can be swelled.

Finally, Philip Murray, head of the C. I. O., mirrors the ideas of a vast segment of labor. He asks:

Long-term loans to devastated countries to help them back on their feet and permit them to buy from us;

Extension of social security, the building of more hospitals and schools;

Development and modernization of airways, railways, and highways through federal, state, county, and city co-operation;

Regional development of the nation's rivers and valleys along the pattern of the Tennessee Valley Authority;

Elimination of slums, reconstruction of cities, and the building of 1,500,000 new homes a year in the first postwar decade;

Unqualified acceptance of the principles of collective bargaining and annual wage guaranties to workers;

And the creation of a National Production Council, to work with other government agencies and to aid the country through the reconversion period.

THESE are just a few of the many detailed programs now being advanced. At least ten senators are ready to introduce "full employment" bills during this session. James F. Byrnes, director of War Mobilization and Reconversion, has a plan for "the ending of war taxation with the war" to inspire industrial risk-taking. Chester Bowles, administrator of the OPA, wants a vigorous slum-clearance campaign, a "bold and imaginative" public-works schedule, new tax laws, maximum foreign trade. Alvin Hansen, special adviser to the Federal Reserve Board, urges an economy in which public spending goes up and taxes go down in bad times, while public spending goes down and taxes go up in good times.

The ideas flow on and on, but through each runs the same fundamental objective—jobs in a free America.

No, our Congress hasn't actually done anything yet on tax cuts, or on planned public works, or on world trade or social-security improvements. But you and I, the citizens who tell our representatives what to do, are reaching an amazing level of agreement on basic policies without Washington leadership.

We don't want our government to run the whole show or even a major part of it. But we also don't want to go along irresponsibly, trusting to luck and hoping we won't see the tragedy of "too little and too late" here. We've had plenty of evidence this past quarter century that dictators are created by depressions.

The war has proved that we have the stuff to reach high speed on production and on jobs. To fail to maintain that production and those jobs in peace could strike a deathblow at our democracy.

THE END



Back IN THE RANKS . . .

Five A.M. the telephone shrills. ". . . another trainload of Marines arriving in 45 minutes. Can you come and help?"

Certainly she can. She has two sons in the service. And she's always on call to help in a pinch at Fred Harvey's—the same Harvey House where she was a "Harvey Girl" forty years ago. Except for patriotic women like her, many of our young fighting men would go hungry.

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To do this job and do it well—in spite of help shortages, rationing and our greatly increased civilian patronage—*is now our foremost task.* If this occasionally means we cannot give you the old-time Fred Harvey service, we know you understand. When our war job is done we promise you only Harvey hospitality at its very best.

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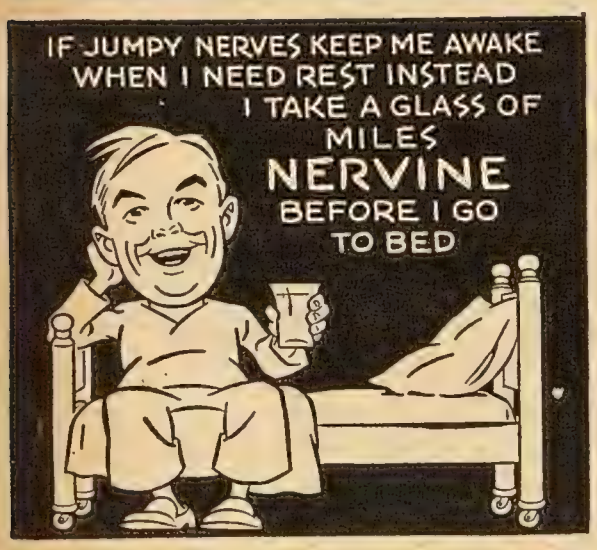
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It's wonderful how a few drops of Va-tro-nol bring relief when transient congestion fills up your nose and spoils sleep. You can actually feel this specialized medication go to work right where trouble is to bring you grand new breathing comfort. It opens up clogged nasal passages—reduces swelling—relieves crusty dryness—and invites restful sleep! Va-tro-nol also works fine to relieve sniffly, sneezy distress of head colds. Try it! Follow directions in folder.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, helps loosen phlegm. **VICKS VAPORUB**



DON'T try to force sleep. This often makes your nerves even more tense. Instead, try

DR. MILES NERVINE

(Effervescent Tablets or Liquid)

Dr. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives which relaxes nervous tension to permit refreshing sleep. Get it now to have it handy when you want it. Buy it at your drug store on our money-back guarantee. Read directions and use only as directed. Handy-to-carry Effervescent Tablets. **35c and 75c; Liquid, 25c and $1.00.** Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

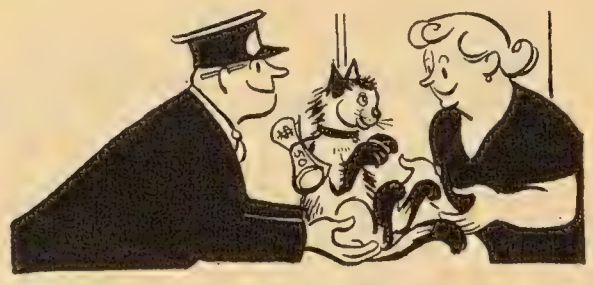
Try DR. MILES NERVINE

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK



YOU NEVER KNOW: Years ago Mrs. Lillie Stowers of Greensburg, Indiana, helped a sick woman to her hotel room in Cincinnati. She had all but forgotten the incident when she received a letter from the administrator of the woman's estate informing her that Mrs. Rose Kello, whom she had befriended, had left her $10,000. . . . Almost as surprising, though not so munificent, was Mrs. Jannie Wenke's bequest to the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Vanderwater of Elizabeth, New Jersey. She left him her tomcat and fifty dollars



for his care. Her beneficiary, Walter Vanderwater, is in the Army, so the cat was delivered to Walter's parents.

LUCKY MAN: Adolf Hitler has had a stroke of luck. According to a rumor now circulating in Europe, his hearing was so badly impaired by the attempt on his life last July 20 that he cannot "judge the sound of his words, nor use tones of irony nor his phony heartiness." What a break not to be able to hear himself talk!

"WEAR A SMILE": William E. Robinson, vice-president and director of advertising of the New York Herald Tribune, recently returned to New York after two months in Paris. At a fashion session of the National Retail Dry Goods Association in New York's Hotel Pennsylvania he told merchants that in his opinion, "while France may not be the power capital of Europe, it will be the gathering place of Europe for artists, writers, diplomats, industrialists, and educators." He is confident that Paris will be a great fashion influence everywhere. Comparing American women with French, Mr. Robinson declared, "Frenchwomen invariably have one accessory which American women do not always wear. It is probably the oldest and best fashion in the world and yet it seems horribly neglected here. Most Frenchwomen wear a smile with their clothes; American women wear a complacent, self-satisfied look." If Bill Robinson is right, we women better start right now showing our teeth—in a nice way.

TALL STORIES: Some of the spring and summer hats shown in recent collections struggle so hard to be different that only a very brave woman would dare wear them. The pretty model who wore an uninhibited little number called "Totem Pole" in a recent showing by Walter Florell at the Ritz-Carlton in New York City looked pretty in spite of the hat rather than because of it. Four sparrows perched precariously on an absurdly tall yellow straw toque, and didn't look any too happy about it, either. Lenesta's collection includes a group of spool-crowned hats which explain themselves as "a tribute to architectural moods that promise to dominate the American landscape in the post-war world." They left me with no urge to wear a budding Empire State Building on my dome.

THEY MEASURE UP: According to the War Department, the typical WAC girl is five feet four inches tall, weighs 128 pounds, wears a 6B shoe, a 9½ stocking, and a 22 hat. WACs show the same tendency to gain as do our men soldiers but don't have to worry, because if the gains go beyond the weight index for good health, the Army prescribes scientific reducing methods. It is thought that the more regular life and the Army's well-balanced nutritious meals put the pounds on figures that in civil life were willowy because of sketchy eating and too much heigh-ho.

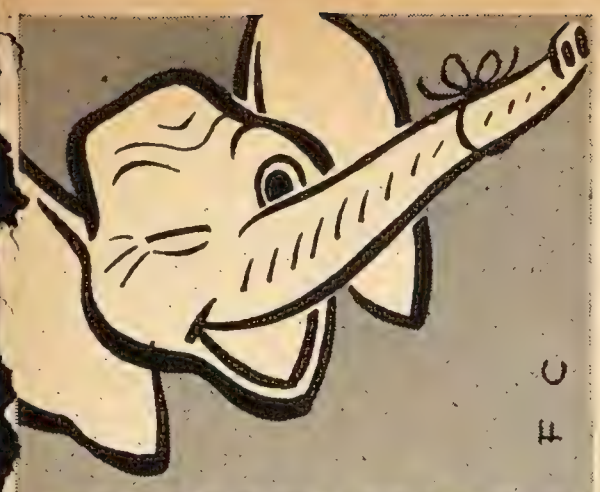
HIGH FASHION: When she married Lieutenant Adolph Clachko, Miss Miriam Sachs of Easton, Pennsylvania, wore a nylon wedding dress made from ten panels of a parachute. The parachute was the one in which the bridegroom, a bomber navigator, bailed out of a B-24 over France. Lieutenant Clachko, who won the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal during thirty-five missions over Europe, brought his fiancée the parachute on his recent return to this country. The gown from the skies was made in princess style with a long train.



HOME, SWEET HOME

The ODT says those who flit
To Florida may have to sit
Indefinitely in the station
Awaiting homeward transportation.
So Northerners who use their brains
Will stay off crowded Southern trains
And let what seats there are be sat on
By soldiers to and from Manhattan.

APRONS IN THE PARLOR: In this democracy of ours, the chief cook and bottle washer can still be a lady. This year's aprons are a tribute to the American woman's agility in whipping from kitchen to parlor without loss of savoir-faire. The fact is, some of the appliquéed taffeta aprons the modern American waitress-cook-hostess wears are so elaborate that practical aprons should be worn *over* them.



memory

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Yes, people remember seeing unsightly dandruff... it's so unpleasant! So why take a chance? Banish loose dandruff, stimulate your scalp and bring your hair under well-groomed control, by massaging daily with

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SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER. IT IS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR PACKING FOOD, AMMUNITION, MEDICAL SUPPLIES

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

Continued from Page 17

I find this mental giant behind his fountain chewing, philosopherlike, on a straw. At sight of me he stares like I am a double order of plain vanilla ghosts.

"Well, dam-me-for-a-Dutchman," he exclaims. "Freddy! Where in Sam's hill did you drop from?"

I explain. "Now, Al," I says, "fewer words, please! Just you run me up a *bombe de banane*. I cannot think on an empty stomach."

"Ah," says Al, a touch mournfully, "I was afraid you would find—ah—food for thought when you got home, Freddy."

"Al," I says stoically, though I feel the blood pressure rise, "I have come to suspect the presence of a serpent in my Eden. Is this true? Answer yes or no."

Al nods portentously. "Freddy, I wish I could set your mind at rest. But, for some time, I have foreseen this moment. I. . . ."

I wave my hand. "Say no more, Al. The *bombe*. Then I will hear your views on this black business."

Al creates the little number I dream up a couple summers ago. Peel one banana, place in suitable dish. Add full scoops chocolate, strawberry, butter-pecan ice cream. Drown thoroughly in chocolate syrup. Garnish tastefully with nuts and marshmallow, crown with maraschinos and . . . *viola! La bombe de banane!*

"It is well for me and my family, Freddy," Al says thoughtfully, "that the Germans omit to shoot you in the stomach. But you ask my views. Well, Connie is dazzled by the tinsel and the glitter of the Van Stroock-Cartwrights. Limousines, summer homes, swimming pools, jewelry, liveried flunkies and similar items. Throw an N-sign's uniform on top of that, Freddy, and you have a set-up that might easily blind a girl."

"Very well, Al," I says, "I accept your diagnosis. The point is, how do I proceed? I have naught but sterling character with which to fight snazzy cars."

Al pulls his chin. "Freddy," he says modestly, "I am sometimes able to perceive silver linings. But, Connie Parker, doubtless remembering that upon past occasions I have been instrumental in restoring the status quo, carefully refrains from exposing herself to my—er—blandishments. Nowadays she sits in Herbert Cartwright's gold-plated jeep and demands curb service." An affronted expression appears on his face. "I should give curb service at my time of life!"

WELL, I perceive no silver linings either, although I dispense with a second *bombe* to court inspiration.

"We will sleep on it, Al," I says finally, and I reach into my pocket to pay for the havoc.

Absent-mindedly I pull out what feels like a half buck. I hand it to Al.

That one goggles. "What would this be, Freddy?" he asks.

"Come, come, Al," I says. "Must four bits be explained?"

"Freddy," Al stares at his palm, "this looks like a military medal."

Holy smoke! I am carefully keeping this intelligence from Shadow Orchard. I dart a hand across the bar, but Al twitches away.

"Freddy," he says wonderingly, "you mean you were decorated?"

"Al," I says finally, "I command you respect my confidence." And I give him the story.

"And when I get out of hospital," I concludes, "none other than General Mark Clark pins this gadget on my chest."



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"But why has no one heard of this?"

"Al," I says, "be yourself. The little I contribute fails by comparison with what guys are doing all over the world. Who am I to get in the newspapers?"

Al addresses his coffee urn. "He wins a medal," Al tells it. "But nobody outside his immediate family knows that he's got it."

"Listen," I says, "did you think I was coming home with fanfares and enter Shadow Orchard through a beach in the walls, like Nero? Get solid, Al."

But Al is off in a trance. "Freddy," he says at last, "you mention a Captain Blaine. Would that be Captain Darius Delancourt Blaine, of New York City?"

I start. "Yeah. But how do you know?"

"Well," Al says, "I am a great one to peruse the papers. And it sticks in my mind where a gentleman of that aristocratic name is likewise decorated in Italy."

"For your information," I says, "Captain Blaine extinguishes himself in the same engagement. In the language of the gridiron, Al, I take out tacklers in the rear while he carries the ball across the goal line. See?"

"Uh-huh." Al is sort of dreamy. "And I also recall that, like yourself, Captain Blaine is now home on leave. Well, here is your medal, Freddy. I suppose that some day you will tell your grandchildren about it?"

"Al," I says, "we meet that condition when it arises. In the meantime, I would thank you to give the present crisis the benefit of your considered thinking."

Al bows. "I have the matter under advisement, Freddy. But I make no promises."

The following night I go over to Connie's and, at my ring, the heart interest floats to the door and implants a chased kiss.

"Oh, Freddy," she says. "Do come in!"

I do. In the living room, complete with smirk, is Herbie Cartwright.

"Herbie," says Connie, "you remember Freddy?"

Cartwright tenders a hand like a jaded dish mop. "Ah, Sandford," he says. "I hear you've been footslogging in Italy."

"These rumors will get out," I says. "I . . . oh, by the way! Congratulations on your escape from drowning up around the Congressional Library."

"Now, boys," says Connie brightly. "No arguments! Do get the cold drinks out of the icebox, Herbie!"

Well, we prove nothing. After a few polite inquiries as to conditions abroad, the talk turns local.

"Of course, Freddy," Connie says, "you will be at the rally Friday night?"

"Should I be?" I says.

"Why certainly," she says. "As a returned veteran your place is there. Don't you think, Herbie, that Freddy could sit up on the platform with the rest of us?"

Cartwright wrinkles the Van Stroock nose. "Wouldn't be room," he says.

Connie nods. "I suppose you're right, dear. Well, anyway, we want you present, Freddy. You will be an example for the other boys going overseas."

"So!" I says. "Well, judging from my reactions to the brainy deep, you'd better hand around Mothersill's as well as bonds."

"He's cute, isn't he?" says Connie to Herbie.

I leave early that night. Very evidently the termites are nibbling at the foundations of my existence. Nevertheless, I walk sedately to the door. The queen follows.

"Freddy," she says, "it was grand seeing you again. I hope that you will call me often."

"Well," I says, "your ladyship is permitted to hope."

"Why, Freddy, what do you mean?" The Mediterranean-blue stars are puzzled.

"You figure it out, cookie," I says.

"Now, Freddy," says Connie, "if you take that attitude I can't do a thing with you."

She manages to make me look like a small boy, sulking. "Listen!" I says. "What attitude should this inconspicuous person take, with you practically throwing yourself at he to whom Heaven owes a chin?"

La belle Parker flares her fine nostrils. "Well," she says. "Just suppose you listen, Mist-er Sandford! If I'm throwing myself at him, I—I'm at least getting caught."

"Here," I barks, shaken to the core. "Now what do you mean?"

"You figure it out . . . cookie," says Connie, and slams the door.

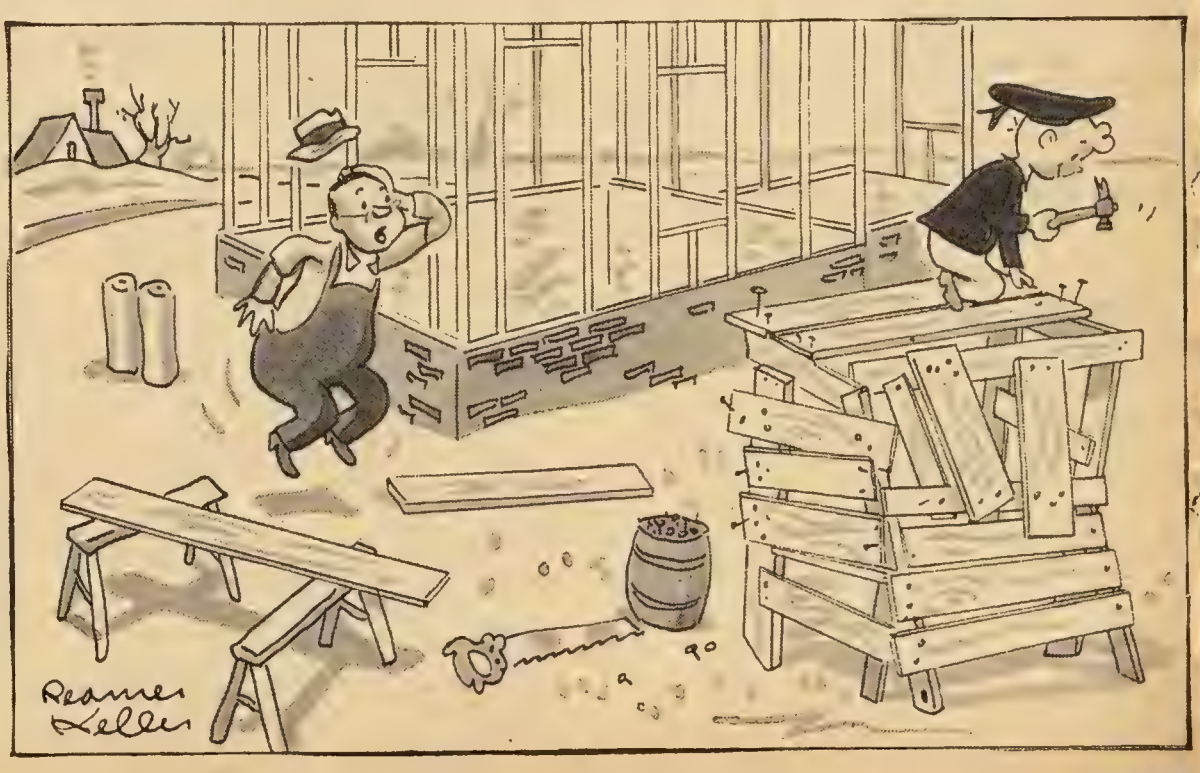
NEXT day I go downtown in high perturbation. This not allayed when I see a car in front of Al's. Behind the wheel is Mrs. Van Stroock-Cartwright. Al stands servilely on the curb, wiping hands on apron and nodding his head. Mrs. V. S.-C. is doing the talking. As I approach, the conference ends.

"Ha!" I says to Al with disdain. "Consorting with the enemy?"

"Freddy," says Al, "I am a man of business. If Mrs. Cartwright orders ice cream—well, her money's as good as anybody's."

(*Continued on page 72*)

HARDTACK



LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY



Strange things take place on the Square when George (Laird Cregar) walks alone by night.

HANGOVER SQUARE

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Laird Cregar, Linda Darnell, George Sanders, Faye Marlowe

THIS sumptuous Jekyll-and-Hyde melodrama, laid in the romantic chiaroscuro of London, 1903, will come as a surprise to those who have read the original Patrick Hamilton novel. The sinister tale of the schizophrenic wastrel George Bone (Laird Cregar) and the beautiful, soulless girl who drove him to ruin has been lifted bodily from its sordid prewar setting and made into an outstanding thriller; its undercurrent of futility is replaced by an extraordinary blend of music, atmosphere, and sheer horror.

John Brahm has artistically directed everything in the picture toward the one essential purpose of chilling the spine. To this end, the finely-tuned performance of Laird Cregar, ranging from humble, beseeching tenderness to the glassy eyes and lunging gait of a maniac, is richly set off with a background of shadow, sound, and flame. Through the murky gaslight of mysterious Hangover Square, the gifted young composer George Bone strides his lonely way, beset by strange conflicts and the turbulence of the music in his soul. The actual events of his story are less important than the sense of impending doom, established at the beginning by a nightmarish murder, and carried through the tale in a cycle of ever-increasing terror to a crashing climax.

There are two women in George Bone's troubled life. One, the glittering, treacherous Netta (Linda Darnell), who makes use of his infatuation to further her cheap music-hall career. The other (Faye Marlowe) is a cultivated musician whose love and influence can make him the man he wants to be. But George is strangely unbalanced; often a single discordant sound will send him into a weird period of forgetfulness. Horrible things happen then, and afterward he goes through the hell of suspecting himself a murderer. Under Netta's heartless torture, the schism in his soul becomes wider and blacker; when this crime-filled pit is finally illumined by his consciousness, society has already begun to close in on George Bone; and his two selves come together in a spectacular frenzy ending in pandemonium.

This wild climax, and an earlier one in which George, bearing a ghastly burden, stalks like a Frankenstein monster through a shouting crowd are triumphs in atmospheric direction. Equally impressive is the brilliant original music of Bernard Herrmann, which deserves star billing here.

Among the players, Linda Darnell is extremely decorative and naughtily turned out as Netta, and sings several songs. George Sanders is his usual inscrutable, tight-lipped self as a Scotland Yard psychiatrist more than reminiscent of the consoling detective in Gaslight. And Laird Cregar's top-notch performance of the man against himself is all the more touching because it is his last. He died in December, before the picture was released.



George catches the perfidious Netta (Linda Darnell) on her way to meet another man.

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Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

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★ ★ ★ ★

But this month we're lucky. America's most illustrious columnists are right on tap to do our job for us!

★ ★ ★ ★



Walter Winchell, for instance! Walter is the nation's No. 1 radio reporter. This is what he has to say about M-G-M's newest Technicolor hit: "NATIONAL VELVET will be hard to match all year long for the tops in entertainment!"

★ ★ ★ ★



And our very good friend, "Lolly"—Louella Parsons, the nationally known Hollywood columnist. For her money, "NATIONAL VELVET is tops in entertainment!"

★ ★ ★ ★

Then there's that distinguished duo, Bosley Crowther of the "New York Times" and Howard Barnes of the "New York Herald Tribune", who tell you they have both selected NATIONAL VELVET as "one of the ten best pictures of the year!"

★ ★ ★ ★

And that's not all! We've got *millions* of 'em! We mean those other well-qualified critics—the people who braved rain and sleet and snow (some of them standing on lines four blocks long) to smash all box-office records at Radio City Music Hall, the world's largest theatre!

★ ★ ★ ★

And just for *your* record, NATIONAL VELVET is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in Technicolor, based on Enid Bagnold's novel. Mickey Rooney is the star, supported by Donald Crisp, Elizabeth Taylor and Anne Revere. Other roles are portrayed by Angela Lansbury, Jackie Jenkins, and Arthur Treacher. A Clarence Brown production, the picture was directed by Clarence Brown and produced by Pandro S. Berman. Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch wrote the screen play.

This is Elizabeth Taylor. She's definitely the star-find of the year, says every critic.



★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, sir, we have a hit on our hands! It looks as though March will come in like a lion—as usual, an M-G-M lion!

—*Leo*

P.S.—Keep your eyes open for "Keep Your Powder Dry!" Yes, and another picture you'll want to see is "The Picture of Dorian Gray!"

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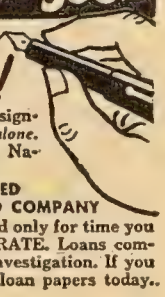
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(Continued from page 70)

I sniff. "A mercenary outlook. I would deem it more seemly, Al, for you to be concentrating on my problem instead of truckling in the market place with the mother of the louse life who stole my girl."

"Stole, Freddy?" questions Al.

"I use the passing tense," I says, "because of a remark of Connie's. And from you I get no help."

"I am doing what I can," Al says. "You should have more faith, Freddy."

"Faith," I says, "is very well in its place. But"—I tap his shoulder—"what's wanted here are tangible results."

Well, after I split that date with Herbie, I call Connie six separate times. But only once do I make contact. And the conversation is unsatisfactory. The jest of it is, she has no time for a one who goes to Italy a gentleman and comes back a wise-cracking hoodlum. It is strictly the brush-off, and my mood, as I go to report this to Al, is indigo.

Then, in Al's, who should I see behind the fountain but Henry? Henry stands in whenever Al stands out.

"Where," I says surprised, "is the head cheese?"

"Oh, him?" Languidly Henry polishes a glass. "He's takin' in a ball game."

I grope my way out of there. This is the straw that breaks the Campbell's back. While I creep wanly around Shadow Orchard, the man I am depending on sits in a ball park eating peanuts.

So disgusted am I by this realization that I enter seclusion. I do not emerge till the night of the war bond rally.

Same is held in the high-school auditorium, and C. Oliver West, Shadow Orchard's most famous after-dinner speaker and raccoontier, is master of ceremonies. On the platform are the mayor and councilmen and other luminaries. I see Mrs. Van Stroock-Cartwright. By her side is Van Stroock-Cartwright (formerly he is a Cartwright) chewing his mustache. There too is Connie. And polluting the chair next to hers—Herbert Van Stroock-Cartwright.

THE place is pretty well packed as I find a seat in the back. Over on my right I notice that wishy-washy, peanut-eating Al. He catches my eye and winks. I reply with a cold nod.

Well, C. Oliver West kicks the function off. But so engrossed am I in Connie and Herbie that I lose the threads of C. Oliver's remarks. All I know is that, after he sits down, comes a lot of speeches and, between times, the band from the Vine Street Hook & Ladder plays everything from the national anthem to the Beer Barrel Polka.

Then, midway through the festivities C. O. West lets loose a blockbuster. "Fellow citizens," begins C. O., "we are fortunate in having present tonight a hero of the Italian campaign who . . ."

I sit up in panic. If they want a few words from me, why doesn't somebody advise me in advance?

". . . and so, friends," booms C. O. West, M. C., "I give you Captain Darius Delancourt Blaine."

Well, roll me in butter and salt me down! Out of the front row of the audience gets my captain and walks up onto the platform.

"Ladies and gentlemen," says Captain Blaine, "ever since I was honored by being invited to help in Shadow Orchard's war loan drive, I have been wondering how best I could help. And this afternoon I had what I think is an inspiration. I want to tell you of an incident that occurred in Italy, where an American private facing overwhelming odds—odds of eight to one, I might add—displayed . . ."

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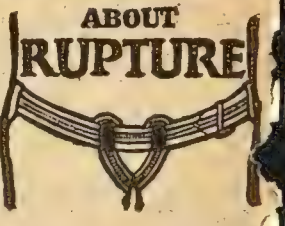
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ABOUT RUPTURE



Brooks Company, 210-C State St., Marshall, Mich.

Down into his coat collar sinks Frederick (the Great) Sandford. This is terrible.

The captain does some job. By the time he is half through I am a smooth blend of Richard with the lion's heart, Joan of Arc, and Joe Louis. I am also red in the face.

Oh, oh! I think in shame. And me committing suicide all the time!

". . . and that act of heroism," goes on the captain, "was not publicized. True, the soldier received a decoration. But I understand that few know about it. I understand, too, that he does not wear his medal. Well, that is his privilege. But perhaps you would like to see this soldier, particularly since he is one of your fellow townsmen. Private Frederick Sandford, stand up!"

Well, what can I do? Looking like something distilled from bricks and sugar beets I stumble to my feet. And the applause is like thunder outside China, as the poet says. There are also a few catcalls and Bronx noises from old school pals of mine in the cheap seats.

I pass over the rest of the rally. Suffice to say that Man-of-the-Hour is the hyphenated word for Frederick.

IT is as the crowd files out that I note Connie and Herbie Cartwright off in a corner. I make my way toward them. Never let it be said that, in his hour of triumph, Sandford high-hats old acquaintance.

But a few paces away I halt. Connie is flushed of countenance and her voice is shrill.

"Herbert Cartwright," she is storming, "I never heard anything more despicable. You actually tried to send Captain Blaine a wire saying that we'd changed our plans and didn't need him at the rally, after all! Well, it's a good thing Mabel Rafferty in the telegraph office had sense enough not to let it go until too late to catch him. She told me all about it ten minutes ago. And . . I don't hear you denying this, Herbert."

Herbie, a trapped rat, turns nasty. "Listen," he begins, "I'll get Mabel Rafferty fired so—"

"You do," cuts in my Constance, "and I'll spread the story all over. Everybody'll know that, out of pure jealousy, you tried to keep Freddy Sandford from getting his just desserts. Oh, get out of my sight, Herbert Cartwright! I never want to see you again."

Definitely it is curtains for Herbert. He fades. And kismet waves Frederick in.

"A rift in the flute?" I says to Connie.

She practically falls into my arms. "Take me out of here, Freddy," she says. "Oh, when will I ever get sense?"

"That, madam," I says, "is a moot question."

"Freddy," says Connie, "you are so—so levelheaded and steadfast. Let's walk home, shall we? And Freddy, I want to hear again how you won that medal."

"Oh, that?" I am negligent. "If I'd known you set store by suchlike I would have brought Göring for your charm bracelet."

"Freddy," the Mediterranean eyes devour me like I am something off a Christmas cake, "you're cute."

THERE is a song in the Sandford heart as, later, I drop into Al's. That astute merchant is closing up when I appear.

"Al," I says, "up with the drawbridge, down with the portcullis, and develop a black-and-white fudge cherry marshmallow. Sandford rides tonight."

Al, beaming, does same. "Freddy," he says, "it is indeed your night to howl."

I squint at him, while spooning. "Now, Al," I says, "let's beat no bushes. I am thinking, Al, that no one in Shadow Orchard knows that Captain Blaine is my captain except you."

Al smiles his wise, world-weary smile. "Freddy," he says, "the other day when you catch me fraternizing with Mrs. Van Stroock-Cartwright, I am merely suggesting to her that Captain Darius Delancourt Blaine could be an added attraction at the rally. You see, I feel that Mrs. Cartwright will welcome a Delancourt Blaine, she being a notorious social climber. From my vicarious reading I gather that the Delancourt Blaines are nobility when the Van Stroock-Cartwrights hang by their tails in trees."

"Solid gathering, Al," I says. "Proceed!"

"I proceed," says Al, "to inform Mrs. Cartwright that I once serve the Delancourt Blaines in the capacity of footman. A fabrication out of whole clothes, Freddy. But necessary. Well, I get Mrs. C.'s permission to ask Captain Blaine to attend the rally, to make a few remarks of a—ah—general nature. So, prior to witnessing a well-played contest between the Yankees of New York and the Tigers of Detroit, score three-two favor Detroit, I present myself at the Delancourt Blaine mansion on Fifth Avenue."

"AL," I says, impressed, "this campaign is well conceived."

"And," Al goes on, "I put your case before the captain. I find him most willing to co-operate. He says, and I quote, that you are as amusing and interesting a specimen as ever he has under his command. He further states that he looks for you to go far, though in what direction he declines to commit himself."

"Come, Al," I says. "No side observations."

"It remains," Al says, "to inform young Herbert that the captain is to speak at the rally. And to Herbert, I explain carefully that the captain's subject will be your exploit. You see, Freddy, I do not think that Herbert will care for this intelligence. I am right. He is much disturbed."

"And?" I says weakly.

"Knowing Herbert," says Al, "I think it possible that he may try to toss last-minute wrenches. Therefore I only tell him around six this evening. But I perceive a look of cunning in his eye. So, plugging all gaps, I get in touch with Mabel Rafferty of the telegraph office. Mabel, Freddy, is a daughter of my wife's sister, now deceased. And Mabel is a God-fearing girl with a gratifying respect for her Uncle Al."

"Al," I says impatiently, "is this a peon of praise to your relatives?"

"Don't rush me, Freddy," Al says. "I caution Mabel to send off no untoward telegrams until Captain Blaine may be assumed safely in rout for Shadow Orchard. As an afterthought I advise Mabel, in the event of an untoward telegram, to place the facts before Connie Parker. And" —he spreads his hands Q. E. D. fashion— "it comes to pass. And Mabel follows my instruction to the letter."

"Al," I whispers, "there exists in this world a fine irony. While Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin and suchlike fumble with the issues, the greatest stratestician of them all languishes behind a soda bar. A deplorable state of affairs. But in the book of one simple American soldier you shall henceforth be known as 'Al the Kingmaker.'"

"Take it easy, Freddy," says Al. "I am just a little business man trying to get along."

I shake my head. "And to think," I says, "that when I see you talking to Mrs. Van Stroock-Cartwright, I assume you are sunk to giving her curb service."

Al draws hisself up, with dignity. "I should give curb service," says Al, "at my time of life!"

THE END



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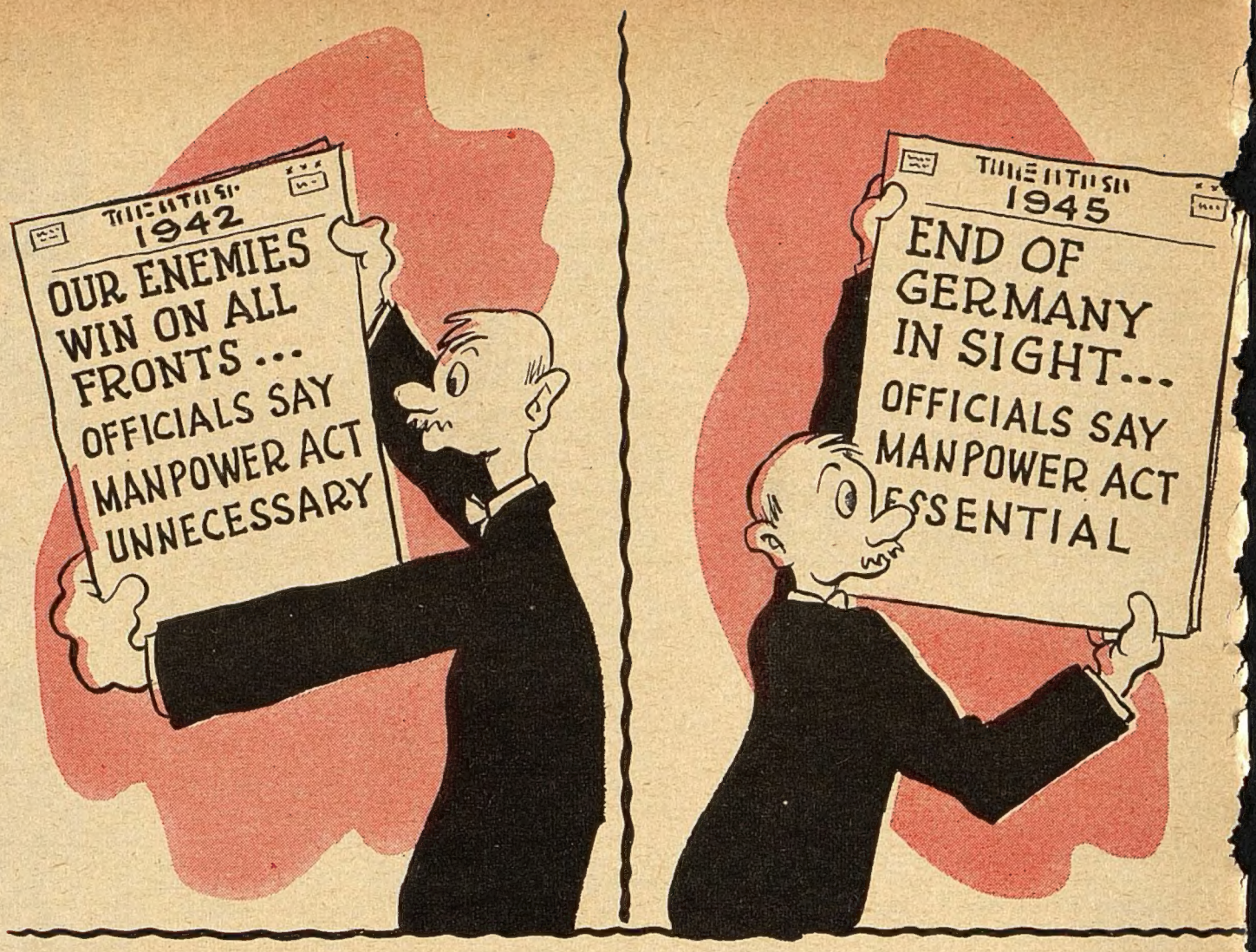
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MARCH 3, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



IT'S TIME WE KNEW THE REAL SCORE!

ALL through the war Washington officials have been obsessed with the idea that the American people are like children. It seems the war and the sacrifices it demands must not be presented to the public in straightforward fashion. The theory is that the people must be cajoled and kidded into doing what official Washington decides is necessary to win.

Why this idea persists it is hard to say. Opinion polls consistently have shown that the people are ready and willing to do whatever the war demands of them.

Whatever opposition there is to National Service legislation, under which people can be compelled into war work, does not spring from an unwillingness to meet war's demands. The citizenry has been in favor of such a law from away back—*if it is needed.* Until recently, however, official Washington took the attitude that no such law was necessary.

Now, with the war well along and going successfully, the government wants a stringent manpower act. Citizens who have been willing to support such legislation all along and who still are willing to support it, if needed, now question its necessity.

By and large, the public believes the war with Germany is in its final stages. Anyone can see the Germans are in a tight spot and to last much longer will have to be even greater supermen than they claim. This belief is bolstered by our high officials in and out of uniform. Though more cautious in their predictions than heretofore, nearly all look for the end to come this year, probably before midsummer. In the next breath these same officials tell us we need a manpower act.

Many people, grown wise to the ways of Washington, doubt its necessity. If we needed no such legislation when the Germans and Japs were running roughshod over all opposition, they want to know why we need it now.

We have learned that Washington has rapidly changing fashions in ideas. A few months ago all was reconversion and preparation for peace. Now the vogue is to talk tough and get tough. Lots of folks wonder if this mood, too, will pass. Perhaps we'll not sooner get a drastic manpower act than the pendulum will swing the other way and we'll find it an unnecessary burden on our liberties.

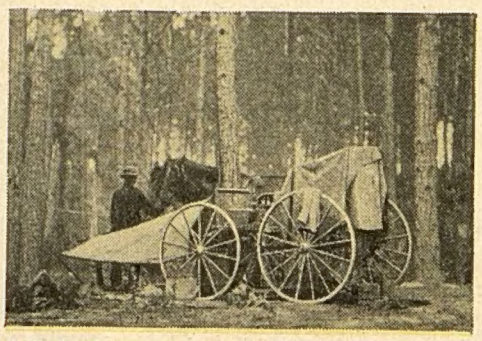
The people are ready to endure further encroachment on their liberties if it is necessary; but if the officials want public support for a manpower act, they had better tell us the realities of our situation in plain unvarnished language. We've grown skeptical of loose and random statements concerning matters which every citizen takes seriously indeed. Now we want to know what really cooks.

Paul Hunter

From Civil War still camera shots to

On-the-Spot Battle Movies

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME



1863 **THIS PHOTOGRAPHER'S** outfit followed the Northern armies in the Civil War. Cameras required time exposure, action pictures were impossible, and newspapers could not print photos in this 5th year of Corby's fame as a whiskey name.

1915 **WORLD WAR I** produced a few great battle action photos, taken on instantaneous exposure, printed in many publications. The camera brought home some of the realities of war in Corby's 57th year as a great whiskey name.



1945 **CAMERAMEN UNDER FIRE** "shoot" on-the-spot battle movies to record American heroism for every movie audience at home. Corby's reaches its 87th anniversary as a grand old Canadian whiskey name in this Victory year.

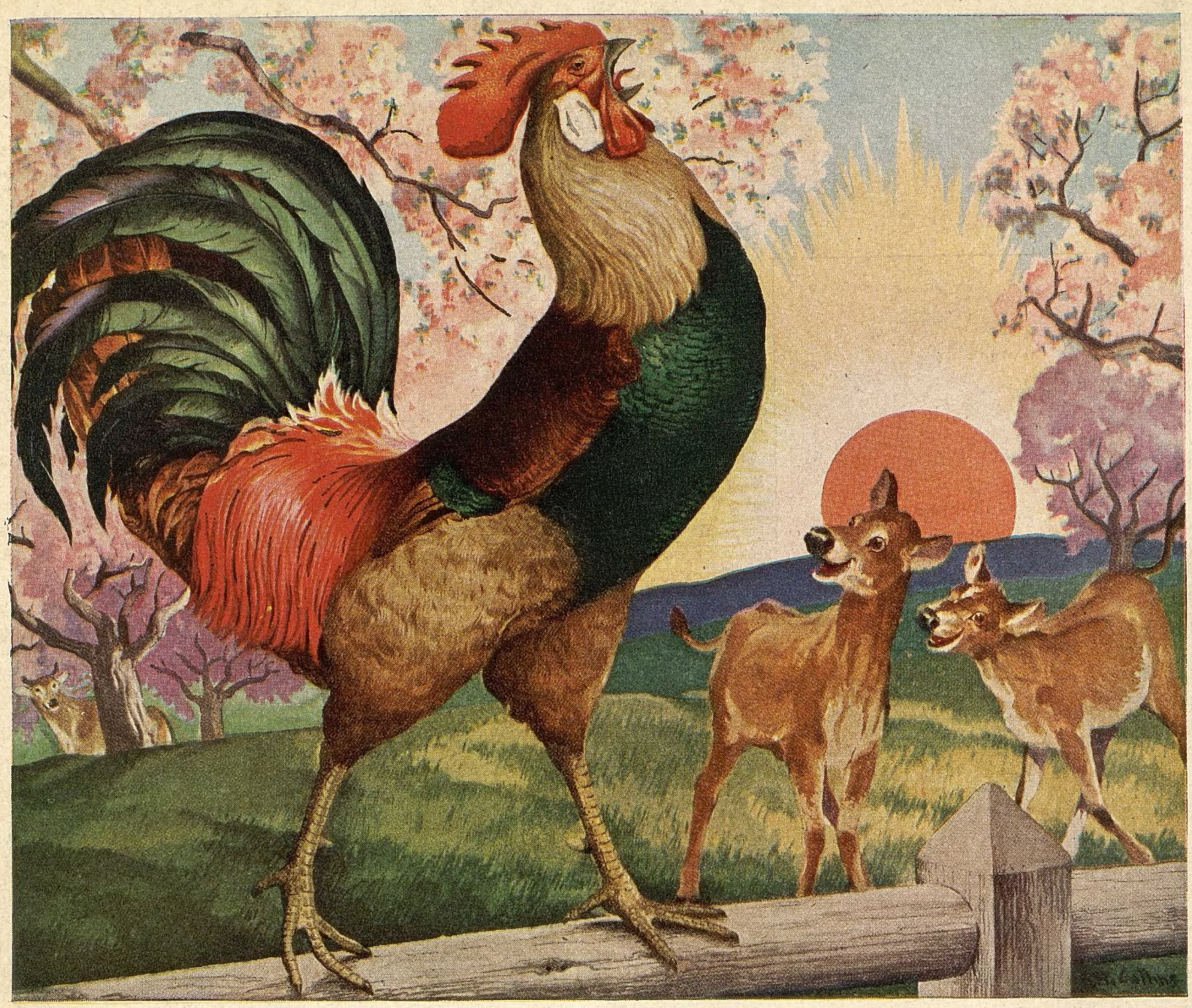


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